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OF
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AUTHOR of HUDIBRAS.

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THE

PREFACE.

IT would be very unjuſt to the memory of a Writer ſo much and ſo juſtly eſteemed as *Butler* to ſuppoſe it neceſſary to make any formal apology for the publication of theſe Remains. Whatever is the genuine performance of a Genius of his claſs cannot fail of recommending itſelf to every reader of taſte; and all that can be required from the Publiſher is to ſatisfy the World, that it is not impoſed upon by falſe and ſpurious pretenſions.

THIS has already been attempted in the printed Propoſals for the ſubſcription; but as the periſhing form of a looſe paper ſeems too frail a monument to preſerve a teſtimony of ſo much importance, it cannot, I hope, be judged im-

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pertinent to repeat the ſubſtance of what I obſerved upon that occaſion--That the Manuſcripts, from which this work is printed, are *Butler*'s own hand-writing, as evidently appears from ſome original letters of his found amongſt them--That upon his death they fell into the hands of his good friend Mr. *W. Longueville*, of the *Temple*, who, as the writer of *Butler*'s life informs us, was at the charge of burying him--That upon Mr. *Longueville*'s deceaſe they became the property of his ſon the late *Charles Longueville*, Eſq; who bequeathed them at his death to *John Clarke*, Eſq; and that this gentleman has been prevailed upon to part with them, and favoured me with an authority to inſert the following certificate of their authenticity.

" I DO hereby certify, that the papers now propoſed to be publiſhed by Mr. *Thyer*,

Thyer, are the original manuſcripts of Mr. *Samuel Butler* author of *Hudibras*, and were bequeathed to me by the late *Charles Longueville*, Eſq;

JOHN CLARKE.

Walgherton, Cheſhire,
Nov. 20, 1754.

ALTHOUGH from evidence of ſuch a nature there cannot remain the leaſt doubt about the genuineneſs of this work, and it be very certain that every thing in it is the performance of *Butler*; yet it muſt be owned at the ſame time, that there is not the ſame degree of perfection and exactneſs in all the compoſitions here printed. Some are finiſhed with the utmoſt accuracy, and were fairly tranſcribed for the preſs, as far as can be judged from outward appearance. Others, though finiſhed, and wrote with the ſame ſpirit and peculiar vein of humour which diſtinguiſhes him from

all other writers, ſeem as if upon a ſecond review he would have retouched and amended in ſome little particulars; and ſome few are left unfiniſhed, or at leaſt parts of them are loſt or periſhed. This acknowledgment I think due to the poet's character and memory, and neceſſary to beſpeak that candid allowance from the reader, which the poſthumous works of every writer have a juſt claim to.

IT is, I know, a common obſervation, that it is doing injuſtice to a departed Genius to publiſh fragments, or ſuch pieces as he had not given the laſt hand to.--- Without controverting the juſtneſs of this remark in general, one may, I think, venture to affirm, that it is not to be extended to every particular caſe, and that a writer of ſo extraordinary and uncommon a turn as the author of *Hudi-*

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bras is not to be included under it. It would be a piece of fooliſh fondneſs to purchaſe at a great expence, or preſerve with a particular care, the unfiniſhed works of every tolerable painter; and yet it is eſteemed a mark of fine taſte to procure, at almoſt any price, the rough ſketches and half-form'd deſigns of a *Raphael*, a *Rembrandt*, or any celebrated maſter. If the elegant remains of a *Greek* or *Roman* ſtatuary, though maimed and defective, are thought worthy of a place in the cabinets of the polite admirers of antiquity; and the learned world thinks it ſelf obliged to laborious critics for handing down to us the half intelligible ſcraps of an antient Claſſic; no reaſon can, I think, be aſſigned, why a Genius of more modern date ſhould not be entitled to the ſame privilege, except we will abſurdly and enthuſiaſtically fancy, that time gives a value to wri-

tings, as well as to coins and medals---It may be added too, that as *Butler* is not only excellent, but almoſt ſingular too in his manner of writing; every thing of his muſt acquire a proportionable degree of value and curioſity.

I SHALL not longer detain the reader from better entertainment by indulging my own ſentiments upon theſe Remains; and ſhall rather chuſe to wait for the judgment of the public, than impertinently to obtrude my own. It is enough for me, that I have faithfully diſcharged the office of an Editor; and ſhall leave to future critics the pleaſure of criticiſing and remarking, approving or condemning. The notes which I have given, the reader will find to be only ſuch as were neceſſary to let him into the author's meaning, by reciting and explaining ſome circumſtances not generally

known, to which he alludes; and he cannot but obſerve, that many more might have been added, had I given way to a fondneſs for ſcribbling, too common upon ſuch occaſions.

ALTHOUGH my author ſtands in need of no apology, for the appearance he is going to make in the following ſheets, the world may probably think that the Publiſher does for not permitting him to do it ſooner---All that I have to ſay, and to perſons of candor I need to ſay no more, is, that the delay has been owing to a bad ſtate of health and a conſequent indiſpoſition for a work of this nature, and not to indolence, or any ſelfiſh narrow views of my own.

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THE ELEPHANT IN THE MOON.

A Learn'd *Society* of late,
The Glory of a foreign State,
Agreed, upon a Summer's *Night*,
To ſearch the *Moon* by her own Light;

This Poem was intended by the Author for a Satyr upon the *Royal Society*, which, according to his Opinion, at leaſt, ran too much at that Time into the *Virtuoſo* Taſte, and a whimſical Fondneſs for ſurprizing and wonderful Stories in natural Hiſtory. It was founded upon a Fact mentioned in a Note upon *Hudibras*'s Heroical Epiſtle to *Sidrophel*, where the Annotator obſerving, that one Sir *Paul Neale*, a conceited Virtuoſo, and Member of the *Royal Society*, was probably characteriſed under the Perſon of *Sidrophel*, adds—"This was the Gentleman who, I am told, "made a great Diſcovery of an Elephant in the Moon, which "upon Examination, proved to be no other than a Mouſe, which "had miſtaken its Way and got into his Teleſcope." See *Grey*'s *Hudibras*, vol. ii. p. 105.

Butler was a profeſt Enemy to the Method of Philoſophizing in faſhion in his Time, as appears not only from his Works, which are already printed, but from thoſe which I have in Manuſcript. —To ridicule this, he introduced into his *Hudibras* the Character of *Sidrophel*, which I can aſſure the Reader, upon the Poet's own Authority, was intended for a Picture of Sir *Paul Neal*; and, indeed one muſt own, notwithſtanding the many uſeful Labours of the *Royal Society*, that at their firſt ſetting out, even as it is repreſented by their learned and florid Panegyriſt the Biſhop of *Rocheſter*, they did juſtly lay themſelves open to the Laſhes of Wit and Satyr.

To take an Invent'ry of all
Her real Eſtate, and perſonal;
And make an accurate Survey
Of all her Lands, and how they lay,
As true as that of *Ireland*, where
The ſly Surveyors ſtole a Shire;
T'obſerve her Country, how 'twas planted,
With what ſh'abounded moſt, or wanted;
And make the proper'ſt Obſervations,
For ſettling of new Plantations,
If the *Society* ſhould incline
T'attempt ſo glorious a Deſign.

9. *As true as that of* Ireland, *&c.*] This probably is a ſatyrical Alluſion to Sir *William Petty*, who was employed in taking a Survey of *Ireland* in *Cromwell's* Time, and was afterwards impeached in the Parliament of 1658, for miſmanagement in the Diſtributions and Allotments of the *Iriſh* Lands. See *Ward's Lives of the Profeſſors of Gresham College*, p. 219.

14. *For ſettling of new Plantations.*] A Sneer, no doubt, upon Biſhop *Wilkins*, who, in his Diſcourſe to prove, *that the Moon may be an habitable World*, has this Paſſage.—"'Tis the Opinion of *Keplar*, "that as ſoon as the Art of flying is found out, ſome of their Nation "will make one of the firſt Colonies that ſhall tranſplant into "that other World. I ſuppoſe his appropriating this Preheminence "to his own Countrymen, may ariſe from an over partial Affection "to them. But yet thus far I agree with him, that whenever that "Art is invented, or any other, whereby a Man may be con-"veyed ſome twenty Miles high, or thereabout, then 'tis not "altogether improbable that ſome or other may be ſucceſsful in this "attempt." See *Wilkins's Mathematical and Philoſophical Works*, p. 115.

21. *And now the lofty Tube, the Scale—With which they Heav'n it-ſelf aſſail*] This too ſeems to be a Banter upon a Paſſage in *Wilkins*, where he ſays,—"'Tis related of *Eudoxus*, that he wiſhed himſelf "burnt with *Phaeton*, ſo he might ſtand over the Sun to contem-"plate its Nature; and he lived in theſe Days, he might have "enjoy'd his Wiſh at an eaſier Rate; and *ſcaling the Heavens*

"*by*

This was the Purpoſe of their meeting,
For which they choſe a Time as fitting;
When, at the Full, her radiant Light
And Influence too were at their Height.
And now the lofty Tube, the Scale
With which they Heav'n itſelf aſſail,
Was mounted full againſt the *Moon*;
And all ſtood ready to fall on,
Impatient who ſhould have the Honour
To plant an Enſign firſt upon her.
When one, who for his deep Belief
Was *Virtuoſo* then in chief,

" *by the Glaſs*, might plainly have diſcerned what he ſo much de
" ſired. *Ibid.* p. 48.

27,28 *When one who for his deep Belief—Was Virtuoſo then in chief.*] There is no avoiding the appropriating this Character and Speech to the then Preſident of the *Royal Society* the Lord Viſcount *Brounker*. *Sprat* in his Hiſtory mentions him in the following Terms:—— " *William*, Lord Viſcount *Brounker* Preſident; which Office has " been annually renew'd to him by Election, out of the true " Judgment, which the Society has made of his great *Abilities* in " all *natural* and eſpecially *mathematical Knowledge*:" And 'tis very probable, that the Poet ſneeringly alludes to this Compliment in theſe two Lines. *Butler* as well in this, as in the following Characters and Speeches, which he introduces into this Story, may very plainly be obſerved to deſcribe particular Perſons; and it would be no difficult Taſk, perhaps, from the Circumſtances he mentions, to point them out; but I chuſe to decline it, rather than to be thought to endeavour by an invidious Explication to add Bitterneſs to a Satyr, which may be judged ſevere enough already againſt Gentlemen, who in many Reſpects have deſerved ſo well of their Country, and the learned World.

I cannot help obſerving on this Occaſion, that 'tis very probable, that the true Reaſon of this Poem's not being publiſhed in the Author's Life-time, was the many perſonal Reflections contained in it upon Perſons of great Conſideration, who were, ſome of them, then alive.

Approv'd the moſt profound, and wiſe
To ſolve Impoſſibilities,
Advancing gravely, to apply
To th' optick glaſs his judging Eye,
Cry'd ſtrange!—then reinforc'd his Sight
Againſt the *Moon* with all his Might,
And bent his penetrating Brow,
As if he meant to gaze her through.
When all the reſt began t'admire,
And, like a Train, from him took Fire,
Surpriz'd with Wonder, beforehand,
At what they did not underſtand,
Cry'd out, impatient to know what
The Matter was, they wonder'd at.
Quoth he, th' Inhabitants o'th' *Moon*,
Who, when the *Sun* ſhines hot at Noon,
Do live in Cellars underground
Of eight Miles deep, and eighty round,

45. *Do live in Cellars under-ground, &c.*] This alludes to a viſionary Book of *Kepler*'s about the Moon and its Inhabitants.—A Paſſage from *Biſhop Wilkins's Diſcovery of a new World in the Moon*, will be ſufficient to explain it. Speaking of the Gibboſities of the Moon, he ſays—"Now if you would aſk a Reaſon, why there ſhould be ſuch a multitude of theſe in that "Planet, the ſame *Keplar* ſhall jeſt you out an Anſwer. Supposing (ſaith he) that thoſe Inhabitants are bigger than any "of us, in the ſame Proportion as their days are longer than "ours, *viz.* by fifteen Times, it may be, for want of Stones to "erect ſuch vaſt Houſes as were requiſite for their Bodies, they "are fain to dig great and round Hollows in the Earth, where "they may both procure Water for their Thirſt, and turning "about with the Shade, may avoid thoſe great Heats, which otherwiſe they would be liable unto. Or if you will give *Cæſar la Galla* leave to gueſs in the ſame Manner, he would rather "think,

(In which at once they fortify
Againſt the Sun, and th' Enemy)
Which they count Towns and Cities there,
Becauſe their People's civiler
Than thoſe rude Peaſants, that are found
To live upon the upper Ground,
Call'd *Privolvans*, with whom they are
Perpetually in open War;
And now both Armies, highly 'nrag'd;
Are in a bloody Fight engag'd;
And many fall on both Sides ſlain,
As by the Glaſs 'tis clear, and plain.
Look quickly then, that every one
May ſee the Fight, before 'tis done.
With that a great Philoſopher,
Admir'd, and famous far and near,
As one of ſingular Invention,
But univerſal Comprehenſion,

" think, that thoſe thirſty Nations caſt up ſo many and ſo great " Heaps of Earth, in digging of their Wine cellars." See *Wilkins's Mathem. and Philoſoph. Works*, p. 68.

53. *Call'd* Privolvans, *&c.*] This and the following Term *Subvolvans* are alſo taken from *Keplar.*—*Wilkins*, ſpeaking of the Moon and its ſuppoſed Inhabitants, ſays—" *Keplar* calls this World by " the Name of *Levania*, from the *Hebrew* Word לבנה which " ſignifies the Moon, and our Earth by the Name of *Volva*, *a* " *volvendo*; becauſe it does by Reaſon of its diurnal Revolution " appear unto them conſtantly to turn round; and therefore he " ſtiles thoſe, who live in that Hemiſphere, which is towards us, " by the Title of *Subvolvani*, becauſe they enjoy the Sight of " this Earth; and the others *Privolvani*, *quia ſunt privati con-* " *ſpectu volvæ*, becauſe they are depriv'd of this Privilege." See *Wilkins's Mathem. Works*, p. 46.

Apply'd one Eye, and half a Noſe
Unto the optick Engine cloſe.
For he had lately undertook
To prove, and publiſh in a Book,
That Men, whoſe nat'ral Eyes are out,
May, by more pow'rful Art, be brought
To ſee with th' empty Holes as plain,
As if their Eyes were in again:
And, if they chanc'd to fail of thoſe,
To make an Optick of a Noſe;
As clearly it may, by thoſe that wear
But Spectacles, be made appear;
By which both Senſes being united
Does render them much better ſighted.
This great Man, having fix'd both Sights
To view the formidable Fights,
Obſerv'd his beſt, and then cry'd out,
The Battle's deſperately fought:
The gallant *Subvolvani* rally,
And from their Trenches make a Sally
Upon the ſtubborn Enemy,
Who now begin to rout and fly.

103. 104, 105, 106. *For as th' Arcadians were reputed—Of all the Grecians the moſt ſtupid——Whom nothing in the World could bring—To civil Life, but fiddling.*] The *Arcadians* were reckoned ſtupid even to a Proverb.—Hence *Lucian*'s Expreſſion Ποθεν γαρ ω Αρκαδια σοφιστης, η φλοσοφος. So alſo *Juvenal*,

——————lævæ in parte mamillæ
Nil ſalit Arcadico juveni —— —— Sat. vii. v. 160.

They were no leſs remarkable for their Fondneſs for Muſic; and *Polybius* obſerves, that by the Laws of their Country, they were

Theſe ſilly ranting *Privolvans*,
Have every Summer their Campains,
And muſter, like the warlike Sons
Of *Raw-head* and of *Bloody-bones*,
As numerous as *Soland* Geeſe
I' th' Iſlands of the *Orcades*,
Couragiouſly to make a Stand,
And face their Neighbours Hand to Hand;
Until the long'd-for Winter's come,
And then return in Triumph home,
And ſpend the reſt o'th' Year in Lies,
And vapouring of their Victories.
From th' old *Arcadians* th' are believ'd,
To be, before the *Moon*, deriv'd;
And when her Orb was new created,
To people her, were thence tranſlated.
For, as th' *Arcadians* were reputed
Of all the *Grecians* the moſt ſtupid,
Whom nothing in the World could bring
To civil Life, but fiddling,
They ſtill retain the antique Courſe,
And Cuſtom of their Anceſtors;

obliged to learn and practiſe it from their Infancy, till they were thirty Years old; and that they introduced it into all their public Meetings upon every Occaſion. See *Polybius*, b. 8.

With what particular View our Author introduc'd this Circumſtance of the *Privolvans* being akin to the old *Arcadians*, and of their both being fond of Muſic, I muſt leave to the Conjectures of future Annotators. I ſhall only add, that I find by many ſatyrical Flings among his looſe Papers, that he was no Friend to Muſicians —and perhaps, he only intended to hint, that they are a Sort of *Lunatics*.

And always ſing, and fiddle to
Things of the greateſt Weight they do.
While thus the learn'd Man entertains
Th' Aſſembly with the *Privolvans*;
Another of as great Renown,
And ſolid Judgment in the *Moon*;
That underſtood her various Soils,
And which produc'd beſt *Genet-moyles*;
And in the Regiſter of Fame
Had enter'd his long-living Name;
After he had por'd long and hard
In th' Engine, gave a Start, and ſtar'd—
Quoth he, a ſtranger Sight appears
Than e're was ſeen in all the Spheres,
A Wonder more unparalel'd,
Than ever mortal Tube beheld.
An *Elephant* from one of thoſe
Two mighty Armies is broke looſe,
And with the Horrour of the Fight
Appears amaz'd, and in a Fright;
Look quickly, leſt the Sight of us
Should cauſe the ſtartled Beaſt t'imboſs.

113. *And which produc'd beſt Genet-Moyles.*] *Butler* here had in his Eye *John Evelyn*, Eſq; F.R.S. who wrote a philoſophical Diſcourſe of *Earth*, and preſented it to the *Royal Society*, *April* 29, 1625, which is dedicated to Lord Viſcount *Brounker*. He alſo wrote a Treatiſe called *Pomona*, or an Appendix concerning Fruit-trees in relation to Cyder, in which (ſpeaking of the beſt ſort of Cyder-Apples) he ſays, p. 65. —Some commend the *Fox-whelps* and the *Gennet-Moyle* was once prefer'd to the very *Red-ſtrake*, and before the *Bromsbury-Crab*; but upon mature Conſideration the very Critics themſelves now recant,

It is a large one, far more great
Than e'er was bred in *Afric* yet;
From which we boldly may infer,
The *Moon* is much the fruitfuller.
And, ſince the mighty *Pyrrhus* brought
Thoſe living Caſtles firſt, 'tis thought,
Againſt the *Romans*, in the Field,
It may an Argument be held
(*Arcadia* being but a Piece,
As his Dominions were of *Greece*,)
To prove, what this illuſtrious Perſon
Has made ſo noble a Diſcourſe on;
And amply ſatisfy'd us all
Of th' *Privolvans* Original.
That *Elephants* are in the *Moon*,
Though we had now diſcover'd none,
Is eaſily made manifeſt;
Since, from the greateſt to the leaſt,
All other Stars and Conſtellations
Have Cattle of all ſorts of Nations;
And Heav'n, like a *Tartar*'s Horde,
With great and numerous Droves is ſtor'd

as being to effeminate and ſoft for a judicious Palate.

130. *Should cauſe the ſtartled Beaſt t' imboſs.*] To *imboſs* is to hide himſelf, taken from the *Italian imboſcare* to run into cover.

149, 150. *All other Stars and Conſtellations—Have Cattle of all ſorts of Nations;*] See much the ſame Thought in *Hudibras*, where *Sidrophel* ſpeaking about the new Star, which he took the Parliamenthorn to be, ſays,

I'm certain 'tis not in the Scrowl
Of all thoſe Beaſts, and Fiſh and Fowl,
With which like Indian *Plantations*
The Learned ſtock the Conſtellations. P II. C. 3. ver. 429.

And, if the *Moon* produce by Nature
A People of ſo vaſt a Stature,
'Tis conſequent, ſhe ſhou'd bring forth
Far greater Beaſts too, than the Earth;
(As by the beſt Accounts appears
Of all our great'ſt Diſcoverers)
And, that thoſe monſtrous Creatures there
Are not ſuch Rarities as here.
Mean while the reſt had had a Sight
Of all Particulars o' th' Fight;
And ev'ry Man with equal Care,
Perus'd of th' *Elephant* his Share,
Proud of his Int'reſt in the Glory
Of ſo miraculous a Story:
When one, who for his Excellence
In height'ning Words and ſhad'wing Senſe,
And magnifying all he writ
With curious microſcopick Wit,
Was magnify'd himſelf no leſs
In home and foreign Colleges,
Began, tranſported with the Twang
Of his own Trillo, thus t' harangue.
Moſt excellent and *virtuous* Friends,
This great Diſcovery makes amends

153, 154. *And if the Moon produce by Nature—A People of ſo vaſt a Stature,*] See a Paſſage before cited from *Keplar*, where he ſuppoſes the Inhabitants of the Moon to be fifteen Times bigger than any of us.

For all our unſucceſsful Pains,
And loſt Expence of Time and Brains.
For, by this ſole Phænomenon,
We've gotten Ground upon the *Moon*;
And gain'd a Paſs, to hold diſpute
With all the Planets that ſtand out;
To carry this moſt *virtuous* War,
Home to the Door of every Star,
And plant th' Artillery of our Tubes
Againſt their proudeſt Magnitudes;
To ſtretch our Victories beyond
Th' Extent of planetary Ground;
And fix our Engines, and our Enſigns
Upon the fixt Stars vaſt Dimenſions,
(Which *Archimede*, ſo long ago,
Durſt not preſume to wiſh to do)
And prove, if they are other Suns,
As ſome have held Opinions;
Or Windows in the Empyreum,
From whence thoſe bright Effluvias come
Like Flames of Fire (as others gueſs)
That ſhine i' the Mouths of Furnaces.
Nor is this all, we have atchiev'd,
But more, henceforth to be believ'd,

175. *Moſt excellent and virtuous Friends.*] The Senſe of the Word *virtuous* in this Speech and other Parts of this Poem is to be taken from the *French Virtù*, from whence the Term *Virtuoſo*

And have no more our beſt Deſigns,
Becauſe they're ours, believ'd ill Signs.
T'out-throw, and ſtretch, and to enlarge
Shall now no more be laid t' our Charge;
Nor ſhall our ableſt *Virtuoſos*
Prove Arguments for Coffee-houſes;
Nor thoſe Devices, that are laid
Too truly on us, nor thoſe made,
Hereafter gain Belief among
Our ſtricteſt Judges, right, or wrong;
Nor ſhall our paſt Misfortunes more
Be charg'd upon the ancient Score:
No more our making old Dogs young
Make Men ſuſpect us ſtill i' th' Wrong;
Nor new-invented Chariots draw
The Boys to courſe us, without Law;
Nor putting Pigs t' a Bitch to nurſe,
To turn 'em into Mungrel-Curs,

205, 206. *Nor ſhall our ableſt Virtuoſos—Prove Arguments for Coffee-houſes.*] To the ſame Thing *Butler* alludes in his *Hudibras*, where *Sidrophel*, defending his Art againſt the Objectors to it, calls them

Thoſe whole'ale Critics, that in Coffee
Houſes, cry down all Philoſophy. P. II. C. 3. ver. 109.

And that the Wits of that Age did joke upon the Labours of the *Royal Society* is clear from *Sprat*'s Hiſtory of it, in which, after having enumerated the many Advantages ariſing from their Labours, and among the reſt that of improving Wit by furniſhing the Imagination with ſuch a Stock of new Images, he adds—"And now I "hope that what I have ſaid will prevail ſomething with the *Wits* "and *Railleurs* of this *Age*, to reconcile their Opinions and Diſ-"courſes to theſe *Studies*: For now they may behold that their "Intereſt is united with that of the *Royal Society*; and that if they "ſhall decry the promoting of *Experiments*, they will deprive them-"ſelves

Make them ſuſpect, our Sculs are brittle,
And hold too much Wit, or too little:
Nor ſhall our Speculations, whether
An Elder-ſtick will ſave the Leather
Of Schoolboy's Breeches from the Rod,
Make all we do appear as odd.
This one Diſcovery's enough,
To take all former Scandals off—
But, ſince the World's incredulous
Of all our Scrutinies, and us;
And with a Prejudice prevents
Our beſt and worſt Experiments;
(As if th' were deſtin'd to miſcarry,
In conſort try'd, or ſolitary)
And ſince it is uncertain, when
Such Wonders will occur agen,
Let us as cautiouſly contrive,
To draw an exact Narrative

" ſelves of the moſt fertile Subject of *Fancy*; and indeed it has " been with reſpect to theſe terrible Men, that I have made this " long Digreſſion. I acknowledge that we ought to have a great " Dread of their Power: I confeſs I believe, that *new Philoſophy* " need not (as *Cæſar*) fear the Pale, or the Melancholy, as much as " the Humourous, and the Merry: For they perhaps by making " it ridiculous, becauſe it is *new*, and becauſe they themſelves are " unwilling to take Pains about it, may do it more Injury than all " the Arguments of our ſevere and frowning dogmatical *Adverſaries*." See *Sprat's Hiſtory*, p. 417.

215. *Nor new invented Chariots draw.*] This and the three following Verſes are very nearly *verbatim* inſerted in *Hudibras*'s heroical Epiſtles to *Sidrophel*, beſides ſeveral others here and there in this Poem, which it will be unneceſſary to point out to the Admirers of *Butler*.—It is very uſual with him to introduce a Verſe or two almoſt literally the ſame into different Compoſitions.

Of what we every one can ſwear,
Our Eyes themſelves have ſeen appear;
That, when we publiſh the Account,
We all may take our Oaths upon't.
This ſaid, they all with one Conſent,
Agreed to draw up th' Inſtrument,
And, for the gen'ral Satisfaction,
To print it in the next *Tranſaction*.
But, whilſt the Chiefs were drawing up
This ſtrange Memoir o'th' Teleſcope,
One, peeping in the Tube by Chance,
Beheld the *Elephant* advance,
And, from the Weſt-ſide of the *Moon*,
To th' Eaſt was in a Moment gone.
This b'ing related gave a Stop
To what the reſt were drawing up;
And every Man amaz'd anew,
How it could poſſibly be true,
That any Beaſt ſhould run a Race
So monſtrous, in ſo ſhort a Space,
Reſolv'd, howe'er, to make it good,
At leaſt, as poſſible as he cou'd;
And rather his own Eyes condemn,
Than queſtion what h' had ſeen with them.
While all were thus reſolv'd; a Man,
Of great Renown there, thus began——
'Tis ſtrange, I grant! But who can ſay
What cannot be; what can, and may?

Eſpecially at ſo hugely vaſt
A Diſtance, as this Wonder's plac't;
Where the leaſt Error of the Sight
May ſhow Things falſe, but never right:
Nor can we try them, ſo far off,
By any ſublunary Proof.
For who can ſay, that *Nature* there
Has the ſame Laws, ſhe goes by here?
Nor is it like, ſhe has infus'd
In every Species, there produc'd,
The ſame Efforts, ſhe does confer
Upon the ſame Productions here:
Since thoſe with us, of ſeveral Nations,
Have ſuch prodigious Variations;
And ſhe affects ſo much to uſe
Variety, in all ſhe does.
Hence may b' infer'd, that, tho' I grant
We've ſeen i'th' *Moon* an *Elephant*,
That *Elephant* may differ ſo
From thoſe upon the Earth below,
Both in his Bulk, and Force, and Speed,
As being of a diff'rent Breed;
That, tho' our own are but ſlow-pac't,
Theirs there may fly, or run as faſt;
And yet be *Elephants* no leſs,
Than thoſe of *Indian* Pedigrees.
This ſaid, another of great Worth,
Fam'd for his learned Works put fo t

Look'd wiſe, then ſaid—All this is true,
And learnedly obſerv'd by you:
But there's another Reaſon for't,
That falls but very little ſhort
Of mathematick Demonſtration,
Upon an accurate Calculation,
And that is—As the *Earth* and *Moon*
Do both move contrary upon
Their Axes, the Rapidity
Of both their Motions cannot be,
But ſo prodigiouſly faſt,
That vaſter Spaces may be paſt,
In leſs Time than the *Beaſt* has gone,
Though h' had no Motion of his own;
Which we can take no Meaſure of,
As you have clear'd by learned Proof.
This granted, we may boldly thence
Lay claim to a nobler Inference;
And make this great Phænomenon
(Were there no other) ſerve alone,
To clear the grand Hypotheſis
Of th' Motion of the *Earth* from this.
With this they all were ſatisfy'd,
As Men are won't o' th' bias'd ſide,

313, 314 *To clear the grand Hypotheſis—Of th' Motion of the Earth from this.*] The *Copernican* Syſtem of the Earth's Motion was not at this Time generally received; and our Poet ſeems in moſt Places wherein he mentions it, to ſneer it as a philoſophic Whim.

Applauded the profound Diſpute;
And grew more gay and reſolute
By having overcome all doubt,
Than if it never had fall'n out;
And, to compleat their Narrative,
Agreed t' inſert this ſtrange Retrieve.
But, while they were diverted all
With wording the Memorial,
The Footboys, for Diverſion too,
As having nothing elſe to do,
Seeing the *Teleſcope* at leiſure,
Turn'd *Virtuoſos* for their Pleaſure;
Began to gaze upon the *Moon*,
As thoſe they waited on, had done,
With Monkeys Ingenuity,
That love to practiſe, what they ſee
When one, whoſe Turn it was to peep,
Saw ſomething in the Engine creep;
And, viewing well, diſcover'd more,
Than all the Learn'd had done before.
Quoth he, a little Thing is ſlunk
Into the long ſtar-gazing Trunk;
And now is gotten down ſo nigh,
I have him juſt againſt mine Eye.

Whim. *Wilkins*, who was pretty ſanguine in his Opinions, writ a Book upon this Subject, and yet modeſtly entitles it—"A Diſ-"courſe, concerning a new Planet tending to prove, that ('tis pro-"bable) our Earth is one of the Planets." See *Wilkins's Philoſophical Works*.

This being overheard by one,
Who was not ſo far overgrown
In any virtuous Speculation,
To judge with mere Imagination,
Immediately he made a Gueſs
At ſolving all Appearances,
A Way far more ſignificant,
Than all their Hints of th' *Elephant*;
And found, upon a ſecond View,
His own Hypotheſis moſt true;
For he had ſcarce apply'd his Eye
To th' Engine, but immediately
He found, a *Mouſe* was gotten in
The hollow Tube, and ſhut between
The two Glaſs-windows in Reſtraint
Was ſwell'd into an *Elephant*;
And prov'd the virtuous Occaſion,
Of all this learned Diſſertation.
And, as a Mountain heretofore
Was great with Child, they ſay, and bore
A ſilly *Mouſe*; this *Mouſe*, as ſtrange,
Brought forth a Mountain, in Exchange.
Mean while, the reſt in Conſultation
Had penn'd the wonderful Narration;

385, 387. ——— *This Diſquiſition,——Is, half of it, in my Diſcuſſion.*] The Defect in the firſt of theſe Lines muſt not be imputed to any in the Manuſcript, which is very fair, but to the Poet's

And ſet their Hands, and Seals, and Wit
T' atteſt the Truth of what th'had writ;
When this accurſt Phænomenon
Confounded all th' had ſaid or done.
For 'twas no ſooner hinted at,
But th' all were in a Tumult ſtrait,
More furiouſly enrag'd by far,
Than thoſe that in the *Moon* made War,
To find ſo admirable a Hint,
When they had all agreed t' have ſeen't,
And were engag'd to make it out,
Obſtructed with a paultry Doubt.
When one, whoſe Taſk was to determin,
And ſolve th'Appearances of Vermin;
Wh' had made profound Diſcoveries
In Frogs, and Toads, and Rats, and Mice;
(Tho' not ſo curious, 'tis true,
As many a wiſe Rat-catcher knew)
After he had with Signs made Way
For ſomething great he had to ſay
This Diſquiſition
Is, half of it, in my Diſciſſion:
For, though the *Elephant*, as *Beaſt*,
Belongs of Right to all the reſt,

Poet's Whim —The Word *Diſciſſion* is ſpelled in this fanciful Way, I ſuppoſe, with a punning Alluſion to the Character of this philoſophical *Cutter-up* of Rats, Mice, &c.

The *Mouſe*, b'ing but a *Vermin*, none
Has Title to, but I alone;
And therefore hope, I may be heard,
In my own Province, with Regard.
It is no Wonder, w' are cry'd down,
And made the Talk of all the Town,
That rants and ſwears, for all our great
Attempts, we have done nothing yet,
If ev'ry one have Leave to doubt,
When ſome great Secret's half made out;
And, 'cauſe perhaps it is not true,
Obſtruct, and ruin all we do.
As no great Act was ever done,
Nor ever can, with Truth alone;
If nothing elſe but Truth w'allow,
'Tis no great Matter what we do.
For Truth is too reſerv'd, and nice,
T'appear in mix'd Societies;
Delights in ſolit'ary Abodes,
And never ſhews her ſelf in Crowds;
A ſullen little Thing, below
All Matters of Pretence and Show;
That deal in Novelty, and Change,
Not of Things true, but rare and ſtrange,

430, 431. *Only to make new Work for* Stubs,—*And all the academick Clubs.*] *Henry Stubbe*, Phyſician at *Warwick*, publiſhed a Book entitled, *Legends no Hiſtories: or a Specimen of ſome Animadverſions*,

To treat the World with what is fit,
And proper to its nat'ral Wit;
The World, that never ſets Eſteem
On what Things are, but what they ſeem;
And, if they be not ſtrange and new,
Th'are ne'er the better for b'ing true.
For, what has Mankind gain'd by knowing
His little Truth, but his Undoing,
Which wiſely was by Nature hidden,
And only for his Good forbidden?
And, therefore, with great Prudence does
The World ſtill ſtrive to keep it cloſe;
For if all ſecret Truths were known,
Who would not be once more undone?
For Truth has always Danger in't.
And here, perhaps, may croſs ſome Hint,
We have already agreed upon,
And vainly fruſtrate all we've done;
Only to make new Work for *Stubs*,
And all the *academick* Clubs.
How much then ought we have a Care,
That no Man know above his Share;
Nor dare to underſtand, henceforth,
More than his Contribution's worth:

verſions upon the Hiſtory of the Royal Society. Lond. 1670. 4to.—— In which he is no leſs ſevere upon the Labours of that *learned Body*, than he is upon the Manner of their *Hiſtorian*'s ſetting them forth.

That thoſe, wh'have purchas'd of the *College*
A Share, or half a Share of Knowledge,
And brought in none, but ſpent Repute,
Should not b' admitted to diſpute;
Nor any Man pretend to know
More than his Dividend comes to?
For Partners have been always known
To cheat their publick Int'reſt prone;
And, if we do not look to ours,
'Tis ſure to run the ſelf-ſame Courſe.
This ſaid, the whole Aſſembly allow'd
The Doctrine to be right, and good;
And, from the *Truth* of what th'had heard,
Reſolv'd to give *Truth* no Regard,
But, what was for their Turn, to vouch,
And either find, or make it ſuch:
That 'twas more noble to create
Things like Truth, out of ſtrong Conceit,
Than, with vexatious Pains and Doubt,
To find, or think t'have found her out.
This b'ing reſolv'd, they, one by one,
Review'd the Tube, the *Mouſe*, and *Moon*;
But ſtill, the narrower they pry'd,
The more they were unſatisfy'd,
In no one Thing, they ſaw, agreeing;
As if th' had ſev'ral Faiths of ſeeing.

473, 474. *Some held no Way ſo orthodox—To try it at the Ballot-Box.*]

Some ſwore, upon a ſecond View,
That all th' had ſeen before was true,
And that they never would recant
One Syllable of th' *Elephant*;
Avow'd, his Snout could be no *Mouſe*'s,
But a true *Elephant*'s Proboſcis.
Others began to doubt, and waver,
Uncertain which o'th' two to favour;
And knew not whether to eſpouſe
The Cauſe of th' *Elephant*, or *Mouſe*.
Some held no Way ſo orthodox
To try it, as the *Ballot-Box*;
And, like the Nation's Patriots,
To find, or make, the Truth by Votes.
Others conceiv'd it much more fit
T'unmount the Tube, and open it;
And, for their private Satisfaction,
To re-examine the Tranſaction;
And after explicate the reſt,
As they ſhould find Cauſe for the beſt.
To this, as th' only Expedient,
The whole Aſſembly gave Conſent:
But, e're the Tube was half let down,
It clear'd the firſt Phænomenon:
For, at the End, prodigious Swarms
Of Flies, and Gnats, like Men in Arms,

Box.] It is almoſt needleſs to obſerve, that the Method of determining Elections, *&c.* at the *Royal Society* is by Ballotting.

Had all paſt Muſter, by miſchance,
Both for the *Sub*, and *Privolvans*.
This, b'ing diſcover'd, put them all
Into a freſh, and fiercer Brawl,
Aſham'd, that Men ſo grave and wiſe
Should be chaldes'd by Gnats and Flies,
And take the feeble Inſects' Swarms
For mighty Troops of Men at Arms;
As vain as thoſe, who when the *Moon*
Bright in a cryſtal River ſhone,
Threw Caſting-nets as ſu'tly at her,
To catch and pull her out o' th' Water.
But, when they had unſcrew'd the Glaſs,
To find out, where th' Impoſtor was,
And ſaw the *Mouſe*, that by miſhap,
Had made the *Teleſcope* a Trap,

494. *Should be chaldes'd by Gnats, and Flies.*] The Term *chaldes'd* we meet with in *Hud.bras* in the ſame Senſe.

He ſtole your Cloak, and pick'd your Pocket,
Chows'd and caldes'd you like a Blockhead.
HUDIB. P. II. C. 3. ver. 1009.

509, 510. *That thoſe who gredily purſue—Things wonderful*, &c.] From this moral Application of the Whole, one may obſerve, that the Poet's real Intention in this Satire, was not to ridicule real and uſeful

Amaz'd, confounded, and afflicted,
To be ſo openly convicted,
Immediately they get them gone,
With this Diſcovery alone;
That thoſe who greedily purſue
Things wonderful, inſtead of true;
That in their Speculations chuſe
To make Diſcoveries ſtrange News;
And Nat'ral Hiſtory a Gazette
Of Tales ſtupendous, and far-fet;
Hold no Truth worthy to be known,
That is not huge, and over-grown,
And explicate Appearances,
Not as they are, but as they pleaſe,
In vain ſtrive Nature to ſuborn,
And, for their Pains, are paid with Scorn.

uſeful Philoſophy, but only that conceited and whimſical Taſte for the marvelous and ſurprizing, which prevailed ſo much among the Learned of that Age. And though it would be ungrateful, not to acknowledge the many uſeful Improvements then made in natural Knowledge; yet, in juſtice to the Satyriſt, it muſt be confeſs'd that theſe curious Inquirers into Nature did ſometimes in their Reſearches run into a ſuperſtitious and unphiloſophical Credulity, which deſerved very well to be laughed at.

THE

ELEPHANT

IN THE

MOON.

IN

LONG VERSE.

A Virtuous, learn'd *Society*, of late
The Pride and Glory of a foreign State,
Made an Agreement on a Summer's Night,
To ſearch the *Moon* at full, by her own Light;
To take a perfect Invent'ry of all
Her real Fortunes, or her Perſonal;

After the Author had finiſhed this Story in ſhort Verſe, he took it in his Head to attempt it in long. That this was compos'd after the other is manifeſt from its being wrote oppoſite to it upon a vacant Part of the ſame Paper; and though in moſt Places the Poet has done little more than fill up the Verſe with an additional Foot, preſerving the ſame Thought and Rhime, yet, as it is a ſingular Inſtance in its Way, and has beſides many conſiderable Additions and Variations, which tend to illuſtrate and explain the preceding Poem, it may be looked upon not only as a Curioſity in its Kind, but as a new Production of the Author's. This I mention only to obviate the Objections of thoſe, who may think it inſerted to fill up the Volume. To the Admirers of *Butler*, I am ſure no Apology is neceſſary.

And make a geometrical Survey,
Of all her Lands, and how her Country lay,
As accurate, as that of *Ireland*, where
The fly *Surveyor*'s ſaid t' have ſunk a Shire:
T'obſerve her Country's Climate, how 'twas planted,
And what ſhe moſt abounded with, or wanted;
And draw Maps of her prop'reſt Situations
For ſettling, and erecting new Plantations;
If ever the *Society* ſhould incline
T' attempt ſo great, and glorious a Deſign:
A Taſk in vain, unleſs the German Kepler
Had found out a Diſcovery to people her,
And ſtock her Country with Inhabitants
Of military Men, and Elephants.
For th' Ancients only took her for a Piece
Of red-hot Iron, as big as Peloponeſe,
Till he appear'd; for which, ſome write, ſhe ſent
Upon his Tribe as ſtrange a Puniſhment.

17. *A Taſk in vain, unleſs the German* Kepler] This and the following Verſes to the End of the Paragraph, are not in the foregoing Compoſition; and are diſtinguiſhed, as well as the reſt of the ſame Kind, by being printed in the *Italic* Character.

21, 22. *For th' Ancients only took her for a Piece—Of red-hot Iron as big as* Peloponeſe.] Similar to theſe Lines are thoſe in *Hudibras*,

And held the Sun was but a Piece
Of red-hot Iron, as big as Greece.
HUDIB. P. II. C. 3. ver. 739.

23, 24. *Till he appear'd; for which ſome write, ſhe ſent,——— Upon his Tribe as ſtrange a Puniſhment.*] No doubt by the *Puniſhment*

This was the only Purpoſe of their Meeting,
For which they choſe a Time, and Place moſt fitting;
When, at the *Full*, her equal Shares of Light
And *Influence* were at their greateſt Height.
And now the lofty *Teleſcope*, the *Scale*,
By which they venture *Heav'n* itſelf t' aſſail,
Was rais'd, and planted full againſt the *Moon*;
And all the reſt ſtood ready to fall on,
Impatient, who ſhould bear away the Honour
To plant an Enſign, firſt of all, upon her.
When one, who for his ſolid deep Belief,
Was choſen *Virtuoſo* then in chief;
Had been approv'd the moſt profound, and wiſe
At ſolving all Impoſſibilities,
With Gravity advancing, to apply
To th' *Optick-glaſs* his penetrating Eye,
Cry'd out, O ſtrange! then reinforc'd his Sight
Againſt the *Moon* with all his Art and Might;
And bent the Muſcles of his penſive Brow,
As if he meant to ſtare and gaze her thro',

ment here mentioned to be *ſet* upon theſe fantaſtical and preſumptuous Speculators about the Uſe and Deſtination of the celeſtial Bodies, the Poet means *Lunacy*, or, as *Milton* expreſſes it, *Moon-ſtruck Madness*.

Whether

While all the reſt began as much t'admire,
And, like a Powder-train, from him took Fire,
Surpriz'd with dull Amazement beforehand
At what they would, but could not underſtand;
And grew impatient to diſcover, what
The Matter was, they ſo much wonder'd at.
Quoth he, the old Inhabitants o' th' *Moon*,
Who, when the *Sun* ſhines hotteſt about Noon,
Are wont to live in Cellars under ground,
Of eight Miles deep, and more than eighty round,
In which at once they uſe to fortify
Againſt the Sun-beams, and the Enemy,
Are counted Borough-Towns and Cities there,
Becauſe th' Inhabitants are civiler
Than thoſe rude Country Peaſants, that are found,
Like Mountaineers, to live on th' upper Ground,
Nam'd *Privolans*, with whom the others are
Perpetually in ſtate of open War.

Whether *Butler* in theſe additional Lines intends to ſneer *Selenographiſts* in general, or alludes to any particular Paſſage in *Kepler's* Deliriums upon this Subject, is more than I can aſcertain, as I have not his Books to conſult.

And now both Armies, mortally enrag'd,
Are in a fierce and bloody Fight engag'd;
And many fall on both Sides kill'd and ſlain,
As by the *Teleſcope* 'tis clear and plain.
Look in it quickly then, that every one
May ſee his Share before the Battle's done.
At this, a famous great Philoſpher,
Admir'd, and celebrated, far and near
As one of wond'rous ſingular Invention,
And equal univerſal Comprehenſion,

73. *By which he had compos'd a Pedlar's Jargon*, &c.] *Butler* imputes the ſame Invention to his *Sydrophel*, or Sir *Paul Neal*, where *Hudibras*, threatning to have him and his Man *Whachum* ſeized by the *Conſtable* for robbing him, ſays,

They're guilty by their own Confeſſions
Of Felony, *and at the* Seſſions
Upon the Bench I will ſo handle 'em,
That the Vibration *of this* Pendulum
Shall make all Taylor's *Yards of one*
Unanimous Opinion:
A Thing he long has vapour'd of,
But now ſhall make it out by proof.
HUDIB. P. II. C. 2. ver. 1021.

The Note upon this Paſſage in *Hudibras*, may with great Propriety be inſerted here, and is as follows:

" The Device of the Vibration of a *Pendulum*, was intended " to ſettle a certain Meaſure of Ells and Yards, *&c.* (that ſhould " have its Foundation in Nature) all the World over: For by " ſwinging a Weight at the End of a String, and calculating (by " the Motion of the Sun, or any Star) how long the Vibration " would laſt, in Proportion to the Length of the String, and Weight " of the *Pendulum*; they thought to reduce it back again, and from " any part of Time compute the exact Length of any String that " muſt neceſſarily vibrate, into ſo much Space of Time: So that " if a Man ſhould aſk in *China* for a Quarter of an Hour of *Sattin* " or *Taffata*, they would know perfectly what it meant; and all " Mankind learn a new Way to meaſure Things no more by the " Yard, Foot, or Inch, but by the Hour, Quarter, or Minute.

And

By which he had compos'd a Pedlars Jargon,
For all the World to learn, and uſe in Bargain,
An univerſal canting Idiom,
To underſtand the ſwinging Pendulum,
And to communicate, in all Deſigns,
With th' Eaſtern *Virtuoſo-Mandarines,*
Apply'd an optick Nerve, and half a Noſe
To th' End and Center of the Engine, cloſe:
For he had, very lately, undertook
To vindicate, and publiſh in a Book,

And here let me inform the Reader, that I have diſcovered by the *Poet*'s Manuſcripts, that this, as well as the other Notes publiſhed in the Edition of *Hudibras* of 1672, is the Author's own; the Ignorance of which has led ſucceeding Commentators into ſeveral Miſtakes. To give one Inſtance only—

A Saxon *Duke did grow ſo fat*
That Mice, *(as Hiſtories relate)*
Eat Grots and Labyrinths to dwell in
His poſtique Parts, without his feeling.
HUDIB. P. II. C. 1. ver. 205.

Butler's own Note upon theſe Lines is,—— "This Hiſtory of the "Duke of *Saxony*, is not altogether ſo ſtrange, as that of a Biſhop "his Countryman, who was quite eaten up with Rats, and Mice." Dr. *Grey*'s Obſervation upon the Paſſage is—"He certainly alludes "to the Caſe of *Hatto*, Biſhop of *Mentz* (who was devoured by "Mice) whom he miſtakes for a *Saxon* Duke, becauſe he is mentioned to have ſucceeded in that Biſhoprick a Perſon who was advanced to the Dukedom of *Saxony*.——The above Story of "the *Saxon* Duke could not, in this Circumſtance of the Mice, ſuit "any of them: though amongſt them there were ſome, that were "very fat, namely *Henry* ſurnamed *Craſſus*, who lived in the 12th "Century."

Had the *Doctor* been aware, that the firſt Obſervation was *Butler*'s, he would certainly have ſpared his own; ſince it is plain from thence, that the Poet muſt allude either to a real or imaginary *Duke* of *Saxony*, whom he diſtinguiſhes from the *Biſhop*.

That Men, whoſe native Eyes are blind, or out,
May by more admirable Art, be brought
To ſee with empty Holes as well and plain,
As if their Eyes had been put in again.
This great Man, therefore, having fix'd his Sight
T' obſerve the bloody formidable Fight,
Conſider'd carefully, and then cry'd out,
'Tis true, the Battle's deſperately fought;
The gallant *Subvolvans* begin to rally,
And from their Trenches valiantly ſally,
To fall upon the ſtubborn Enemy,
Who fearfully begin to rout and fly.
Theſe paltry domineering *Privolvans*
Have, every Summer-ſeaſon their Campains;
And muſter, like the military Sons
Of *Raw-head*, and victorious *Bloody-bones*,
As great and numerous as *Soland-geeſe*
I' th' *Summer-Iſlands* of the *Orcades*,
Couragiouſly to make a dreadful Stand,
And boldly face their Neighbour's Hand to Hand.

100. *I'th' Summer-Iſlands of the* Orcades,] It may ſeem odd, that *Butler* ſhould term the *Orcades* Summer-Iſlands; but it is only a figurative and poetic Way of ſaying *in the Orcades in the Summer-ſeaſon*—at which Time they are haunted by infinite Numbers of all kinds of Water-fowl.

Until the peaceful, long'd-for Winter's come;
And then diſband, and march in Triumph Home;
And ſpend the reſt of all the Year in Lies,
And vap'ring of their unknown Victories.
From th' old *Arcadians* they have been believ'd
To be, before the *Moon* herſelf, deriv'd;
And, when her Orb was firſt of all created,
To be from thence, to people her, tranſlated.
For as thoſe People had been long reputed,
Of all the *Peloponeſians*, the moſt ſtupid,
Whom nothing in the World could ever bring
T' endure the civil Life, but Fiddling;
They ever ſince retain the antique Courſe,
And native Frenzy of their Anceſtors;
And always uſe to ſing, and fiddle to
Things of the moſt important Weight they do.
While thus the *Virtuoſo* entertains
The whole Aſſembly with the *Privolvans*,
Another Sophiſt, but of leſs Renown,
Though longer Obſervation of the Moon;

121, 122. *Another Sophiſt but of leſs Renown,—Though longer obſervation of the Moon.*] In the ſhorter Verſe it ſtands thus:

Another of as great Renown
And ſolid Judgment in the Moon.

And though the Variation in Words is but ſmall, it makes a conſiderable Difference in the Character.

That underſtood the Diff'rence of her Soils,
And which produc'd the faireſt *Gennet-moyles*;
But for an unpaid Weekly Shillings Penſion,
Had fin'd for Wit, and Judgment, and Invention;
Who, after poring tedious and hard
In th' *Optic-Engine*, gave a Start, and ſtar'd,
And thus began—A ſtranger Sight appears,
Than ever yet was ſeen in all the *Spheres*;
A greater Wonder, more unparallel'd
Than ever mortal *Tube*, or *Eye* beheld;
A mighty *Elephant* from one of thoſe
Two fighting Armies is at length broke looſe,
And with the deſp'rate Horror of the Fight
Appears amaz'd, and in a dreadful Fright:
Look quickly, leſt the only Sight of us
Should cauſe the ſtartled Creature to imboſs.
It is a large one, and appears more great
Than ever was produc'd in *Africk* yet;
From which we confidently may infer,
The *Moon* appears to be the fruitfuller.
And ſince, of old, the mighty *Pyrrhus* brought
Thoſe living Caſtles firſt of all, 'tis thought,

125, 126. *But for an unpaid weekly Shillings Penſion—Had fin'd for Wit, and Judgment, and Invention.*] Theſe two Verſes are inſerted inſtead of the following in the other Copy in ſhort Meaſure:

And in the Regiſter of Fame,
Had entered his long-living Name.

The *weekly Shillings Penſion* is, if I am rightly informed, the cuſtomary Contribution of each Member of the *Royal Society* toward the

Againſt the *Roman* Army in the Field;
It may a valid Argument be held,
(The ſame *Arcadia* being but a Piece,
As his Dominions were, of antique *Greece*)
To vindicate, what this illuſtrious Perſon
Has made ſo learn'd, and noble a Diſcourſe on;
And giv'n us ample Satisfaction all
Of th' ancient *Privolvans* Original.
That *Elephants* are really in the *Moon*,
Although our Fortune had diſcover'd none,
Is eaſily made plain, and manifeſt,
Since from the greateſt *Orbs*, down to the leaſt,
All other Globes of *Stars* and *Conſtellations*
Have Cattle in 'em of all Sorts and Nations;
And *Heav'n* like a *northern Tartar*'s Horde,
With numerous and mighty Droves is ſtor'd.
And, if the *Moon* can but produce by Nature
A People of ſo large, and vaſt a Stature,
'Tis more than probable, ſhe ſhould bring forth
A greater Breed of Beaſts too, than the *Earth*;

the Expences attending it. The *Poet* had added the two following Lines in this Character, but afterwards croſs'd them out.

And firſt found out the building Pauls
And paving London *with Sea-Coals.*

I tranſcribe them to gratify the Curioſity of ſuch as are deſirous to inveſtigate, who the particular Perſons are, that are deſign'd by theſe Characters.

As by the beſt Accounts we have, appears
Of all our credibleſt Diſcoverers;
And, that thoſe vaſt and monſtrous Creatures there
Are not ſuch far-fet Rarities, as here.
Meanwhile th' *Aſſembly* now had had a Sight
Of all diſtinct Particulars o' th' Fight;
And, every Man with Diligence and Care,
Perus'd, and view'd of th' *Elephant* his Share,
Proud of his equal Int'reſt in the Glory
Of ſo ſtupendous, and renown'd a Story,
When one, who for his Fame and Excellence
In heightening of *Words*, and ſhadowing *Senſe*,
And magnifying all, he ever writ,
With delicate, and *Microſcopick* Wit,
Had long been magnify'd himſelf no leſs
In foreign and domeſtick *Colleges*,
Began at laſt (tranſported with the Twang
Of his own Elocution) thus t' harangue.
Moſt *virtuous*, and incomparable Friends,
This great Diſcov'ry fully makes amends
For all our former unſucceſsful Pains;
And loſt Expences of our Time and Brains:

203,204. *Wh' ch* Archimede, *ſo many Years ago—Durſt never venture, but to wiſh it now.*] Theſe two Lines are here inſerted in a different and better Place, than they were in the ſhorter Verſe, where they

For, by this admirable Phænomenon,
We now have gotten Ground upon the *Moon*;
And gain'd a Paſs t'engage, and hold Diſpute
With all the other *Planets*, that ſtand out;
And carry on this brave and *virtuous* War
Home to the Door of th' obſtinateſt Star;
And plant th' Artillery of our *Optick Tubes*
Againſt the proudeſt of their Magnitudes;
To ſtretch our future Victories beyond
The uttermoſt of Planetary Ground;
And plant our warlike Engines, and our Enſigns
Upon the fix'd *Stars* ſpacious Dimenſions,
To prove, if they are other *Suns*, or not,
As ſome *Philoſophers* have wiſely thought,
Or only Windows in the *Empyreum*,
Through which thoſe bright Effluvias uſe to come;
Which *Archimede*, ſo many Years ago,
Durſt never venture, but to wiſh to know.
Nor is this all, that we have now atchiev'd,
But greater Things!—Henceforth to be believ'd,

they made a ſort of Parentheſis, and the two following Lines are alſo omitted:

Like Flames of Fire, as others gueſs,
That ſhine i' th' Mouth of Furnaces.

And have no more our beſt, or worſt Deſigns,
Becauſe th' are ours, ſuſpected for ill Signs.
T'out-throw, and magnify, and to enlarge
Shall, henceforth, be no more laid to our charge;
Nor ſhall our beſt and ableſt *Virtuoſos*
Prove Arguments again for *Coffee-Houſes*;
Nor little Stories gain Belief among
Our criticaleſt Judges right or wrong:
Nor ſhall our new-invented Chariots draw
The Boys to courſe us in 'em, without Law:
Make Chips of Elms produce the largeſt Trees,
Or ſowing Saw-duſt furniſh Nurſeries:
No more our heading Darts (a ſwinging one!)
With Butter only harden'd in the Sun;

213. *Nor little Stories gain Belief among*] In this latter Part of the Speech, *Butler* makes a conſiderable Variation, by adding, omitting, and altering, which it would be both tedious and unneceſſary minutely to point out, as the Reader may ſo eaſily compare the two Poems.

217. *Make Chips of Elms produce the largeſt Trees,—Or ſowing Saw-duſt furniſh Nurſeries.*] There wants here a Grammatical Connection, a Fault not very uncommon in *Hudibras*, and which cannot have eſcaped the Notice of critical Readers. The Poet alludes to *Sprat*'s Account of the *Relations of Things of Art and Nature* communicated to the *Royal Society*, amongſt which is that *of Elms growing from Chips*.—See *Sprat*'s *Hiſtory*, p. 197. The other Circumſtance of *ſowing Saw-duſt*, &c. is added to heighten the Burleſque.

219, 220, 221, 222. *No more our heading Darts (a ſwinging one!) —— With Butter only harden'd in the Sun;——Or Men that uſe to whiſtle loud enough——To be heard by others plainly five Miles off.*] Theſe two ludicrous Particulars refer to *Sprat*'s Hiſtory, or rather to a ſmall

Or Men that uſe to whiſtle loud enough
To be heard by others plainly five Miles off,
Cauſe all the reſt, we own, and have avow'd
To be believ'd as deſperately loud.
Nor ſhall our future Speculations, whether
An Elder-ſtick will render all the Leather
Of School-boys Breeches proof againſt the Rod,
Make all we undertake appear as odd.
This one Diſcovery will prove enough
To take all paſt and future Scandals off;
But ſince the *World* is ſo incredulous
Of all our uſual Scrutinies and us,
And with a conſtant Prejudice prevents
Our beſt, as well as worſt Experiments,
As if they were all deſtin'd to miſcarry,
As well in Concert try'd, as ſolitary;

a ſmall Tract inſerted in it, called—*A Relation of the* Pico Teneriffe, *received from ſome conſiderable Merchants, and Men worthy of Credit, who went to the Top of it*—in which theſe two *wonderful* Stories are related. The firſt is, indeed, a little ſtrained by the *Poet*, to make it fit his Satire the better.—The latter is literally told by the Relator, where, ſpeaking of the Information he received from one of the Inhabitants, he ſays—"He told alſo (and the ſame was ſe-"rioufly confirmed by a *Spaniard*, and another *Canary* Merchant "then in the Company) that they whiſtle ſo loud as to be heard "five Miles off. And that to be in the ſame Room with them "when they whiſtle, were enough to endanger breaking the *Tym-*"*panum* of the Ear; and added, that he (being in Company of one "that whiſtled his loudeſt) could not hear perfectly for fifteen Days "after, the Noiſe was ſo great." See *Sprat*'s Hiſt. &c. p. 212, and 213.

And that th' *Aſſembly* is uncertain, when
Such great Diſcoveries will occur agen,
'Tis reas'nable, we ſhould, at leaſt, contrive
To draw up as exact a Narrative
Of that which every Man of us can ſwear,
Our Eyes themſelves have plainly ſeen appear;
That when 'tis fit to publiſh the *Account*,
We all may take our ſeveral Oaths upon't.
This ſaid, the whole *Aſſembly* gave Conſent
To drawing up th' authentick Inſtrument;
And, for the *Nation*'s general Satisfaction,
To print, and own it in their next *Tranſaction*.
But while their ableſt Men were drawing up
The wonderful Memoir o'th' *Teleſcope*,
A Member peeping in the *Tube*, by chance,
Beheld the *Elephant* begin t' advance,
That from the Weſt-by-North Side of the *Moon*
To th'Eaſt-by-South was in a Moment gone.
This, being related, gave a ſudden Stop
To all, their *Grandees* had been drawing up;
And every Perſon was amaz'd a-new,
How ſuch a ſtrange Surprizal ſhould be true;
Or any Beaſt perform ſo great a Race,
So ſwift and rapid, in ſo ſhort a Space,

Reſolv'd, as ſuddenly, to make it good,
Or render all as fairly as they cou'd;
And rather chooſe their own Eyes to condemn,
Than queſtion, what they had beheld with them.

While every one was thus reſolv'd, a *Man*
Of great Eſteem, and Credit, thus began;
'Tis ſtrange, I grant! but who, alas! can ſay,
What cannot be, or juſtly can, and may,
Eſpecially at ſo hugely wide and vaſt
A Diſtance, as this Miracle is plac't,
Where the leaſt Error of the *Glaſs*, or Sight,
May render Things amiſs, but never right?
Nor can we try them, when th'are ſo far off,
By any equal ſublunary Proof:
For who can juſtify, that *Nature* there
Is ty'd to the ſame Laws, ſhe acts by here?
Nor is it probable, ſhe has infus'd
Int' every Species, in the *Moon* produc'd,
The ſame Efforts, ſhe uſes to confer
Upon the very ſame Productions here:
Since thoſe upon the *Earth*, of ſeveral Nations,
Are found t'have ſuch prodigious Variations;
And ſhe affects ſo conſtantly to uſe
Variety in every Thing ſhe does.

From hence may be inferr'd, that, tho' I grant,
We have beheld i'th' *Moon* an *Elephant*,
That *Elephant* may chance to differ ſo
From thoſe with us, upon the *Earth* below,
Both in his Bulk, as well as Force and Speed,
As b'ing of a different Kind and Breed,
That, tho' 'tis true, our own are but ſlow-pac'd,
Their's there, perhaps, may fly, or run as faſt,
And yet be very *Elephants*, no leſs
Than thoſe deriv'd from *Indian* Families.
This ſaid, another *Member* of great Worth,
Fam'd for the learned Works he had put forth,
In which the mannerly, and modeſt Author
Quotes the Right Worſhipful, his elder Brother,
Look'd wiſe a while, then ſaid——All this is true,
And very learnedly obſerv'd by you;
But there's another nobler Reaſon for't,
That rightly 'bſerv'd, will fall, but little, ſhort
Of ſolid *mathematick* Demonſtration,
Upon a full, and perfect Calculation;
And that is only this--As th' *Earth* and *Moon*
Do conſtantly move contrary upon

Their ſeveral Axes, the Rapidity
Of both their Motions cannot fail to be
So violent, and naturally faſt,
That larger Diſtances may well be paſt,
In leſs Time than the *Elephant* has gone,
Altho' he had no Motion of his own,
Which we on *Earth* can take no Meaſure of;
As you have made it evident by Proof.
This granted, we may confidently hence
Claim Title to another Inference;
And make this wonderful *Phænomenon*
(Were there no other) ſerve our Turn alone,
To vindicate the grand Hypotheſis,
And prove the Motion of the *Earth* from this.
This ſaid, th' *Aſſembly* now was ſatisfy'd,
As Men are ſoon upon the biaſt Side;
With great Applauſe receiv'd th' admir'd Diſpute,
And grew more gay, and briſk, and reſolute,
By having (right or wrong) remov'd all doubt,
Than if th' Occaſion never had fall'n out;
Reſolving to compleat their Narrative,
And punctually inſert this ſtrange Retrieve.
But, while their *Grandees* were diverted all
With nicely wording the *Memorial*,
The *Footboys* for their own Diverſion too,
As having nothing, now, at all to do,

And when they ſaw the *Teleſcope* at leiſure,
Turn'd *Virtuoſos*, only for their Pleaſure;
With Drills and Monkey's Ingenuity,
That take Delight to practice all they ſee,
Began to ſtare and gaze upon the *Moon*,
As thoſe they waited on, before had done.
When one, whoſe Turn it was, by chance to peep,
Saw ſomething in the lofty *Engine* creep;
And, viewing carefully, diſcover'd more
Than all their *Maſters* hit upon before.
Quoth he, O ſtrange! a little Thing is ſlunk
On th' Inſide of the long ſtar-gazing *Trunk*;
And now is gotten down ſo low and nigh,
I have him here directly 'gainſt mine Eye.
This chancing to be overheard by one,
Who was not, yet, ſo hugely overgrown
In any *philoſophic* Obſervation,
As to conclude with mere Imagination;
And yet he made immediately a Gueſs
At full ſalving all Appearances,
A plainer Way, and more ſignificant,
Than all their Hints had prov'd o' th' *Elephant*;
And quickly found upon a ſecond View,
His own Conjecture, probably, moſt true:
For he no ſooner had apply'd his Eye
To th' *optick Engine*, but immediately

He found a ſmall *Field-Mouſe* was gotten in
The hollow *Teleſcope*, and ſhut between
The two Glaſs-Windows, cloſely in reſtraint,
Was magnify'd into an *Elephant*;
And prov'd the happy *virtuous* Occaſion
Of all this deep and learned Diſſertation.
And as a mighty *Mountain* heretofore,
Is ſaid t'have been begot with Child, and bore
A ſilly *Mouſe*, this captive *Mouſe*, as ſtrange,
Produc'd another *Mountain* in Exchange.
Mean while the *Grandees*, long in Conſultation,
Had finiſh'd the miraculous *Narration*,
And ſet their Hands, and Seals, and Senſe, and Wit
T'atteſt and vouch the Truth of all th' had writ;
When this unfortunate *Phænomenon*
Confounded all they had declar'd and done.
For 'twas no ſooner told, and hinted at,
But all the reſt were in a Tumult ſtraight,
More hot and furiouſly inrag'd, by far,
Than both the *Hoſts*, that in the *Moon* made War,
To find ſo rare and admirable a Hint,
When they had all agreed, and ſworn t'have ſeen't,

And had engag'd themſelves to make it out,
Obſtructed with a wretched paultry Doubt.
When one, whoſe only Taſk was to determin,
And ſolve the worſt Appearences of *Vermin*;
Who oft' had made profound Diſcoveries
In *Frogs* and *Toads*, as well as *Rats* and *Mice*
(Though not ſo curious and exact, 'tis true
As many an exquiſite *Rat-catcher* knew)
After he had a while with Signs made way
For ſomething pertinent, he had to ſay,
At laſt prevail'd—Quoth he thisDiſquiſition
Is, the one half of it, in my *Diſciſſion*:
For tho', 'tis true, the *Elephant*, as *Beaſt*,
Belongs, of nat'ral Right, to all the Reſt;
The*Mouſe*, that's but a paultry *Vermin*, none
Can claim a Title to, but I alone;
And therefore humbly hope, I may be heard
In my own Province freely, with Regard.
It is no Wonder, that we are cry'd down,
And made the Table-talk of all the *Town*,
That Rants and Vapours ſtill, for all our great
Deſigns and Projects, we've done nothing yet,
If every one have Liberty to doubt,
When ſome great Secret's more than half made out,

Becauſe, perhaps, it will not hold out true,
And put a ſtop to all w' Attempt to do.
As no great Action ever has been done,
Nor ever's like to be by *Truth alone*,
If nothing elſe but only *Truth* w' allow
'Tis no great Matter what w'intend to do;
For Truth *is always too reſerv'd and chaſte,*
T'indure to be by all the Town embrac'd,
A ſolitary Anchorite *that dwells,*
Retir'd from all the World in obſcure Cells,
Diſdains all great *Aſſemblys*, and defies
The Preſs and Crowd of mix'd *Societies*,
That uſe to deal in Novelty and Change,
Not of things true, but great, and rare, and ſtrange;
To entertain the *World* with what is fit
And proper for its Genius, and its Wit;
The *World*, that's never found to ſet Eſteem
On what Things are, but what th' appear, and ſeem;
And, if they are not wonderful and new,
Th' are ne're the better for their being true.
For what is Truth, or Knowledge, but a Kind
Of Wantonneſs and Luxury o' th Mind,
A Greedineſs and Gluttony o' the Brain,
That longs to eat forbidden Fruit again,

And grows more deſp'rate, like the worſt Diſeaſes,
Upon the nobler Part (the Mind) it ſeizes?
And what has *Mankind* ever gain'd by knowing
His little Truths, unleſs his own Undoing,
That prudently by *Nature* had been hidden,
And, only for his greater Good, forbidden?
And therefore with as great Diſcretion does
The *World* endeavour ſtill to keep it cloſe;
For if the Secrets of all Truths were known,
Who would not, once more, be as much undone?
For *Truth* is never without Danger in't,
As here it has depriv'd us of a Hint,
The whole *Aſſembly* had agreed upon,
And utterly defeated all w' had done,
By giving Foot-Boys leave to interpoſe
And diſappoint, whatever we propoſe,
For nothing but to cut out Work for *Stubs*,
And all the buſy *Academick* Clubs,
For which they have deſerv'd to run the Riſks
Of Elder-ſticks, and penitential Frisks.
How much then ought we have a ſpecial Care,
That none preſume to know above his Share,

Nor take upon him t'underſtand, henceforth,
More than his *weekly Contribution*'s worth:
That all thoſe, that have purchas'd of the *College*
A half, or but a quarter Share of *Knowlege*,
And brought none in themſelves, but ſpent Repute,
Should never be admitted to diſpute;
Nor any *Member* undertake to know
More than his equal *Dividend* comes to?
For *Partners* have perpetually been known,
T'impoſe upon their publick Int'reſt, prone;
And, if we have not greater Care of ours,
It will be ſure to run the ſelf-ſame Courſe.
This ſaid, the whole *Society* allow'd
The Doctrine to be orthodox, and good;
And from th' apparent *Truth* of what th'had heard,
Reſolv'd, henceforth, to give *Truth* no Regard,
But what was for their Intereſts to vouch,
And either find it out, or make it ſuch:
That 'twas more admirable to create
Inventions like *Truth* out of ſtrong Conceit,
Than with vexatious Study, Pains, and Doubt,
To find, or but ſuppoſe t'have found it out.

This b'ing reſolv'd, th'Aſſembly, one by one,
Review'd the *Tube*, the *Elephant*, and *Moon*;
But ſtill the more, and curiouſer they pry'd,
They but became the more unſatisfy'd,
In no one Thing, they gaz'd upon, agreeing,
As if th' had different Principles of ſeeing.
Some boldly ſwore, upon a ſecond View,
That all they had beheld before, was true,
And damn'd themſelves, they never would recant
One ſyllable, th' had ſeen, of th' *Elephant*;
Avow'd his Shape and Snout could be no *Mouſe*'s,
But a true nat'ral *Elephant*'s Proboſcis.
Others began to doubt as much, and waver,
Uncertain which to diſallow, or favour;
Until they had as many croſs Reſolves,
As Iriſhmen *that have been turn'd to Wolves,*
And grew diſtracted, whether to eſpouſe
The Party of the *Elephant*, or *Mouſe*.
Some held, there was no Way ſo orthodox,
As to refer it to the *Ballot-Box*;
And, like ſome other Nation's *Patriots*,
To find it out, or make the *Truth*, by Votes.

487, 488. *Until they had as many croſs Reſolves—As* Iriſhmen, *that have been turn'd to Wolves.*] To what particular Story *Butler* alludes in theſe two additional Verſes, I cannot diſcover, nor whether it be to one

Others were of Opinion, 'twas more fit
T' unmount the *Teleſcope*, and open it,
And for their own, and all Men's Satisfaction
To ſearch, and re-examin the *Tranſaction*;
And afterward to explicate the reſt,
As they ſhould ſee Occaſion for the beſt.
To this, at length, as th' only *Expedient*,
The whole *Aſſembly* freely gave Conſent:
But, 'ere the *optic Tube* was half let down,
Their own Eyes clear'd the firſt *Phænomenon*:
For, at the upper End, prodigious Swarms
Of buſy *Flies* and *Gnats*, like Men in Arms,
Had all paſt Muſter in the *Glaſs* by chance,
For both the *Peri-* and the *Subvolvans*.
This b'ing diſcover'd, once more put them all
Into a worſe, and deſperater Brawl,
Surpriz'd with Shame, that *Men ſo grave and wiſe*
Should be trepann'd by *paultry Gnats and Flies*;
And to miſtake the feeble *Inſects* ſwarms
For Squadrons, and Reſerves of Men in Arms:
As politick as thoſe, who, when the *Moon*
As bright and glorious in a River ſhone,

One founded upon the *Pythagorean* Tranſmigration, taught by the *Druids* to the *old Iriſh*, or to the *French* Superſtition about the *Loups-garoux* or *Men-Wolves*, adopted by the *Moderns*.

Threw Caſting-nets, with equal Cunning at her
To catch her with, and pull her out o'th' Water.
But when at laſt, they had unſcrew'd the Glaſs,
To find out where the ſly Impoſtor was,
And ſaw 'twas but a *Mouſe*, that by miſhap
Had catch'd himſelf, *and them*, in th' *optick Trap*,
Amaz'd, with Shame confounded, and afflicted
To find themſelves ſo openly convicted,
Immediately made haſte to get them gone,
With none, but this Diſcovery alone:

521, 522. *And ſaw 'twas but a Mouſe, that by miſhap—Had catch'd himſelf*, and them, *in th' optic Trap.*] It is worth the Reader's Obſervation, how great an Addition is made to the Wit by a very ſmall Variation in theſe two Lines from the ſhorter ones.

Butler, to compliment his *Mouſe* for affording him an Opportunity of indulging his ſatyrical Turn, and diſplaying his Wit upon this Occaſion, has to the End of this Poem ſubjoined the following Epigrammatical Note.

A Mouſe, *whoſe martial Valour has ſo long*
Ago been try'd, and by old Homer *ſung,*
And purchas'd him more everlaſting Glory
Than all his Grecian, *and his* Trojan *Story;*
Though he appears unequal matcht, I grant,
In Bulk and Stature by the Elephant,
Yet frequently has been obſerv'd in Battle
To have reduc'd the proud and haughty Cattle,
When having boldly entered the Redoubt,
And ſtorm'd the dreadful Outwork of his Snout,

The

That *learned Men*, who greedily purſue
Things, that are rather wonderful than true,
And, in their niceſt Speculations, chooſe
To make their own Diſcoveries ſtrange News,
And Nat'ral Hiſt'ry rather a Gazette
Of Rarities ſtupendous, and far-fet;
Believe no Truths are worthy to be known,
That are not ſtrongly vaſt, and overgrown;
And ſtrive to explicate Appearances,
Not as they're probable, but as they pleaſe,
In vain endeavour *Nature* to ſuborn,
And, for their Pains, are juſtly paid with *Scorn*.

The little Vermin, *like an* Errant-Knight,
Has ſlain the huge gigantick Beaſt *in Fight.*

Butler formed a Deſign of writing another Satire upon the *Royal Society*, part of which I find amongſt his Papers fairly and correctly tranſcribed. Whether he ever finiſhed it, or the Remainder of it be loſt, is uncertain: The Fragment, however, that is preſerved, may not improperly be added in this place, as in ſome ſort explanatory of the preceding Poem.

A learned Man, whom once a Week
A hundred Virtuoſo's *ſeek,*
And like an Oracle apply to,
T' aſk Queſtions, and admire, and lye to,
Who entertain'd them all of Courſe
(As Men take Wives for better or worſe)
And paſt them all for Men of Parts,
Though ſome but Sceptics in their Hearts:
For when they're caſt into a Lump,
Their Talents equally muſt jump;
As Metals mixt, the rich and baſe
Do both at equal Values paſs.

With theſe the ord'nary Debate
Was after News, and Things of State,
Which Way the dreadful Comet *went?*
In ſixty-four, and what it meant!
What Nations yet are to bewail
The Operation of its Tail;
Or whether France, *or* Holland *yet,*
Or Germany *be in its Debt?*
What Wars and Plagues in Chriſtendom
Have happened ſince, and what to come?
What Kings *are dead, how many* Queens
And Princeſſes *are poiſon'd ſince;*
And who ſhall next of all by Turn
Make Courts wear black, and Tradeſmen mourn?
What Parties next of Foot, or Horſe
Will rout, or routed be of Courſe?
What German *Marches, and Retreats*
Will furniſh the next Month's Gazettes?
What peſtilent Contagion next,
And what Part of the World infects?
What dreadful Meteor, *and where*
Shall in the Heavens next appear;
And when again ſhall lay Embargo
Upon the Admiral, the good Ship Argo?
Why Currents *turn in Seas of Ice*
Some thrice a Day, and ſome but twice;
And why the Tides *at Night and Noon*
Court, like Caligula, *the Moon?*
What is the nat'ral Cauſe why Fiſh,
That always drink, do never piſs;
Or whether in their Home the Deep
By Night or Day they ever ſleep?
If Graſs *be green, or* Snow *be white,*
But only as they take the Light?
Whether Poſſeſſions of the Devil,
Or mere Temptations do moſt evil?
What is't, that makes all Fountains *ſtill*
Within the Earth to run up Hill;
But on the Outſide down again,
As if th' Attempt had been in vain?
Or what's the ſtrange magnetic Cauſe,
The Steel *or* Loadſtone's *drawn, or draws,*
The Star, the Needle, which the Stone
Has only been but touch'd upon?
Whether the North-Star's Influence
With both does hold Intelligence;
(For red-hot Iron, held tow'rds the Pole,
Turns of it ſelf to't, when 'tis cool)

Or

Or whether Male and Female ſcrews
In th' Ir'n and Stone th' Effect produce?
What makes the Body of the Sun,
That ſuch a rapid Courſe does run,
To draw no Tail behind through th' Air,
As Comets *do, when they appear,*
Which other Planets *cannot do,*
Becauſe they do not burn, but glow?
Whether the Moon *be Sea, or Land,*
Or Charcoal, or a quench'd Firebrand;
Or if the dark Holes that appear,
Are only Pores, not Cities there?
Whether the Atmoſphere *turn round,*
And keep a juſt Pace with the Ground;
Or loiter lazily behind,
And clog the Air with Guſts of Wind?
Or whether Creſcents in the Wane
(For ſo an Author has it plain)
Do burn quite out, or wear away
Their Snuffs upon the Edge of Day?
Whether the Sea *increaſe, or waſte,*
And, if it do, how long 'twill laſt;
Or if the Sun *approaches near*
The Earth, how ſoon it will be there?
Theſe were their learned Speculations
And all their conſtant Occupations;
To meaſure Wind, *and weigh the* Air,
And turn a Circle *to a* Square;
To make a Powder of the Sun,
By which all Doctors ſhould b' undone;
To find the North-weſt *Paſſage out,*
Although the fartheſt Way about;
If Chymiſts from a Roſe's *Aſhes*
Can raiſe the Roſe *itſelf in Glaſſes;*
Whether the Line of Incidence
Riſe from the Object, or the Senſe?
To ſhew th' Elixir *in a Bath*
Of Hope, Credulity, and Faith;
To explicate by ſubtle Hints
The Grain of Diamonds *and* Flints,
And in the Braying of an Aſs
Find out the Treble and the Baſe;
If Mares *neigh* alto, *and a* Cow
A double Diapaſon *low.*

The reſt of this Performance is wanting, but I am perſuaded that thoſe, who have a Taſte for *Butler*'s Turn and Humour, will think this too curious a Fragment to be loſt, though perhaps too imperfect to be formally publiſhed. How juſt this ſatirical Repreſentation is, and to what particular Men and Treatiſes the Poet alludes, the Reader may beſt judge by conſulting the *Philoſophical Tranſactions* of that Age, but more particularly *Strat*'s Account of the Enquiries and Speculations in which the Members of the *Royal Society* at firſt employed themſelves.

SATYR.

WHO would believe, that wicked *Earth*,
Where *Nature* only brings us forth,
To be found guilty, and forgiven,
Should be a Nurſery for *Heaven*;
When all, we can expect to do,
Will not pay half the Debt we owe,
And yet more deſperately dare,
As if that wretched Trifle were
Too much for the eternal Pow'rs,
Our great and mighty Creditors,
Not only ſlight what they enjoin,
But pay it in adulterate Coin?

In this Compoſition the Reader will have the Pleaſure of viewing *Butler* in a Light, in which he has not hitherto appeared. Every Thing almoſt, that he has wrote, is indeed ſatirical, but in an arch and drole Manner; and he may be ſaid rather to have laught at the Vices and Follies of Mankind, than to have rail'd at them. In this he is ſerious and ſevere, exchanges the *Ridiculum* for the *Acri*, and writes with the ſpirited Indignation of a *Juvenal* or a *Perſius*. Good-natured Readers may perhaps think the Invective too bitter; but the ſame Good-nature will excuſe the *Poet*, when 'tis conſidered, what an Edge muſt be given to his ſatirical Wit by the Age in which he liv'd, diſtinguiſhed by the two Extremes of *Hypocriſy* and *Enthuſiaſm* on the one Part, and *Irreligion* and *Immorality* on the other.

We only in their Mercy truſt,
To be more wicked and unjuſt:
All our *Devotions*, *Vows*, and *Pray'rs*
Are our own Intereſt, not theirs:
Our *Off'rings*, when we come t' adore,
But begging Preſents, to get more:
The pureſt Buſineſs of our *Zeal*
Is but to err, by meaning well,
And make that Meaning do more harm,
Than our worſt Deeds, that are leſs warm:
For the moſt wretched and perverſe
Does not believe himſelf, he errs.
Our holy'ſt Actions have been
Th' Effects of Wickedneſs and Sin;
Religious Houſes made Compounders
For th' horrid Actions of the *Founders*;
Steeples, that totter'd in the Air,
By *Letchers* ſin'd into Repair;
As if we had retain'd no Sign,
Nor Character of the divine
And heav'nly Part of human Nature,
But only the coarſe earthy Matter.

21, 22. *And make that Meaning do more harm—Than our worſt Deeds, that are leſs warm.*] This was but too plainly exemplified in the preceding Times of civil Combuſtion, when the miſtaken *Zeal* of a Set of mad *Enthuſiaſts* did more Miſchief in theſe Kingdoms, than the *Vices* of all our Kings put together.

27, 28. *Religious Houſes made Compounders—For th' horrid Actions of the Founders.*] It is almoſt too obvious to obſerve, that it was very

Our univerſal Inclination
Tends to the worſt of our Creation,
As if the *Stars* conſpir'd t'imprint
In our whole Species, by Inſtinct,
A fatal Brand, and Signature
Of nothing elſe, but the Impure.
The beſt of all our Actions tend
To the prepoſterouſeſt End,
And, like to *Mungrels*, we're inclin'd
To take moſt to th' ignobler Kind;
Or *Monſters*, that have always leaſt
Of th' human Parent, not the Beaſt.
Hence 'tis we've no Regard at all
Of our beſt half Original;
But, when they differ, ſtill aſſert
The Int'reſt of th' ignobler Part;
Spend all the Time we have upon
The vain Capriches of the one,
But grudge to ſpare one Hour, to know
What to the better Part we owe.
As in all compound Subſtances
The greater ſtill devours the leſs;

very uſual, eſpecially in the Times of *Popery*, for the greateſt Debauchees to flatter themſelves, that they attoned for the Diſſoluteneſs of their paſt Lives by pious Donations at their Death; as if they were to be excus'd for not ſerving God themſelves, by furniſhing others with an Opportunity of doing it.

So, being born and bred up near
Our earthy groſs Relations here,
Far from the ancient nobler Place
Of all our high paternal Race,
We now degenerate, and grow
As barbarous, and mean, and low,
As modern *Grecians* are, and worſe,
To their brave nobler Anceſtors.
Yet, as no Barbarouſneſs beſide
Is half ſo barbarous as Pride,
Nor any prouder Inſolence
Than that, which has the leaſt Pretence,
We are ſo wretched, to profeſs
A Glory in our Wretchedneſs;
To vapour ſillily, and rant
Of our own Miſery, and Want,
And grow vain-glorious on a Score,
We ought much rather to deplore,
Who, the firſt Moment of our Lives,
Are but condemn'd, and giv'n Reprieves;
And our great'ſt Grace is not to know,
When we ſhall pay 'em back, nor how,

63. *As* barbarous, *and mean, and low*] The Terms *barbarous* and *barbarouſneſs*, in this, and the Lines following, are to be underſtood in their old Senſe, as oppoſed to *rude* and *uncultivated*.

69. *Our* Bravery's *but a mean Diſguiſe.*] In the Times in which our Author wrote, what we now call *Finery* in Dreſs was generally expreſs'd

Begotten with a vain Caprich,
And live as vainly to that Pitch.
Our *Pains* are real Things, and all
Our *Pleaſures* but fantaſtical;
Diſeaſes of their own Accord,
But *Cures* come difficult and hard;
Our nobleſt *Piles*, and ſtatelieſt *Rooms*
Are but Out-houſes to our *Tombs*;
Cities, though e're ſo great and brave,
But mere Ware-houſes to the *Grave*;
Our *Bravery's* but a vain Diſguiſe,
To hide us from the World's dull Eyes,
The Remedy of a Defect,
With which our Nakedneſs is deckt;
Yet makes us ſwell with Pride, and boaſt,
As if w' had gain'd by being loſt.
All this is nothing to the Evils,
Which *Men*, and their confed'rate *Devils*
Inflict, to aggravate the Curſe
On their own hated Kind, much worſe;
As if by *Nature* th' had been ſerv'd
More gently, than their Fate deſerv'd,

expreſs'd by the Word *Bravery*. This Obſervation upon the Vanity and Folly of being proud of Dreſs, which is only a Conſequence of our Fall, is not peculiar to *Butler*; but he has made it his own by the Manner of expreſſing it.

Take pains (in Juſtice) to invent,
And ſtudy their own Puniſhment;
That, as their *Crimes* ſhould greater grow,
So might their own *Inflictions* too.
Hence bloody *Wars* at firſt began,
The artificial *Plague* of Man,
That from his own Invention riſe,
To ſcourge his own Iniquities;
That if the *Heav'ns* ſhould chance to ſpare
Supplies of conſtant poiſon'd Air,
They might not, with unfit Delay,
For lingering Deſtruction ſtay;
Nor ſeek Recruits of *Death* ſo far,
But plague themſelves with *Blood* and *War*.
And if theſe fail, there is no good,
Kind *Nature* ere on Man beſtow'd,
But he can eaſily divert
To his own Miſery and Hurt;

131. *Enrich Bawds, Whores,* &c.] The Reign of *Charles* the Second, which is the Scene of this Satyr, does but too much juſtify this ſevere Cenſure.

132, 133, 134. ——————*ſilenc't Miniſters—That get Eſtates by being undone—For tender Conſcience, and have none.*] A Paſſage in his *Hudibras*, will beſt explain the Poet's Meaning here.

Be ſure to keep up Congregations,
In ſpight of Laws *and* Proclamations:
For Chiarlatans *can do no good,*
Until they're mum, like a Creed;
And when they're puniſhed, all the Hurt
Is but to ſave the better for't;

Make that, which *Heav'n* meant to bleſs
Th'ungrateful World with, gentle *Peace*
With *Luxury* and *Exceſs*, as faſt
As *War* and *Deſolation*, waſte;
Promote Mortality, and kill,
As faſt as Arms, by ſitting ſtill;
Like *Earthquakes* ſlay without a Blow,
And only moving overthrow;
Make *Law* and *Equity* as dear,
As *Plunder* and *Free-quarter* were,
And fierce Encountres at the *Bar*
Undo as faſt, as thoſe in *War*;
Enrich *Bawds*, *Whores*, and *Uſurers*,
Pimps, *Scriv'ners*, *ſilenc't Miniſters*,
That get Eſtates by being undone
For *tender Conſcience*, and have none;
Like thoſe, that with their Credit drive
A Trade without a Stock, and thrive;

As long as Confeſſors are ſure
Of double Pay for all th' endure,
And what they earn in Perſecution,
Are paid t' a Groat in Contribution.
Whence ſome Tub-Holders-forth *have made*
In Powd'ring-Tubs *their richeſt Trade:*
And while they kept their Shops in Priſon,
Have found their Prices ſtrangely riſen.
HUDIB. P. III. C. 2. ver. 969.

One cannot but admire the *Satyriſt*'s Impartiality, in ſparing neither the wanton and licentious Exceſſes of *Charles*'s Court, nor the Cant and Roguery of thoſe who hypocritically rail'd at him.

139.

Advance Men in the *Church* and *State*
For being of the meaneſt Rate,
Rais'd for their *double-guil'd* deſerts,
Before *Integrity* and *Parts*;
Produce more grievious Complaints
For *Plenty*, than before for *Wants*,
And make a *rich* and fruitful Year
A greater Grievance, than a *dear*;
Make Jeſts of greater Dangers far,
Than thoſe they trembl'd at in *War*;
Till, unawares, they've laid a Train
To blow the *Publick* up again;
Rally with *Horror*, and in Sport
Rebellion and Deſtruction court,
And make *Fanatics*, in Deſpight
Of all their *Madneſs*, reaſon right,
And vouch to all they have foreſhown,
As other *Monſters* oft have done.

139. *Rais'd for their double-guil'd Deſerts—Before Integrity and Parts.*] Alluding, I ſuppoſe, to that narrow-ſpirited Policy ſo commonly imputed to *Charles* II. of courting his Enemies, inſtead of rewarding his Friends. And perhaps the Poet might think himſelf included in the Injuſtice, which he cenſures. The Pun upon *double guil'd* for *double-g lt* is rather low, but is one of thoſe Excreſcencies, which naturally grow out of Genius's of *Hudibr*'s Caſt.

151, 152. *And make Fanatics, in deſpight—Of all their Madneſs, reaſon right.*] The Writings and Preachments of the *Enthuſiaſts* and *Fanatics* of this, and indeed of all Ages, are full of Denunciations of particular Judgments, which the Poet wittily obſerves, though vented at Random, might be ſeriouſly verified, without a Reformation of Manners.

Although from *Truth* and *Senſe* as far,
As all their other *Maggots* are:
For Things ſaid falſe, and never meant,
Do oft prove true by accident.
That *Wealth*, that bounteous *Fortune* ſends
As preſents to her deareſt Friends,
Is oft laid out upon a Purchaſe
Of two Yards long in *Pariſh Churches*;
And thoſe too happy Men that bought it,
Had liv'd, and happier too, without it.
For what does vaſt *Wealth* bring, but *Cheat*,
Law, *Luxury*, *Diſeaſe*, and *Debt*,
Pain, *Pleaſure*, *Diſcontent*, and *Sport*
An eaſy-troubled Life, and ſhort?

168. *An eaſy troubled life, and ſhort.*] Though this Satyr ſeems fairly tranſcribed for the Preſs; yet on a Vacancy in the Sheet oppoſite to this Line, I find the following Verſes, which probably were intended to be added, but as they are not regularly inſerted, I chuſe rather to give them by way of Note.

For Men ne'er digg'd ſo deep into
The Bowels of the Earth below,
For Mettals that are found to dwell
Near Neighbour to the Pit of Hell,
And have a magic Pow'r to ſway
The greedy Souls of Men that Way;
But with their Bodies have been fain
To fill thoſe Trenches up again;
When bloody Battles have been fought
For ſtaving that, which they took out.
For Wealth is all Things, that conduce
To Man's Deſtruction, or his Uſe;
A Standard both to buy and ſell
All Things from Heaven down to Hell.

But all theſe *Plagues* are nothing near
Thoſe far more cruel and ſevere,
Unhappy Man takes Pains to find,
T'inflict himſelf upon his *Mind*;
And out of his own Bowels ſpins
A Rack and Torture for his Sins:
Torments himſelf, in vain, to know
That moſt, which he can never do;
And the more ſtrictly 'tis denied,
The more he is unſatisfied:
Is buſy in finding *Scruples* out,
To languiſh in eternal *Doubt*,
Sees *Spectres* in the Dark, and *Ghoſts*,
And ſtarts, as Horſes do at Poſts;
And, when his Eyes aſſiſt him leaſt,
Diſcerns ſuch ſubtle Objects beſt:
On hypothetic *Dreams* and *Viſions*
Grounds everlaſting Diſquiſitions,

169, 170. *But all theſe Plagues are nothing near—Thoſe far more cruel*, &c.] Our *Satiriſt*, after enumerating the various Infelicities of Man ariſing from the outward Circumſtances of Human Nature, deſcends to that which takes its Riſe within his own diſtempered Mind, the inſatiable Thirſt of knowing thoſe Things, which he has neither Ability to inveſtigate, nor Neceſſity to enquire into. He was a profeſt Enemy to all chimerical, precarious, uncertain Speculations, either in Philoſophy or Divinity, as every attentive Reader of hi *Hudibras* muſt have obſerved, and with a View to this he drew the Characters of *Hudibras*, and the virtuoſo Philoſopher *Sidrophel*. This is a favorite Topic of our Poets; and the Reader will accordingly find the Verſes glow with a peculiar Warmth and Spirit.

193, 194. *And doubts as much in Things, that are—As plainly evident and clear:*] Strange and bold as this Aſſertion ſeems, we ſee it

And raiſes endleſs Controverſies
On vulgar *Theorems* and *Hearſays*:
Grows poſitive and confident
In Things ſo far beyond th' Extent
Of human Senſe, he does not know,
Whether they be at all, or no;
And doubts as much in Things, that are
As plainly evident, and clear:
Diſdains all uſeful Senſe, and plain,
T' apply to th' Intricate and Vain;
And cracks his Brains in plodding on
That, which is never to be known;
To poſe himſelf with Subtleties,
And hold no other Knowledge wiſe;
Although, the ſubtler all Things are,
They're but to *nothing* the more near:
And the leſs Weight they can ſuſtain,
The more he ſtill lays on in vain;

too often verified by learned Men, who are dogmatical and confident in the moſt refined hypothetical Theories, and ſceptical in the plaineſt Truths. It is not unlikely, but he had *Deſcartes* in his Eye, who boldly entered into an Explication of the whole Syſtem of the Univerſe, and yet came at laſt to frame a Doubt about his own Exiſtence.

201, 202. *Although the ſubtler all Things are,—They're but to nothing the more near:*] This is a Thought of *Seneca*'s, and quoted as ſuch by *Butler* in a Note of his own upon the two following Verſes in his *Hudibras*.

He could reduce all Things to acts,
And knew their Natures by Abſtracts.

See GREY's HUD. P. 1. C. 1. ver. 143.

And hangs his *Soul* upon as nice,
And ſubtle *Curioſities*,
As one of that vaſt Multitude,
That on a Needle's Point have ſtood:
Weighs *right* and *wrong*, and *true* and *falſe*
Upon as nice and ſubtle *Scales*,
As thoſe that turn upon a Plane
With th' hundredth Part of half a Grain;
And ſtill the ſubtler they move,
The ſooner falſe and uſeleſs prove.
So *Man*, that thinks to force and ſtrain
Beyond its natural Sphere his *Brain*,
In vain torments it on the Rack,
And, for improving, ſets it back;
Is ign'rant of his own Extent,
And that to which his Aims are bent,
Is loſt in both, and breaks his *Blade*
Upon the *Anvil*, where 'twas made:
For as *Abortions* coſt more Pain
Than *vig'rous Births*; ſo all the vain
And weak Productions of Man's Wit,
That aim at Purpoſes unfit,
Require more Drudgery, and worſe
Than thoſe of ſtrong and lively Force,

207, 208. *As one of that vaſt Multitude:—That on a Needle's Point have ſtood:*] This alludes to the whimſical Notions of the *Roſicrucians* about their aerial Spirits.

SATYR.

'TIS a ſtrange *Age* we've liv'd in, and a lewd
As 'ere the *Sun* in all his Travels view'd;
An *Age* as vile, as ever *Juſtice* urg'd,
Like a fantaſtic *Letcher*, to be ſcourg'd:
Nor has it ſcap'd, and yet has only learn'd,
The more 'tis plagu'd to be the leſs concern'd.
Twice have we ſeen two dreadful Judgments rage,
Enough to fright the ſtubborn'ſt-hearted Age;

As the preceding Satyr was upon Mankind in general, with ſome Alluſion to that Age in which it was wrote, this is particularly levelled at the licentious and debauched Times of *Charles* II. humourouſly contraſted with the *puritanical* ones which went before; and is a freſh Proof of the Author's Impartiality, and that he was not, as is generally, but falſely imagined, a Bigot to the *Country* Party.

7. *Twice have we ſeen two dreadful Judgments*, &c.] The Poet, one may venture to affirm, without the Hazard of a Conjecture, alludes here to the *Plague* and *Fire* of *London* in the Years 1665 and 1666; but what *the two mighty Miracles* were which ſucceeded, is not with ſo much Preciſeneſs to be aſcertained. It is however very probable, that he means the prodigious Expedition, with which the *City* was rebuilt, and the very healthy Seaſon which followed. The following Paſſage from *Hume's Hiſtory of Great Britain*, confirms the Obſervation. "The Fire of *London*, though at that Time a great "Calamity, has proved in the Iſſue beneficial both to the City and "the

The one to mow vaſt Crowds of People down,
The other (as then needleſs) half the *Town*;
And two as mighty Miracles reſtore,
What both had ruin'd and deſtroy'd before:
In all as unconcern'd, as if th' had been
But Paſtimes for Diverſion to be ſeen.
Or, like the Plagues of *Ægypt*, meant a Curſe,
Not to reclaim us, but to make us worſe.
Twice have Men turn'd the *World* (that ſilly Blockhead!)
The wrong Side outward, like a *Jugler*'s Pocket,
Shook out Hypocriſy, as faſt and looſe,
As e're the *Devil* could teach, or Sinners uſe,
And on the other Side at once put in
As impotent Iniquity, and Sin.
As Sculls, that have been crack'd, are often found
Upon the wrong Side to receive the Wound,
And, like Tobacco-pipes at one End hit,
To break at th'other ſtill that's oppoſite:

" the Kingdom. The City was rebuilt in a very little Time; and " Care was taken to make the Streets wider and more regular than " before.—*London* became much more healthy after the Fire. The " Plague, which uſed to break out with great Fury twice or " thrice every Century, and indeed was always lurking in ſome " Corner of the City, has not once diſcovered itſelf ſince that " Calamity."

22. *As impotent Iniquity.*] The Term *impotent* is here uſed in the *Latin* Senſe of it for ungovernable or unreſtrained.—So *Horace* ſays *Aquilo impotens.*

23. *As,*

So Men, who one Extravagance would ſhun,
Into the contrary Extreme have run;
And all the Difference is, that, as the firſt
Provokes the other Freak to prove the worſt;
So, in return, that ſtrives to render leſs
The laſt Deluſion, with its own Exceſs;
And, like two unſkill'd *Gameſters*, uſe one Way
With bungling t'help out one another's Play.
For thoſe, who heretofore ſought private Holes,
Securely in the Dark to damn their Souls,
Wore Vizards of Hypocriſy, to ſteal
And ſlink away, in Maſquerade, to *Hell*.
Now bring their Crimes into the open *Sun*,
For all Mankind to gaze their worſt upon,
As *Eagles* try their Young againſt his Rays,
To prove, if they're of generous Breed, or baſe;

23. *As Scull's that have been crack'd,*] It is a common Obſervation, whether true or falſe is ſufficient for a poetical Alluſion, that when a Scull is broke, the Crack is not in the Part which receives the Blow, but on the oppoſite Side, and is occaſioned by the Violence of the Concuſſion.

30. *Provokes the other Freak to prove the Worſt.*] The Word *Freak*, though it now always ſignifies ſome Extravagance of the gay and frolickſome ſort, is frequently uſed by *Butler*, for one of any Kind.

Call *Heav'n* and *Earth* to witneſs, how they've aim'd
With all their utmoſt Vigour to be damn'd,
And by their own Examples, in the View
Of all the World, ſtriv'd to damn others too:
On all Occaſions ſought to be as civil,
As poſſible they cou'd, t'his Grace the *Devil*,
To give him no unneceſſary Trouble,
Nor in ſmall Matters uſe a Friend ſo noble,
But with their conſtant Practice done their beſt
T'improve, and propagate his Intereſt.
For Men have now made Vice ſo great an Art,
The matter of Fact's become the ſlighteſt Part;
And the debauched'ſt Actions they can do,
Mere Trifles, to the Circumſtance and Show,
For 'tis not what they do, that's now the Sin,
But what they lewdly affect, and glory in;
As if prepoſt'rouſly they would profeſs
A forc'd Hypocriſy of Wickedneſs:

53, 54, *&c. For Men have now made Vice ſo great an Art,—The Matter of Fact's become the ſlighteſt Part.—&c.* This is bitter and ſevere, but very applicable to the Times he is deſcribing, and to the Characters of *Buckingham*, *Rocheſter*, and other wicked and abandoned Wits of that Age, who ſtudied not only to be, but alſo to appear as vicious and debauched as poſſible.

67, 68,

And Affectation, that makes good Things bad,
Muſt make affected Shame accurſt, and mad;
For Vices for themſelves may find Excuſe,
But never for their Complement, and Shews.
That, if there ever were a Myſtery
Of moral ſecular Iniquity,
And that the *Churches* may not loſe their Due
By being encroach'd upon, 'tis now, and new.
For Men are now as ſcrupulous, and nice,
And tender-conſcienc'd of low paltry Vice,
Diſdain as proudly to be thought to have
To do in any Miſchief, but the brave,
As the moſt ſcrup'lous *Zealot* of late Times
T'appear in any, but the horrid'ſt Crimes;
Have as preciſe and ſtrict Punctilios
Now to appear, as then to make no Shows;
And ſteer the World by diſagreeing Force
Of diff'rent Cuſtoms 'againſt her nat'ral Courſe.
So pow'rful's ill Example to incroach,
And Nature ſpite of all her Laws debauch;
Example, that imperious *Dictator*
Of all that's good, or bad to human Nature;

67, 68. *And that the Churches may not loſe their Due—By being encroach'd upon.*] The Poet's Meaning ſeems to be, either that the Phraſe *Myſtery of Iniquity* was appropried to Divinity; or archly and ſatirically to inſinuate, that the real and great Myſtery of Iniquity was to be found in the Churches of that Age.

94, 95.

By which the World's corrupted, and reclaim'd,
Hopes to be ſav'd, and ſtudies to be damn'd;
That reconciles all Contrarieties,
Makes Wiſdom Fooliſhneſs, and Folly wiſe,
Impoſes on Divinity, and ſets
Her Seal alike on Truths, and Counterfeits;
Alters all Characters of Virtue and Vice,
And paſſes one for th' other in Diſguiſe,
Makes all Things, as it pleaſes, underſtood,
The Good receiv'd for Bad, and Bad for Good;
That ſlyly counter-changes Wrong and Right,
Like white in Fields of black, and black in white,
As if the Laws of Nature had been made
Of purpoſe, only to be diſobey'd;
Or Man had loſt his mighty Intereſt,
By having been diſtinguiſh'd from a Beaſt;

93, 94. *That ſlyly* counter-changes *wrong and right,—Like white in Fields of black, and black in white.*] *Counter-chang'd* in Heraldry is, when there is a mutual changing of the Colours of the Field and Charge, in an Eſcutcheon, by means of one or more Lines of Partition. Thus in the Coat of the famous *Chaucer*: He beareth Party per Pale Argent and Gules, a Bend *counter-chang'd*; that is, that Part of the Bend, which is in that Side of the Eſcutcheon which is Argent, is Gules; and that Part of it which is on the other, is Argent.

See CHAMBERS's *Dictionary*

113, 114

And had no other Way but Sin and Vice,
To be reſtor'd again to *Paradiſe*.
How copious is our Language lately grown,
To make blaſpheming Wit, and a Jargon?
And yet how expreſſive and ſignificant,
In *Damme* at once to curſe, and ſwear, and rant?
As if no way expreſt Mens Souls ſo well,
As damning of them to the Pit of *Hell*;
Nor any Aſſeveration were ſo civil,
As mortgaging Salvation to the *Devil*;
Or that his Name did add a charming Grace,
And Blaſphemy a Purity to our Phraſe.
For what can any Language more enrich,
Than to pay Souls for vitiating Speech;
When the great'ſt Tyrant in the World made thoſe
But lick their Words out, that abus'd his Proſe?

113, 114. *When the greateſt Tyrant in the World made thoſe—— But lick their Words out, that abus'd his Proſe?*] This Tyrant was *Caligula*; and the Fact alluded to is recorded by *Suetonius* in the Life of him.—"Edidit et peregre ſpectacula in Sicilia: Syracuſia "aſtycos ludos, et in Gallia Lugduni miſcellos. Sed et certamen "quoque Græcæ, Latinæque facundiæ. Quo certamine ferant "victoribus præmia victos contuliſſe, eorundem et laudes com-"ponere coactos. Eos autem, qui maxime diſplicuiſſent, ſcripta ſua, "ſpongia linguave delere juſſos, niſi ferulis objurgari, aut flumine "proximo mergi maluiſſent."

SUET. Cal. c. 21.

One

What trivial Puniſhments did then protect
To publick Cenſure a profound Reſpect,
When the moſt ſhameful Penance and ſevere,
That could b' inflicted on a *Cavaliere*
For infamous Debauch'ry, was no worſe,
Than but to be degraded from his Horſe,
And have his Livery of Oats and Hay,
Inſtead of cutting Spurs off, ta'n away?
They held no Torture then ſo great as Shame,
And, that to ſlay was leſs than to defame;
For juſt ſo much regard, as Men expreſs
To th' cenſure of the Publick, more or leſs,
The ſame will be return'd to them again,
In Shame or Reputation, to a Grain:
And, how perverſe ſo'ere the World appears,
'Tis juſt to all the Bad it ſees; and hears.
And, for that Virtue, ſtrives to be allow'd
For all the Injuries, it does the Good.
How ſilly were their *Sages* heretofore
To fright their *Heroes* with a *Syren-Whore?*

One cannot but obſerve from this Paſſage, that the Poet has either miſtaken the meaning of it, or has expreſſed himſelf very ambiguouſly: ſince to make his Wit conſiſtent with the Hiſtorian's Relation, or indeed appoſite to the Purpoſe, for which he introduces it, one muſt by the *Tyrant's Preſs* underſtand not any Compoſition of his own, which is the Senſe it naturally bears, but the Language of the Country, of which he was Tyrant or Emperor.

117, 118. *When the moſt ſhameful Penance and ſevere,—That could b' inflicted on a Cavaliere.*] The Times and Diſcipline here deſcribed were thoſe of the *Romans* before they degenerated; and amongſt them one of the Puniſhments inflicted upon a *Knight* or *Cavaliere* was—*equo publico ſpoliari*—to be obliged to maintain his Horſe at his

Make 'em believe a *Water-witch* with Charms
Could ſink their Men of War, as eaſy as Storms,
And turn their Mariners, that heard them ſing,
Into Land-porpuſſes, and Cod, and Ling;
To terrify thoſe mighty Champions,
As we do Children now with *Bloody-bones*;
Until the ſubtleſt of their Conjurors
Seal'd up the Labels to his Soul, his Ears,
And ty'd his deafen'd Sailors (while he paſs'd
The dreadful Lady's Lodgings) to the Maſt,
And rather venture drowning, than to wrong
The Sea-pugs chaſte Ears with a bawdy Song:
To b' out of Countenance, and like an Aſs,
Not pledge the Lady *Circe* one Beer-glaſs;
Unmannerly refuſe her Treat and Wine,
For fear of being turn'd into a Swine;

his own private Expence.——Thus *Livy*, L. 27. C. 13.——
" Illis omnibus adempti equi, qui Cannenſium legionum equites in
" Sicilia erant. Addiderunt acerbitati etiam tempus, ne præterita
" ſtipendia procederent iis, qui equo publico meruerant, ſed dena
" ſtipendia equis privatis facerent,"

133, 134. *How ſilly were their Sages heretofore—To fright their Heroes with a Syren-whore.*] The Story of *Circe*, and the *Syrens* is too well known to need repeating; I ſhall only remark, that our Author ſeems to confound the one with the other, by imputing the Power of Transformation to the Songs of the *Syrens*, which is related only of the enchanted Cup of *Circe*. This is a ſort of poetic Licence, which he makes uſe of.

168, 169.

When one of our heroic Advent'rers now
Would drink her down, and turn her int' a Sow,
So ſimple were thoſe Times, when a grave *Sage*
Could with an Oldwive's-Tale inſtruct the Age;
Teach Virtue, more fantaſtick Ways and nice,
Than ours will now endure t' improve in vice,
Made a dull Sentence, and a moral Fable
Do more, than all our Holdings-forth are able;
A forc'd obſcure Mythology convince,
Beyond our worſt Inflictions upon Sins.
When an old Proverb, or an End of Verſe
Could more, than all our Penal Laws, coerce;
And keep Men honeſter than all our Furies
Of Jailors, Judges, Conſtables, and Juries;
Who were converted then with an old Saying,
Better than all our Preaching now, and praying.

167, 168. *What Fo's had theſe been, had they liv'd with us,—Where the laſt Reaſon's made ridiculous.*] One of the principal Characteriſtics of this wild and wanton Reign, was a Spirit of rallying and bantering every Thing that was ſerious and ſober; and was in a great Meaſure owing to the other Extreme of an hypocritical Gravity, which diſtinguiſhed the Age before.

181, 182.

What Fops had theſe been, had they liv'd with us,
Where the beſt Reaſon's made ridiculous;
And all the plain and ſober Things we ſay,
By Raillery are put beſide their Play?
For Men are grown above all Knowledge now,
And, what they're ignorant of, diſdain to know;
Engroſs Truth (like *Fanatics)* underhand,
And boldly judge, before they underſtand;
The ſelf-ſame Courſes equally advance
In ſpiritual, and carnal Ignorance;
And, by the ſame Degrees of Confidence,
Become impregnable againſt all Senſe;
For, as they outgrew *Ordinances* then,
So would they now *Morality* agen.
Tho' Drudgery and Knowledge are of Kin,
And both deſcended from one Parent Sin;
And therefore ſeldom have been known to part,
In tracing out the Ways of Truth, and Art;

181, 182. *Tho' Drudgery and Knowledge are of Kin—And both deſcended from one Parent Sin*;] *Butler* here alludes to the Sin of our firſt Parents, which he ſuppoſes not only introduc'd *Drudgery* and Labour into the World, the Curſe of eating our Bread, *&c.* but the thorny and difficult Way of arriving at Knowledge; and therefore juſtly ſatirizes thoſe, who wou'd obtain it without any Pains at all.

We

Yet they have *North-weſt* Paſſages to ſteer
A ſhort Way to it, without Pains or Care.
For, as implicit Faith is far more ſtiff,
Than that which underſtands its own Belief;
So thoſe, that think, and do but think, they know,
Are far more obſtinate, that thoſe that do,
And more averſe, than if they'd ne'er been taught
A wrong Way, to a right one to be brought;
Take Boldneſs upon Credit beforehand,
And grow too poſitive to underſtand;
Believe themſelves as knowing, and as famous,
As if their Gifts had gotten a *Mandamus*,
A *Bill of Store* to take up a Degree,
With all the Learning to it, Cuſtom-free;
And look as big, for what they bought at Court,
As if they'd done their Exerciſes for't.

188. We find *pretty* much the ſame Thought in his *Iudibraſt.*

For Fools are ſtubborn in their Way
As Coins are hardn'd by th' Alay,
And Obſtinacy's ne'er ſo ſtiff
As when 'tis in a wrong Belief.

HUDIB. P. III. C. 2. Ver. 481.

197, 198. *A Bill of Store to take up a Degree—With all the Learning to it, Cuſtom free.*] A Bill of Store is a Licence, that the Merchant obtains at the Cuſtom houſe of taking up ſuch Stores and Proviſions, as are neceſſary for his Voyage, *Cuſtom-free.* The Application is too juſt and obvious to need pointing out.

SATYR.

SATYR.

WHAT Fool would trouble *Fortune* more,
When ſhe has been too kind before;
Or tempt her to take back again,
What ſhe had thrown away in vain;
By idly vent'ring her good Graces
To be diſpos'd of by *Alms-Aces*;
Or ſettling it in Truſt to Uſes,
Out of his Pow'r, on *Trays* and *Deuſes*:
To put it to the Chance, and try,
I'th' Ballot of a Box and Dye,
Whether his Money be his own,
And loſe it, if he be o'erthrown;
As if he were betray'd, and ſet
By his own Stars to every Cheat,
Or wretchedly condemn'd by Fate
To throw Dice for his own Eſtate;
As Mutineers, by fatal Doom,
Do for their Lives upon a Drum?

For what leſs Influence can produce,
So great a Monſter as a *Chowſe*;
Or any two-leg'd Thing poſſeſs
With ſuch a brutiſh Sottiſhneſs?
Unleſs thoſe tutelary Stars,
Intruſted by *Aſtrologers*
To have the Charge of Man, combin'd
To uſe him in the ſelf-ſame Kind;
As thoſe, that help'd them to the Truſt,
Are wont to deal with others juſt.
For to become ſo ſadly dull
And ſtupid, as *to fine* for Gull,
(Not, as in Cities, to b' excus'd,
But to be judg'd fit to be us'd)
That, whoſo'ere can draw it in
Is ſure inevitably t'win;
And, with a curs'd half-witted Fate,
To grow more dully deſperate,
The more 'tis made a common Prey,
And cheated foppiſhly at Play,
Is their Condition, Fate betrays
To Folly firſt, and then deſtroys.

28. *Are wont to deal with others juſt.*] In the preceding Lines the Poet ſeems a little obſcure, but when attended to, we ſhall find his Meaning, that nothing could produce ſuch a *brutiſh Sottiſhneſs*, except the Stars themſelves had *combin'd* by their Influence, to make Men as great Fools as their Maſters the Aſtrologers had done.

For what, but Miracles, can ſerve
So great a Madneſs to preſerve;
As his, that ventures Goods and Chattles
(Where there's no Quarter giv'n) in Battles,
And fights with Money-bags as bold,
As Men with Sand-bags did of old:
Puts Lands, and Tenements, and Stocks
Into a paultry Jugler's Box;
And, like an Alderman of *Gotham*,
Embarketh in ſo vile a Bottom:
Engages blind and ſenſeleſs Hap
'Gainſt *High*, and *Low*, and *Slur* and *Knap*,
(As *Tartars* with a Man of Straw
Encounter Lions, Hand to Paw)
With thoſe, that never venture more,
Than they had ſafely 'nſur'd before;
Who, when they knock the Box and ſhake,
Do, like the *Indian* Rattle-Snake,
But ſtrive to ruin, and deſtroy
Thoſe that miſtake it for fair Play:
That have their *Fulhams* at command,
Brought up to do their Feats at hand;

46. *As Men with Sand-bags did of old.*] The ſame Thought and the ſame Lines in *Hudibraſ* P. III. Canto 2. line 79. upon which, in Dr. *Grey*'s Edition, there is a Note to which the Reader may have recourſe.

61. *That have their* Fulhams *at command.*] *Fulhams* were, in thoſe Days, a cant Term for falſe Dice, which ran high or low according as they were loaded.

That underſtand their Calls and Knocks,
And how to place themſelves i'th' Box;
Can tell the Oddſes of all Games,
And when to anſwer to their Names;
And, when he conjures them t' appear,
Like Imps are ready every where;
When to play foul, and when run fair
(Out of Deſign) upon the Square;
And let the greedy Cully win,
Only to draw him further in:
While thoſe, with which he idly plays,
Have no regard to what he ſays;
Although he *Jernie* and blaſpheme,
When they miſcarry, Heav'n and them;
And damn his Soul, and ſwear, and curſe,
And crucify his Saviour worſe
Than thoſe *Jew*-Troopers, that threw out,
When they were raffling for his Coat
Denounce Revenge, as if they heard,
And rightly underſtood, and fear'd,
And would take heed another Time,
How to commit ſo bold a Crime;
When the poor Bones are innocent
Of all he did, or ſaid or meant,

75. *Although they* Jernie *and blaſpheme*] *Jernie*, a *French* oath. *Le Roux.*

And have as little Senſe almoſt,
As he that damns them, when h' has loſt:
As if he had rely'd upon
Their Judgment, rather than his own;
And that it were their Fault, not his,
That manag'd them himſelf amiſs:
And gave them ill Inſtructions, how
To run, as he would have them do,
And then condemns them ſillily
For having no more Wit than he.

SATYR.

GREAT famous Wit, whoſe rich and eaſy Vein,
Free, and unus'd to Drudgery and Pain,
Has all *Apollo*'s Treaſure at command,
And, how good Verſe is coin'd, doſt underſtand;
In all Wit's Combats Maſter of Defence,
Tell me, how doſt thou paſs on Rhime and Senſe?
'Tis ſaid th'apply to thee, and in thy Verſe
Do freely range themſelves as Volunteers;
And without Pain, or pumping for a Word,
Place themſelves fitly of their own Accord.
I, whom a lewd Caprich (for ſome great Crime
I have committed) has condemn'd to rhime,
With ſlaviſh Obſtinacy vex my Brain
To reconcile 'em, but, alaſs! in vain.
Sometimes I ſet my Wits upon the Rack,
And, when I would ſay *white*, the Verſe ſays *black*.

When I would draw a brave Man to the Life,
It nämes ſome Slave, that pimps to his own Wife;
Or baſe Poltroon, that would have ſold his Daughter,
If he had met with any to have bought her.
When I would praiſe an Author, the untoward
Damn'd Senſe, ſays *Virgil*, but the Rhime—
In fine, whate'er I ſtrive to bring about,
The contrary (ſpight of my Heart) comes out.
Sometimes, enrag'd for Time and Pains miſſpent,
I give it over tir'd, and diſcontent;
And, damning the dull Fiend a thouſand Times,
By whom I was poſſeſt, forſwear all Rhimes;
But having curſt the Muſes, they appear,
To be reveng'd for't, e're I am aware.
Spight of myſelf, I ſtrait take fire agen,
Fall to my Task with Paper, Ink, and Pen,
And breaking all the Oaths I made, in vain
From Verſe to Verſe, expect their Aid again.
But if my Muſe, or I were ſo diſcreet,
T' endure, for Rhime's Sake, one dull Epithet,

22. *Damn'd Senſe, ſays* Virgil, *but the Rhyme*——] This Blank, and another at the Cloſe of the Poem, the Author evidently

I might, like others, eaſily command
Words without Study, ready and at Hand,
In praiſing *Chloris*, Moons, and Stars, and Skies
Are quickly made to match her Face, and Eyes;——
And Gold, and Rubies, with as little Care,
To fit the Colour of her Lips, and Hair:
And mixing Suns, and Flow'rs, and Pearl, and Stones,
Make 'em ſerve all Complexions at once.
With theſe fine Fancies, at hap-hazard writ,
I could make Verſes without Art or Wit,
And, ſhifting forty times the Verb and Noun,
With ſtol'n Impertinence patch up mine own.
But, in the Choice of Words, my ſcrup'lous Wit
Is fearful to paſs one, that is unfit;
Nor can endure to fill up a void Place,
At a Line's End, with one inſipid Phraſe:
And, therefore, when I ſcribble twenty Times,
When I have written four, I blot two Rhimes.
May he be damn'd, who firſt found out that Curſe,
T'impriſon, and confine his Thoughts in Verſe;

thoſe ſhould be ſupply'd by the Reader. It is not my Buſineſs, therefore to deprive him of that Satisfaction.

To hang ſo dull a Clog upon his Wit,
And make his Reaſon to his Rhime ſubmit.
Without this Plague, I freely might have ſpent
My happy Days with Leiſure and Content;
Had nothing in the World to do, or think,
Like a fat Prieſt, but whore, and eat, and drink;
Had paſt my Time as pleaſantly away,
Slept all the Night, and loiter'd all the Day.
My Soul, that's free from Care, and Fear, and Hope,
Knows how to make her own Ambition ſtoop,
T'avoid uneaſy Greatneſs, and Reſort,
Or for Preferment following the Court.
How happy had I been, if, for a Curſe,
The Fates had never ſentenc'd me to Verſe?
But, ever ſince this peremptory Vein
With reſtleſs Frenzy firſt poſſeſs'd my Brain,
And that the Devil tempted me, in ſpite
Of my own Happineſs, to judge, and write,
Shut up againſt my Will, I waſte my Age
In mending this, and blotting out that Page;
And grow ſo weary of the ſlaviſh Trade,
I envy their Condition, that write bad.
O happy *Scudery!* whoſe eaſy Quill
Can, once a Month, a mighty Volume fill.

For, though thy Works are written in deſpite
Of all good Senſe, impertinent, and ſlight,
They never have been known to ſtand in need
Of Stationer to ſell, or Sot to read.
For, ſo the Rhime be at the Verſe's End,
No matter whither all the reſt do's tend.
Unhappy is that Man, who, ſpite of's Heart,
Is forc'd to be ty'd up to Rules of Art.
A Fop that ſcribbles, does it with Delight,
Takes no Pains to conſider, what to write;
But, fond of all the Nonſenſe he brings forth,
Is raviſh'd with his own great Wit and Worth.
While brave and noble Writers vainly ſtrive
To ſuch a Height of Glory to arrive:
But ſtill, with all they do unſatisfy'd,
Ne'er pleaſe themſelves, though all the World beſide.
And thoſe, whom all Mankind admire for Wit,
Wiſh for their own Sakes, they had never writ,
Thou then, that ſee'ſt how ill I ſpend my Time,
Teach me for Pity, how to make a Rhime;
And, if th' Inſtructions chance to prove in vain,
Teach—how ne'er to write again.

REPARTEES

BETWEEN

CAT and PUSS

AT A

CATERWALLING

In the Modern HEROIC Way.

IT was about the middle Age of Night,
When half the Earth ſtood in the other's Light;
And Sleep, Death's Brother, yet a Friend to Life,
Gave weary'd Nature a Reſtorative:
When Puſs, wrapt warm in his own native Furs,
Dreamt ſoundly of as ſoft and warm Amours,

Repartees between Cat and Puſs, &c.] This Poem is a ſatyrical Banter upon thoſe *Heroic* Plays which were ſo much in Vogue at the Time our Author liv'd. The Dialogues of which, having what they call'd *Heroic Love* for their Subject, are carried on exactly in this Strain, as any one may perceive, that will conſult the Dramatick Pieces of *Dryden*, *Settle*, and others.

Of making Galantry in Gutter-tiles,
And ſporting on delightful Fagot-piles;
Of bolting out of Buſhes in the dark,
As Ladies uſe at Midnight in the Park;
Or ſeeking in tall Garrets an Alcove,
For Aſſignations in th' Affairs of Love.
At once his Paſſion was both falſe and true,
And the more falſe, the more in earneſt grew.
He fancy'd, that he heard thoſe amorous Charms,
That us'd to ſummon him to ſoft Alarms,
To which he always brought an equal Flame,
To fight a Rival, or to court a Dame:
And, as in Dreams Love's Raptures are more taking,
Than all their actual Enjoyments waking,
His amorous Paſſion grew to that Extream,
His Dream itſelf awak'd him from his Dream.
Thought he, what Place is this! or whither ar't
Thou vaniſh'd from me, Miſtreſs of my Heart?
But now, I had her in this very Place,
Here, faſt impriſon'd in my glad Embrace,
And, while my Joys beyond themſelves were rapt,
I know not how, nor whither thou'rt eſcap'd:

Stay,—and I'll follow thee—With that he leap'd
Up from the lazy Couch on which he ſlept;
And, wing'd with Paſſion, through his known Purlieu,
Swift as an Arrow from a Bow, he flew,
Nor ſtop'd, until his Fire had him convey'd,
Where many Aſſignation h' had enjoy'd;
Where finding, what he ſought, a mutual Flame,
That long had ſtay'd and call'd, before he came,
Impatient of Delay, without one Word,
To loſe no further Time, he fell aboard;
But grip'd ſo hard, he wounded what he lov'd;
While ſhe, in Anger, thus his Heat reprov'd.
C. Forbear, foul Raviſher, this rude Addreſs,
Can ſt thou at once both injure and careſs?
P. Thou haſt bewitch'd me with thy pow'rful Charms,
And I, by drawing Blood, would cure my Harms.
C. He, that does love, would ſet his Heart a Tilt,
Ere one Drop of his Lady's ſhould be ſpilt.
P. Your Wounds are but without, and mine within;
You wound my Heart, and I but prick your Skin:

And while your Eyes pierce deeper than my Claws,
You blame th' Effect, of which you are the Cauſe.
C. How could my guiltleſs Eyes your Heart invade,
Had it not firſt been by your own betray'd?
Hence 'tis, my greateſt Crime has only been
(Not in mine Eyes, but yours) in being ſeen.
P. I hurt to love, but do not love to hurt.
C. That's worſe than making Cruelty a Sport.
P. Pain is the Foil of Pleaſure, and Delight,
That ſets it off to a more noble Height.
C. He buys his Pleaſure at a Rate too vain,
That takes it up beforehand of his Pain.
P. Pain is more dear than Pleaſure, when 'tis paſt.
C. But grows intolerable, if it laſt.
P. Love is too full of Honour, to regard
What it enjoys, but ſuffers, as reward.
What Knight durſt ever own a Lover's Name,
That had not been half murther'd by his Flame?
Or Lady, that had never lain at Stake,
To Death, or force of Rivals for his Sake?
C. When Love do's meet with Injury and Pain,
Diſdain's the only Med'cine for Diſdain.

P. At once I'm happy, and unhappy too,
In being pleas'd, and in diſpleaſing you.
C. Prepoſt'rous Way of Pleaſure, and of Love,
That contrary to its own End would move!
'Tis rather Hate, that covets to deſtroy;
Love's Buſineſs is to love, and to enjoy.
P. Enjoying and deſtroying are all one,
As Flames deſtroy that which they feed upon.
C. He never lov'd at any gen'rous Rate,
That in th'Enjoyment found his Flame abate.
As Wine (the Friend of Love) is wont to make
The Thirſt more violent, it pretends to ſlake;
So ſhould Fruition do the Lovers fire,
Inſtead of leſſening, inflame Deſire.
P. What greater Proof, that Paſſion do's tranſport,
When, what I would dye for, I'm forc'd to hurt?
C. Death among Lovers is a Thing deſpis'd,
And far below a ſullen Humour priz'd.
That is more ſcorn'd, and rail'd at than the Gods,
When they are croſt in Love, or fall at odds.
But ſince you underſtand not what you do,
I am the Judge of what I feel, not you.
P. Paſſion begins indifferent to prove,
When Love conſiders any Thing but Love.

C. The Darts of Love (like Lightning) wound within,
And, though they pierce it, never hurt the Skin;
They leave no Marks behind them, where they fly,
Though through the tend'reſt Part of all, the Eye;
But your ſharp Claws have left enough to ſhew,
How tender I have been, how cruel you.
P. Pleaſure is Pain, for when it is enjoy'd,
All it could wiſh for was but to b'allay'd.
C. Force is a rugged Way of making Love.
P. What you like beſt, you always diſapprove.
C. He that will wrong his Love will not be nice,
T'excuſe the Wrong he does, to wrong her twice.
P. Nothing is wrong, but that which is ill meant.
C. Wounds are ill cured with a good intent.
P. When you miſtake that for an Injury,
I never meant, you do the Wrong, not *I.*
C. You do not feel yourſelf the Pain you give;
But 'tis not that alone, for which I grieve;
But 'tis your want of Paſſion that I blame,
That can be cruel, where you own a Flame.

C. 'Tis you are guilty of that Cruelty,
Which you at once outdo, and blame in me:
For while you ſtifle, and inflame Deſire,
You burn, and ſtarve me in the ſelf-ſame Fire.

C. It is not I, but you, that do the Hurt,
Who wound yourſelf, and then accuſe me for't:
As Thieves, that rob themſelves 'twixt Sun and Sun,
Make others pay for what themſelves have done.

SATYR.

WHO would not rather get him gone
Beyond th' intolerableſt *Zone*;
Or ſteer his Paſſage through thoſe Seas,
That burn in Flames, or thoſe that freeze,
Than ſee one *Nation* go to School,
And learn of another, like a Fool?
To ſtudy all its Tricks and Faſhions
With epidemic Affectations;
And dare to wear no Mode or Dreſs,
But what they, in their Wiſdom, pleaſe;
As *Monkies* are, by being taught
To put on Gloves and Stockings, caught:
Submit to all that they deviſe,
As if it wore their Liveries;

1. *Who wou'd not rather get him gone.*] The Object of this Satyr was that extravagant and ridiculous Imitation of the *French*, which prevailed in *Charles* the Second's Reign, partly owing to the Connection and Intercourſe, which the Politicks of thoſe Times, obliged us to have with that Nation, and partly to our eager Deſire of avoiding the formal and preciſe Gravity of the hypocritical Age that preceded.

It has been obſerved already, that our Poet is not a ſervile and exact Adherer to Grammatical Nicetics, and it appears no where more

Make ready and dreſs th' Imagination,
Not with the Cloaths, but with the Faſhion;
And change it, to fulfil the Curſe
Of *Adam*'s Fall, for new, though worſe:
To make their Britches fall and riſe
From middle Legs to middle Thighs,
The *Tropics* between which the Hoſe
Move always as the Faſhion goes:
Sometimes wear Hats like Pyramids,
And ſometimes flat like Pipkin's Lids
With broad Brims ſometimes like Umbrellas,
And ſometimes narrow as *Punchinello*'s:
In coldeſt Weather go unbrac't,
And cloſe in hot, as if th' were lac't:
Sometimes with Sleeves and Bodies wide,
And ſometimes ſtraiter than a Hide:
Wear Peruques, and with falſe grey Hairs
Diſguiſe the true ones, and their Years;
That, when they're modiſh, with the young
The old may ſeem ſo in the Throng:
And as ſome Pupils have been known,
In time to put their Tutors down;

more plainly, than in this Compoſition; in which the Spirit and Warmth with which he writes, hurries him into a Neglect of that Connection, which a ſevere Critick might poſſibly require, but every Reader of Taſte will eaſily excuſe, if not approve.

11. *As Monkies are by being taught.*] Alluding to what Travellers relate of the Method of catching Monkies, by dropping Gloves, Stockings, &c. under the Trees; which, theſe filly Animals putting on, prevent them from making their Eſcape.

So ours are often found t'have got
More Tricks, than ever they were taught:
With ſly Intrigues and Artifices
Uſurp their Poxes, and their Vices;
With Garnitures upon their Shoes,
Make good their Claim to gouty Toes;
By ſudden Starts, and Shrugs, and Groans
Pretend to Aches in their Bones,
To Scabs and Botches, and lay Trains
To prove their Running of the Reins;
And, leſt they ſhould ſeem deſtitute
Of any Mange, that's in Repute,
And be behind hand with the Mode
Will ſwear to *Chryſtallin* and *Node*;
And, that they may not loſe their Right,
Make it appear how they came by't:
Diſdain the Country, where th'were born,
As Baſtards their own Mothers ſcorn;
And that which brought them forth contemn,
As it deſerves for bearing them:
Admire whate'er they find abroad,
But nothing here, though e'er ſo good.
Be *Natives* whereſoe'er they come,
And only *Foreigners* at home;
To which th' appear ſo far eſtrang'd,
As if th' had been i'th' Cradle chang'd;

Or from beyond the Seas convey'd
By *Witches*—not born here, but laid;
Or by outlandiſh fathers were
Begotten on their Mothers here,
And therefore juſtly ſlight that Nation,
Where th' have ſo mungrel a Relation;
And ſeek out other Climates, where
They may degenerate leſs than here;
As Woodcocks, when their Plumes are grown,
Born on the Winds Wings and their own,
Forſake the Countries, where th'are hatcht,
And ſeek out others, to be catcht:
So they more nat'rally may pleaſe
And humor their own Geniuſes,
Apply to all Things, which they ſee
With their own Fancies beſt agree;
No matter how ridiculous,
'Tis all one, if it be in uſe;
For nothing can be bad or good,
But as 'tis *in* or *out* of Mode;
And as the Nations are that uſe it,
All ought to practiſe, or refuſe it:
T' obſerve their poſtures, move, and ſtand
As they give out the Word o'Command;
To learn the dulleſt of their Whims
And how to wear their very Limbs;

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To turn and manage every Part,
Like *Puppets*, by their Rules of Art;
To ſhrug diſcreetly, act, and tread,
And politicly ſhake the Head,
Until the Ignorant (that gueſs
At all Things by th'Appearances)
To ſee how Art and Nature ſtrive,
Believe them really alive,
And that th'are very Men, not Things
That move by *Puppet-work* and Springs;
When truly all their Feats have been
As well perform'd by *Motion-men*,
And the worſt Drols of *Punchinellos*
Were much th' ingeniouſer Fellows;
For, when they're perfect in their Leſſon,
Th' Hypotheſis grows out of Seaſon,
And, all their Labour loſt, they're fain
To learn new, and begin again:
To talk eternally and loud,
And altogether in a Crowd,
No matter what, for in the Noiſe
No Man minds what another ſays:
T'aſſume a Confidence beyond
Mankind, for ſolid and profound;
And ſtill the leſs and leſs they know,
The greater Doſe of that allow:
Decry all Things; for to be wiſe
Is not to know, but to deſpiſe,

And deep judicious Confidence
Has ſtill the Odds of Wit and Senſe,
And can pretend a Title to
Far greater Things than they can do:
T' adorn their *Engliſh* with *French* Scraps,
And give their very Language Claps;
To *ſernie* rightly, and renounce
I'th' pure and moſt approv'd of Tones,
And, while they idly think t'enrich,
Adulterate their native Speech;
For though to ſmatter Ends of *Greek*,
Or *Latin* be the Rhetorique
Of Pedants counted, and vain-glorious,
To ſmatter *French* is meritorious;
And to forget their Mother-Tongue,
Or purpoſely to ſpeak it wrong,
A hopeful Sign of Parts and Wit,
And that th' improve and benefit;
As thoſe, that have been taught amiſs
In liberal Arts and Sciences,
Muſt all th' had learnt before in vain
Forget quite, and begin again.

To the HONOURABLE

EDWARD HOWARD, Eſq;

Upon his incomparable

POEM

OF THE

BRITISH PRINCES.

SIR,

YOU've obliged the *Britiſh* Nation more
Than all their Bards could ever do before,
And at your own Charge, Monuments more hard
Than Braſs, or Marble, to their Fame have rear'd:

To the Honour. ble Edward Howard, Eſq; &c.] Moſt of the celebrated Wits in *Charles* the Second's Reign, addreſt this Gentleman, in a bantering Way upon his Poem called the *Britiſh Princes*, and among the reſt *Butler*. What he wrote upon this Occaſion was inſerted in *Dryden's Miſcellanies*, under the Name of Mr. *Waller*, and upon that Authority, Mr. *Fenton* has introduced it into his Edition of *Waller*' Works. That this Piece is not *Waller*'s muſt be evident

For as all warlike Nations take delight
To hear how brave their Anceſtors could fight,
You have advanc'd to wonder their Renown,
And no leſs virtuouſly improv'd your own.
For 'twill be doubted, whether you do write,
Or they have acted at a nobler hight.
You of their ancient *Princes* have retriev'd
More than the Ages knew, in which they liv'd;
Deſcrib'd their Cuſtoms, and their Rites anew,
Better than all their *Druids* ever knew:
Unriddled their dark Oracles, as well,
As thoſe themſelves, that made them, could foretell.
For as the *Britons* long have hop'd in vain,
Arthur would come to govern them again;
You have fulfill'd that Prophecy alone,
And in this Poem plac'd him on his Throne.
Such magic Pow'r has your prodigious Pen,
To raiſe the Dead, and give new Life to Men.

to every diſtinguiſhing Reader; and that it is *Butler*'s is no leſs clear, not only from the *Manner*, but alſo by its being found among his other Manuſcripts accompanied by the *Palinodie* which follows it; but to make the Matter ſtill more demonſtrable, I muſt add, that I find ſeveral of the Lines and Thoughts in his common-place Collection.

Thoſe Readers who have a mind to be ſatisfied of the Juſtneſs of our Poet's Satyr, are referred to Mr. *Howard*'s Poem called the *Britiſh Princes*.

Make rival *Princes* meet in Arms, and Love,
Whom diſtant Ages did ſo far remove:
For as Eternity has neither paſt,
Nor future, (Authors ſay) nor firſt, nor laſt,
But is all inſtant; your eternal Muſe
All Ages can to any one reduce.
Then why ſhould you, whoſe Miracle of Art
Can Life at Pleaſure to the Dead impart,
Trouble in vain your better buſied Head
T'obſerve what Time they liv'd in, or were dead?
For ſince you have ſuch arbitrary Power,
It were defect in Judgment to go lower,
Or ſtoop to Things ſo pitifully lewd,
As uſe to take the vulgar Latitude.
There's no Man fit to read what you have writ,
That holds not ſome Proportion with your Wit:
As Light can no Way but by Light appear,
He muſt bring *Senſe*, that underſtands it here.

A

PALINODIE

To the HONOURABLE

EDWARD HOWARD, Eſq;

Upon his Incomparable

BRITISH PRINCES.

IT is your Pardon, Sir, for which my *Muſe*
Thrice humbly thus, in form of Paper, ſues;
For having felt the dead Weight of your Wit,
She comes to aſk Forgiveneſs, and ſubmit,
Is ſorry for her Faults, and, while I write,
Mourns in the Black, does Penance in the White:
But ſuch is her Belief in your juſt Candor,
She hopes you will not ſo miſunderſtand her,
To wreſt her harmleſs Meaning to the Senſe
Of ſilly Emulation, or Offence.
No; your ſufficient Wit does ſtill declare
Itſelf too amply, they are mad that dare

So vain and ſenſeleſs a Preſumption own,
To yoak your vaſt Parts in compariſon.
And yet, you might have thought upon a Way
T' inſtruct us, how you'd have us to obey,
And not command our Praiſes, and then blame
All that's too great, or little for your Fame.
For who could chooſe but err, without ſome Trick
To take your Elevation to a Nick?
As he, that was deſir'd, upon occaſion,
To make the *Mayor* of *London* an Oration,
Deſir'd his Lordſhip's Favour, that he might
Take Meaſure of his Mouth, to fit it right;
So, had you ſent a Scantling of your Wit,
You might have blam'd us, if it did not fit;
But 'tis not juſt t' impoſe, and then cry down
All that's unequal to your huge Renown;
For he, that writes below your vaſt Deſert,
Betrays his own, and not your Want of Art.
Praiſe, like a Robe of State, ſhould not ſit cloſe
To th' Perſon 'tis made for, but wide and looſe,
Derives its Comelineſs from being unfit,
And ſuch have been our Praiſes of your Wit,

Which is ſo extraordinary, no Height
Of Fancy but your own can do it right;
Witneſs thoſe glorious Poems you have writ
With equal Judgment, Learning, Art, and Wit,
And thoſe ſtupendious Diſcoveries,
You've lately made of Wonders in the Skies.
For who but from yourſelf did ever hear,
The Sphere of Atoms was the Atmoſphere?
Who ever ſhut thoſe Straglers in a Room,
Or put a Circle about Vacuum,
What ſhould confine thoſe undetermin'd Crowds,
And yet extend no further than the Clouds?
Who ever could have thought, but you alone,
A Sign, and an Aſcendant were all one?
Or how 'tis poſſible the Moon ſhould ſhrowd
Her Face, to peep at *Mars*, behind a Cloud;
Since Clouds below are ſo far diſtant plac'd,
They cannot hinder her from being bare-fac'd?
Who ever did a Language ſo enrich,
To ſcorn all little Particles of Speech?
For though they make the Senſe clear, yet th' are found
To be a ſcurvy Hindrance to the Sound;

Therefore you wiſely ſcorn your Stile to humble,
Or for the Senſe's Sake to wave the Rumble,
Had *Homer* known this Art, h'had ne'er been fain
To uſe ſo many Particles in vain,
That to no Purpoſe ſerve, but (as he hap's
To want a Syllable) to fill up Gaps.
You juſtly coin new Verbs to pay for thoſe,
Which in Conſtruction you o'erſee, and loſe:
And by this Art do *Priſcian* no Wrong
When you break's Head, for 'tis as broad as long.
Theſe are your own Diſcoveries, which none
But ſuch a Muſe as yours could hit upon,
That can in ſpight of Laws of Art, or Rules
Make Things more intricate than all the Schools:
For what have Laws of Art to do with you,
More than the Laws with honeſt Men and true?
He that's a Prince in Poetry ſhould ſtrive
To cry 'em down, by his Prerogative,
And not ſubmit to that, which has no Force
But o'er Delinquents, and Inferiors.

Your Poems will indure to be try'd
I' th' Fire like Gold, and come forth purify'd,
Can only to Eternity pretend,
For they were never writ to any End.
All other Books bear an uncertain Rate,
But thoſe you write are always ſold by Weight,
Each Word and Syllable brought to the Scale,
And valu'd to a Scruple in the Sale.
For, when the Paper's charg'd with your rich Wit,
'Tis for all Purpoſes and Uſes fit,
Has an abſterſive Virtue to make clean
Whatever Nature made in Man obſcene.
Boys find b'Experiment, no Paper-kite,
Without your Verſe, can make a noble Flight.
It keeps our Spice, and Aromatics ſweet;
In *Paris* they perfume their Rooms with it;
For burning but one Leaf of yours, they ſay,
Drives all their Stinks and Naſtineſs away.
Cooks keep their Pyes from burning with your Wit,
Their Pigs and Geeſe from ſcorching on the Spit:

And Vintners find their Wines are ne'er
the worſe,
When Ars'nick's only wrap'd up in the
Verſe.
Theſe are the great Performances, that raiſe
Your mighty Parts above all reach of Praiſe,
And give us only Leave t' admire your
Worth,
For no Man, but yourſelf, can ſet it forth,
Whoſe wond'rous Pow'r's ſo generally
known,
Fame is the Echo, and her Voice your
own.

SATYR.

'TIS pity *Wine*, which Nature meant
To Man in Kindneſs to preſent;
And gave him kindly to careſs,
And cheriſh his frail Happineſs,
Of equal Virtue to renew
His wearied Mind, and Body too,
Should (like the Cyder-tree in *Eden*,
Which only grew, to be forbidden)
No ſooner come to be enjoy'd,
But th' Owner's fatally deſtroy'd;
And that, which ſhe for Good deſign'd,
Becomes the Ruin of Mankind,
That for a little vain Exceſs
Runs out of all its Happineſs,
And makes the Friend of Truth and Love
Their greateſt Adverſary prove;
T'abuſe a Bleſſing ſhe beſtow'd
So truly eſſential to his Good;
To countervail his penſive Cares,
And ſlaviſh Drudgery of Affairs;

To teach him Judgment, Wit, and Senſe,
And, more than all theſe, Confidence;
To paſs his Times of Recreation
In choice and noble Converſation,
Catch Truth and Reaſon unawares,
As Men do Health in wholeſome Airs;
(While Fools their Converſants poſſeſs
As unawares with Sottiſhneſs)
To gain Acceſs a private Way
To Man's beſt Senſe, by its own Key,
Which painful Judgers ſtrive in vain
By any other Courſe t'obtain;
To pull off all Diſguiſe, and view
Things as th'are natural, and true;
Diſcover *Fools* and *Knaves*, allow'd
For *wiſe* and *honeſt* in the Crowd;
With innocent and virtuous Sport
Make ſhort Days long, and long Nights ſhort,
And Mirth the only Antidote
Againſt Diſeaſes, ere th'are got;
To ſave Health harmleſs from th'Acceſs
Both of the Med'cine, and Diſeaſe;
Or make it help itſelf, ſecure
Againſt the deſperat'ſt Fit, the Cure.
All theſe ſublime Prerogatives
Of Happineſs to human Lives

He vainly throws away, and ſlights
For Madneſs, Noiſe, and bloody Fights;
When nothing can decide, but Swords
And Pots, the Right or Wrong of Words,
Like *Princes* Titles; and he's outed
The Juſtice of his Cauſe, that's routed.
No ſooner has a Charge been ſounded,
With—*Son of a Whore*, and *damn'd confounded*
And the bold Signal giv'n, the *Lye*,
But inſtantly the Bottles fly;
Where Cups and Glaſſes are ſmall Shot,
And Cannon-ball a Pewter-pot.
That Blood, that's hardly in the Vein,
Is now remanded back again;
Tho' ſprung from Wine of the ſame Piece,
And near a-kin, within Degrees,
Strives to commit Aſſaſſinations
On its own natural Relations;
And thoſe Twin-ſpirits ſo kind-hearted,
That from their Friends ſo lately parted,
No ſooner ſeveral Ways are gone,
But by themſelves are ſet upon,
Surpriz'd like Brother againſt Brother,
And put to th' Sword by one another:
So much more fierce are civil Wars,
Than thoſe between mere Forcigners;

And Man himſelf with Wine poſſeſt
More ſavage than the wildeſt Beaſt.
For Serpents, when they meet to water,
Lay by their Poyſon and their Nature:
And fierceſt Creatures, that repair,
In thirſty Deſarts, to their rare
And diſtant River's Banks to drink,
In Love and cloſe Alliance link,
And from their Mixture of ſtrange Seeds
Produce new, never heard of Breeds,
To whom the fiercer Unicorn
Begins a large Health with his Horn;
As Cuckolds put their Antidotes,
When they drink Coffee, into th' Pots.
While Man, with raging Drink inflam'd
Is far more ſavage and untam'd;
Supplies his Loſs of Wit and Senſe
With Barbarouſneſs and Inſolence;
Believes himſelf, the leſs he's able
The more heroic and formidable;
Lays by his Reaſon in his Bowls,
As *Turks* are ſaid to do their Souls,

83, 84, 85. *To whom the fiercer Unicorn—Begins a large Health with his Horn,—As Cuckolds, &c.*] The Poet's Wit is, in theſe Lines, a little obſcure, but refers to the common received Opinion—that the Unicorn's Horn is an Antidote againſt Poiſon; and according to the Deſcription given of this Animal, if there be ſuch a one, he muſt neceſſarily dip his Horn into the Water, when he ſtoops down to drink.—This, he archly ſuppoſes, the Cuckold muſt alſo do, when he bends down to ſup his Coffee—I find a Joke of the ſame Kind upon the Cuckold on a Scrap among his looſe Papers.

94. *As*

Until it has ſo often been
Shut out of its Lodging, and let in,
At length it never can attain
To find the right Way back again;
Drinks all his Time away, and prunes
The End of's Life, as *Vignerons*,
Cut ſhort the Branches of a Vine,
To make it bear more Plenty o'Wine;
And that, which Nature did intend
T'enlarge his Life, perverts t'its End.
So *Noah*, when he anchor'd ſafe on
The Mountain's Top, his lofty Haven,
And all the Paſſengers, he bore,
Were on the new World ſet aſhore,
He made it next his chief Deſign
To plant, and propagate a *Vine*,
Which ſince has overwhelm'd and drown'd
Far greater Numbers, on dry Ground,
Of wretched Mankind, one by one,
Than all the *Flood* before had done.

94. *As* Turks *are ſaid to do their Souls.*] This will be beſt explained by ſome Lines of the Poet's own, in a *Pindaric* Ode on an hypocritical Nonconformiſt.

For as a Turk, *that is to act ſome Crime*
Againſt his Prophets *holy Law*
Is wont to bid his Soul withdraw,
And leave his Body for a Time:
So when ſome horrid Action's to be done,
Our Turkiſh *Proſelyte puts on*
Another Spirit, and lays by his own.

SATYR.

SURE Marriages were never ſo well fitted,
As when to Matrimony Men were committed,
Like Thieves, by Juſtices; and to a Wife
Bound, like to good Behaviour, during Life;
For then 'twas but a civil Contract made,
Between two Partners, that ſet up a Trade;
And if both fail'd, there was no Conſcience,
Nor Faith invaded, in the ſtricteſt Senſe;
No Canon of the Church, nor Vow was broke,
When Men did free their gall'd Necks from the Yoke;
But when they tir'd, like other horned Beaſts,
Might have it taken off, and take their Reſts,
Without b'ing bound in Duty to ſhew Cauſe,
Or reckon with divine, or human Laws.
For ſince, what uſe of Matrimony has been,
But to make Galantry a greater Sin?

As if there were no Appetite, nor Guſt,
Below Adultery, in modiſh Luſt;
Or no Debauchery were exquiſite,
Until it has attain'd its perfect Height.
For Men do now take Wives to nobler Ends,
Not to bear Children, but to bear 'em Friends,
Whom nothing can oblige at ſuch a Rate,
As theſe endearing Offices of late.
For Men are now grown wiſe, and underſtand
How to improve their Crimes, as well as Land;
And if th' have Iſſue, make the Infants pay
Down for their own Begetting on the Day,
The Charges of the Goſſiping diſburſe,
And pay beforehand (ere they're born) the Nurſe;
As he that got a Monſter on a Cow,
Out of Deſign of ſetting up a Show.
For why ſhould not the Brats for all account,
As well as for the Chriſt'ning at the Fount,
When thoſe that ſtand for them, lay down the Rate
O'th' Banquet and the Prieſt, in Spoons and Plate.
The antient *Romans* made the State allow,
For getting all Men's Children above two:

Then married Men to propagate the Breed,
Had great Rewards for what they never did,
Were privileg'd, and highly honour'd too,
For owning what their Friends were fain to do;
For; ſo th'had Children, they regarded not
By whom (good Men) or how they were begot.
To borrow Wives (like Money) or to lend,
Was then the civil Office of a Friend,
And he, that made a Scruple in the Caſe,
Was held a miſerable Wretch, and baſe;
For when th' had Children by 'em, th'honeſt Men
Return'd 'em to their Huſbands back agen.
Then for th' Encouragement and Propagation
Of ſuch a great Concernment to the Nation,
All People were ſo full of Complacence,
And civil Duty to the public Senſe,
They had no Name t'expreſs a Cuckold then,
But that which ſignify'd all married Men;
Nor was the Thing accounted a Diſgrace,
Unleſs among the dirty Populace,
And no Man underſtands on what account
Leſs civil Nations after hit upon't:
For to be known a Cuckold can be no
Diſhonour, but to him that thinks it ſo;

For, if he feel no Shagrin, or Remorſe,
His Forehead's ſhot-free, and he's ne'er the worſe.
For Horns (like horny *Callus's*) are found
To grow on Sculls, that have receiv'd a Wound,
Are crackt, and broken; not at all on thoſe
That are invulnerate, and free from Blows.
What a brave Time had Cuckold-makers then,
When they were held the worthieſt of Men,
The real Fathers of the Commonwealth,
That planted Colonies in *Rome* itſelf?
When he, that help'd his Neighbours, and begot
Moſt *Romans*, was the nobleſt Patriot.
For, if a brave Man, that preſerv'd from Death
One Citizen, was honour'd with a Wreath;
He, that more gallantly got three or four,
In Reaſon muſt deſerve a great deal more.
Then, if thoſe glorious Worthies of old *Rome*,
That civiliz'd the World th' had overcome,
And taught it Laws and Learning, found this Way
The beſt to ſave their Empire from Decay;

Why ſhould not theſe, that borrow all the Worth
They have from them, not take this Leſſon forth,
Get Children, Friends, and Honour too, and Money
By prudent managing of Matrimony?
For, if 'tis honourable by all confeſt,
Adultery muſt be worſhipful at leaſt;
And theſe Times great, when private Men are come
Up to the Height and Politic of *Rome*.
All By-blows were not only free-born then,
But, like *John Lilborn*, free-begotten Men;
Had equal Right and Privilege with theſe,
That claim by Title of the four Seas.
For being in Marri'ge born, it matters not,
After what Liturgy they were begot;
And if there be a Difference, they have
Th' Advantage of the Chance in proving brave,
By b'ing engender'd with more Life and Force,
Than thoſe begotten the dull Way of Courſe.
The *Chineſe* place all Piety and Zeal,
In ſerving with their Wives the Common-weal,

Fix all their Hopes of Merit, and Salvation,
Upon their Women's Supererogation,
With ſolemn Vows their Wives and Daughters bind,
Like *Eve* in Paradiſe, to all Mankind;
And thoſe, that can produce the moſt Gallants,
Are held the pretiouſeſt of all their Saints,
Wear Roſaries about their Necks to con
Their Exerciſe of Devotion on;
That ſerve them for Certificates to ſhow,
With what vaſt Numbers they have had to do:
Before th'are marry'd, make a Conſcience
T'omit no Duty of Incontinence;
And ſhe, that has been ofteneſt proſtituted,
Is worthy of the greateſt Match reputed.
But, when the conqu'ring *Tartar* went about
To root this orthodox Religion out,
They ſtood for Conſcience, and reſolv'd to dye,
Rather than change the antient Purity
Of that Religion, which their Anceſtors,
And they had proſper'd in ſo many Years;

Vow'd to their Gods to ſacrifice their Lives;
And dye their Daughters Martyrs, and their Wives,
Before they would commit ſo great a Sin
Againſt the Faith they had been bred up in.

UPON AN

HYPOCRITICAL NONCONFORMIST,

A

PINDARIC ODE.

I.

THERE's nothing ſo abſurd, or vain,
Or barbarous; or inhumane,
But if it lay the leaſt Pretence
To Piety and Godlineſs,
Or tender-hearted Conſcience;
And Zeal for *Goſpel-Truths* profeſs,
Does ſacred inſtantly commence;
And all, that dare but queſtion it, are ſtrait
Pronounc'd th' Uncircumcis'd, and Reprobate:
As Malefactors, that eſcape, and fly
Into a Sanctuary for Defence,
Muſt not be brought to Juſtice thence,
Although their Crimes be ne'er ſo great and high;

'This and the two following Compoſitions are the only ones that our Author wrote in this Meaſure, which ſome Readers may perhaps think too grave and ſolemn for the Subject, and the Turn of *Butler*'s Wit. It muſt however be allow'd, that he falls no ways ſhort of his uſual Depth and Reach of Thought, Keenneſs of Satyr, and Acuteneſs of Expreſſion.

And he, that dares preſume to do't,
Is ſentenc'd and deliver'd up
To *Satan*, that engag'd him to't,
For vent'ring wickedly to put a Stop
To his Immunities and free Affairs,
Or meddle ſaucily with theirs,
That are employ'd by him; while he and they
Proceed in a *religious* and a *holy* Way.

II.

And as the *Pagans* heretofore
Did their own Handyworks adore.
And made their Stone and Timber Deities,
Their Temples, and their Altars of one Piece,
The ſame *Outgoings* ſeem t' inſpire
Our modern ſelf-will'd Edifier,
That out of Things as far from Senſe, and more,
Contrives new Light and Revelation,
The Creatures of th' Imagination,
To worſhip and fall down before;
Of which his crack'd Deluſions draw
As monſtrous Images and rude,
As ever *Pagan*, to believe in, hew'd;
Or Madman in a Viſion ſaw;
Miſtakes the feeble Impotence,
And vain Deluſions of his Mind,

Diſpoſes of his Gifts and Diſpenſation.—Like ſpiritual Foundations, &c.] The Poet's Wit, though juſt, is in theſe Lines a little involved and obſcure, as it ſometimes is. His Meaning is, that the *Nonconformiſt*

For ſpiritual Gifts and Offerings,
Which *Heav'n*, to preſent him, brings;
And ſtill, the further 'tis from Senſe,
Believes it is the more refin'd,
And ought to be receiv'd with greater Reverence.

III.

But as all Tricks, whoſe Principles
Are falſe, prove falſe in all Things elſe,
The dull and heavy Hypocrite
Is but in Penſion with his Conſcience,
That pays him for maintaining it
With zealous Rage and Impudence,
And as the one grows obſtinate,
So does the other rich and fat;
Diſpoſes of his Gifts and Diſpenſations,
Like ſpiritual Foundations.
Endow'd to pious Uſes, and deſign'd
To entertain the Weak, the Lame, and Blind,
But ſtill diverts them to as bad, or worſe,
Than others are by unjuſt Governors:
For, like our modern *Publicans*,
He ſtill puts out all Dues,
He owes to *Heav'n*, to the *Devil* to uſe,
And makes his godly Intereſt great Gains;

conformiſt perverts to as bad a Purpoſe, his *Gifts* and *Diſpenſations*, as he calls them, as the Governors of public Gifts and charitable Foundations do their Truſts, and like them apply that to private Intereſt, which was deſigned for public Good.

Takes all, the brethren (to recruit
The Spirit in him) contribute
And, to repair and edify his ſpent
And broken-winded outward Man, preſent
For painful holding forth againſt the Government.

IV.

The ſubtle Spider never ſpins,
But on dark Days, his ſlimy Gins;
Nor does our *Engineer* much care to plant
His ſpiritual Machines,
Unleſs among the Weak and Ignorant,
Th'Inconſtant, Credulous, and Light,
The Vain, the Factious, and the Slight,
That in their Zeal are moſt extravagant:
For Trouts are tickled beſt in muddy Water;
And ſtill the muddier he finds their Brains,
The more he's ſought, and follow'd after;
And greater *Miniſtrations* gains;
For talking idly is admir'd,
And ſpeaking Nonſenſe held inſpir'd;
And ſtill, the flatter and more dull
His Gifts appear, is held more *powerful*:

The ſubtle Spider never ſpins.——But on dark Days, his ſlimy Gins.] *Mouffet* in his *Theatrum Inſectorum* ſpeaking of the Spider's Sagacity, ſays—— "Prudentiæ exemplum in eo apparet, quod ſereno, quando "volitent muſcæ, non texunt, ut aucupio vacent"—And though it does not fully come up to the ſenſe, in which the Poet has introduced it, yet it very probably ſuggeſted to him the Alluſion.

Cries

For Blocks are better cleft with Wedges,
Than Tools of ſharp and ſubtle Edges;
And dulleſt Nonſenſe has been found
By ſome to be the ſolid'ſt, and the moſt profound.

V.

A great *Apoſtle* once was ſaid
With too much Learning to be mad;
But our great *Saint* becomes diſtract,
And only with too little crackt;
Crys moral Truths and human Learning down,
And will endure no Reaſon, but his own.
For 'tis a Drudgery and Taſk,
Not for a *Saint*, but *Pagan* Oracle,
To anſwer all Men can object, or aſk;
But to be found impregnable,
And with a ſturdy Forehead to hold out,
In ſpight of Shame or Reaſon reſolute,
Is braver than to argue and confute.
As he, that can draw Blood, they ſay,
From Witches, takes their magic Pow'r away:
So he, that draws Blood int' a *Brother's* Face,
Takes all his Gifts away, and Light, and Grace.

Crys moral Truths and human Learning down.] It is uſual with moſt religious Enthuſiaſts, to exclaim againſt Morality and Learning; and indeed in this they do wiſely, ſince the one condemns their Practices, and the other their Writings and Preaching.

For while he holds, that nothing is ſo damn'd
And ſhameful, as to be aſham'd,
He never can b' attack'd,
But will come off; for Confidence well back'd,
Among the weak and prepoſſeſt,
Has often *Truth* with all her *Kingly* Pow'r oppreſt.

VI.

It is the Nature of late Zeal,
'Twill not be ſubject, nor rebel,
Nor left at large, nor be reſtrain'd,
But where there's ſomething to be gain'd;
And that b'ing once reveal'd defies
The Law with all its Penalties;
And is convinc'd, no Pale
O'th' *Church* can be ſo ſacred as a Jail.

And is convinc'd no Pale—O'the Church can be ſo ſacred as a Jail, &c.] To the ſame Purpoſe *Butler* in his *Burning of the Rump*, introduces his *Presbyterian* Chief addreſſing himſelf to his Aſſociates.

Be ſure to keep up Congregations
In ſpight of Laws and Proclamations:
For Chiarlatans can do no good,
Unleſs th' are mounted in a Crowd;
And when th' are puniſh'd, all the Hurt
Is but to ſave the better ſort;
As long as Confeſſors are ſure
Of double Pay for all th' endure;
And what they earn in Perſecution,
Is paid t' a Groat in Contribution.
Whence ſome Tub-Holders-forth have made
In rowd'ring Tubs their richeſt Trade:
And while they kept their Shops in Priſon,
Have found their Prices ſtrangely riſen.
HUD. P. III. C. 2. ver. 969.

And

For as the *Indians* Priſons are their Mines;
So he has found are all Reſtraints
To thriving and free-conſcienc'd *Saints*;
For the ſame Thing enriches that confines;
And, like to *Lully*, when he was in hold,
He turns his baſer Mettals into Gold;
Receives returning and retiring Fees
For holding-forth, and holding of his Peace,
And takes a Penſion to be Advocate,
And ſtanding *Counſel* 'gainſt the *Church* and *State*
For gall'd and tender Conſciences;
Commits himſelf to Priſon, to trepan,
Draw in, and ſpirit all he can;
For Birds in Cages have a Call,
To draw the wildeſt into Nets,
More prevalent and natural,
Than all our artificial Pipes and Counterfeits.

VII.

His ſlipp'ry Conſcience has more Tricks
Than all the juggling Empirics,
And ev'ry one another contradicts;
All Laws of Heav'n and Earth can break,

And like to Lully, when he was in hold,—He turns his baſer Mettals into Gold] *Lully* was a famous Chymiſt in the 13th Century; but this Circumſtance which *Butler* mentions, is not to be met with in the Accounts given of him. It is very probable, that he miſtook him for *Paracelſus*, a Philoſopher of no leſs Note, who in one of his Excurſions after Natural Knowledge into *Ruſſia* was taken Priſoner by the *Tartars*, and ſent to *Conſtantinople*, where he firſt learn'd, as 'tis ſaid, the Secret of making Gold.

See BOERHAAVE's *Elem. Chem.* Vol. I. p. 21.

And ſwallow Oaths, and Blood, and Rapine eaſy
And yet is ſo infirm and weak,
'Twill not endure the gentleſt Check,
But at the ſlighteſt Nicety grows queaſy;
Diſdains Controul, and yet can be
No where, but in a Priſon, free;
Can force it ſelf, in ſpight of God,
Who makes it free as Thought at Home,
A Slave and Villain to become,
To ſerve its Intereſts abroad.
And though no *Phariſee* was ere ſo cunning
At tithing *Mint* and *Cummin*;
No dull Idolater was ere ſo flat
In Things of deep and ſolid Weight;
Pretends to Charity and Holineſs,
But is implacable to Peace,
And out of *Tenderneſs* grows *obſtinate*.
And though the Zeal of God's Houſe eat a *Prince*
And *Prophet* up (he ſays) long ſince,
His croſs-grain'd peremptory Zeal
Would eat up God's Houſe, and devour it at a Meal.

He does not pray, but proſecute,—As if he went to Law, his Suit, &c.] Our Author liv'd ſome time, we are told, with a Juſtice of Peace, as his Clerk, and by that Means neceſſarily became acquainted with the Forms and Terms of Law, to which he has very frequent and humorous Alluſions; but no where makes a wittier or juſter Uſe of them than in this Deſcription of the *Nonconformiſt's* Method of praying. 'Tis needleſs to give any Flowers of the *Presbyterian* Pulpit Eloquence in thoſe Times, as Dr. *Grey* has already given ſo many Specimens of it in his learned Notes upon *Hudibras*.

And

VIII.

He does not pray, but proſecute,
As if he went to Law, his Suit;
Summons his Maker to appear,
And *anſwer* what he ſhall *prefer*;
Returns him back his Gift of Prayer,
Not to *petition*, but *declare*;
Exhibits croſs Complaints
Againſt him for the Breach of Covenants,
And all the Charters of the *Saints*;
Pleads guilty to the Action, and yet ſtands
Upon high Terms, and bold Demands;
Excepts againſt him and his Laws,
And will be judge himſelf in his own Cauſe;
And grows more ſaucy and ſevere
Than th' *Heathen Emp'ror* was to *Jupiter*,
That us'd to wrangle with him, and diſpute;
And ſometimes wou'd ſpeak ſoftly in his Ear,
And ſometimes loud, and rant, and tear,
And threaten, if he did not grant his Suit.

And grows more ſaucy and ſevere,—Than th' Heathen Emperor was to Jupiter, &c.] This Emperor was *Caligula*, of whom *Suetonius* relates what the Poet has here introduc'd and apply'd.—"Nocti-"bu quidem plenam fulgentemque Lunam invitabat aſſidue in am-"plexus atque concubitum: interdiu vero cum Capitolino Jove ſe-"creto fabulabatur, modo inſuſurrans, ac præbens invicem aures, "modo clarius, nec ſine jurgiis, &c."

Vid. SUETON. Calig. C. 22.

IX.

But when his painful Gifts h'employs
In holding-forth, the Virtue lies
Not in the Letter of the Senſe,
But in the ſpiritual Vehemence,
The Pow'r, and Diſpenſation of the Voice,
The zealous Pangs and Agonies,
And heav'nly turnings of the Eyes;
The Groans, with which he piouſly deſtroys,
And drowns the Nonſenſe in the Noiſe:
And grows ſo loud, as if he meant to force
And take in *Heav'n* by Violence;
To fright the *Saints* into Salvation,
Or ſcare the *Devil* from Temptation;
Until he falls ſo low and hoarſe,
No kind of carnal Senſe,
Can be made out of what he means:
But as the antient *Pagans* were preciſe
To uſe no ſhort-tail'd Beaſt in Sacrifice,
He ſtill conforms to them, and has a Care,
T'allow the largeſt Meaſure to his paltry Ware.

But as the ancient Pagans were preciſe,—To uſe no ſhort-tail'd Beaſt in Sacrifice.] This I ſuppoſe refers to nothing more than the common Rule in all Religions, of which Sacrifice made a Part, to admit no Beaſt to be offer'd in Sacrifice, that was not entirely perfect.

X.

The ancient *Churches*, and the beſt
By their own Martyrs Blood increas'd;
But he has found out a new Way,
To do it with the Blood of thoſe,
That dare his *Church*'s Growth oppoſe,
Or her imperious Canons diſobey;
And ſtrives to carry on the Work,
Like a true primitive reforming *Turk*,
With holy Rage, and edifying War,
More ſafe and pow'rful Ways by far:
For the *Turk*'s Patriarch *Mahomet*
Was the firſt great *Reformer*, and the Chief
Of th' ancient *Chriſtian* Belief,
That mix'd it with new Light, and Cheat,
With Revelations, Dreams, and Viſions,
And *apoſtolic* Superſtitions,
To be held forth, and carry'd on by War;
And his Succeſſor was a *Preſbyter*
With greater Right, than *Haly* or *Abubeker*.

And his Succeſſor was a Preſbyter,—With greater right, than Haly or Abubeker.] *Haly* and *Abubeker* were Sons-in-law to *Mahomet*, and his immediate Succeſſors, the one in *Arabia*, and the other at *Bagdat*; and from theſe ſprung the two different Sects of the *Turkiſh* and *Perſian* Mahometans. Butler in his *Hudibras* introduces the *Independent* calling *Mahomet* the *chief* of the *Preſbyterians*.

As Mahomet (your chief) began,
To mix them in the Alchoran.
HUD. P. 3. C. 2. V. 1101.

XI.

For as a *Turk*, that is to act ſome Crime
Againſt his Prophet's holy Law,
Is wont to bid his Soul withdraw,
And leave his Body for a Time:
So, when ſome horrid Action's to be done,
Our *Turkiſh* Proſelite puts on
Another Spirit, and lays by his own;
And when his over-heated Brain
Turns giddy, like his Brother *Muſſulmân*,
He's judg'd inſpir'd, and all his Frenzies hold
To be prophetic, and reveal'd.
The one believes all Madmen to be Saints,
Which th' other crys him down for, and abhors,
And yet in Madneſs all Devotion plants,
And where he differs moſt concurs;
Both equally exact and juſt
In Perjury, and Breach of Truſt;
So like in all Things, that one Brother
Is but a Counterpart of th' other;

And when his overheated Brain,—Turns giddy, like his Brother Muſſulman.] This alludes to the *Turkiſh Dervis*, who at his Devotions keeps turning round till he grows giddy, and then fancies his wild incoherent Whimſies to be the Effects of Inſpiration.

The one believes all Madmen to be Saints.] Beſides their implicit Faith in the Deliriums of the crack-brain'd Dervis, the *Turks* alſo look'd upon all Ideots to be a ſort of Saints.

And both unanimouſly damn,
And hate (like two that Play one Game)
Each other for it, while they ſtrive to do the ſame.

XII.

Both equally deſign to raiſe
Their *Churches* by the ſelf-ſame Ways;
With War and Ruin to aſſert
Their Doctrine, and with Sword and Fire convert;
To preach the Goſpel with a Drum,
And for convincing overcome;
And, though in worſhipping of God all Blood
Was by his own Laws diſallow'd,
Both hold no holy Rites to be ſo good:
And both to propagate the Breed,
Of their own *Saints* one way proceed;
For Luſt and Rapes in War repair as faſt,
As Fury and Deſtruction waſte;
Both equally allow all Crimes

With War and Ruin to aſſert—Their Doctrine, and with Sword and Fire convert.] This exactly coincides with what is ſaid of the ſame ſet of People in Hudibras.

Such as do build their Faith upon
The holy Text of Pike and Gun;
Decide all controverſies by
Infallible Artillery;
And prove their Doctrine orthodox
By apoſtolic Blows and Knocks;
Call Fire, and Sword, and Deſolation,
A godly, thorough Reformation.

HUD. P. I. C. I. V. 195.

As lawful Means to propagate a Sect;
For Laws in War can be of no Effect,
And Licence does more good in *Goſpel-times.*
Hence 'tis, that holy Wars have ever been
The horrid'ſt Scenes of Blood and Sin;
For when *Religion* does recede
From her own Nature; nothing but a Breed
Of Prodigies and hideous Monſters can ſucceed.

UPON

UPON MODERN CRITICS,

A

PINDARIC ODE.

I.

'TIS well, that equal *Heav'n* has plac'd
Thoſe Joys above, that, to reward
The Juſt and virtuous, are prepar'd,
Beyond their reach, until their Pains are paſt;
Elſe Men would rather venture to poſſeſs
By force, than earn their Happineſs;
And only take the Dev'ls advice,
As *Adam* did, how ſooneſt to be wiſe,
Though at th' expence of *Paradiſe*.
For, as ſome ſay, to fight is but a baſe
Mechanic Handy-work, and far below
A gen'rous Spirit t' undergo:
So 'tis to take the Pains to know,
Which ſome, with only Confidence and Face,
More eaſily and ably do;

For daring Nonſenſe ſeldom fails to hit,
Like ſcatter'd Shot, and paſs with ſome for Wit.
Who would not rather make himſelf a Judge,
And boldly uſurp the Chair,
Than with dull Induſtry and Care
Endure to ſtudy, think, and drudge
For that, which he much ſooner may advance
With obſtinate, and pertinacious Ignorance?

II.

For all Men challenge, tho' in ſpite
Of *Nature* and their *Stars*, a Right
To cenſure, judge, and know;
Tho' ſhe can only order who
Shall be, and who ſhall ne'er be wiſe:
Then why ſhould thoſe, whom ſhe denies
Her favour and good graces to,
Not ſtrive to take Opinion by ſurprize,
And raviſh, what it were in vain to woo?
For he, that deſp'rately aſſumes
The cenſure of all Wits and Arts,
Tho' without Judgment, Skill, and Parts,
Only to ſtartle and amuſe,
And maſk his Ignorance (as *Indians* uſe
With gawdy colour'd Plumes
Their homely nether Parts t'adorn)
Can never fail to captive ſome,

That will ſubmit to his oraculous Doom,
And rev'rence what they ought to ſcorn;
Admire his ſturdy confidence
For ſolid Judgment, and deep Senſe;
And credit purchas'd without Pains or Wit,
Like ſtolen Pleaſures, ought to be moſt ſweet.

III.

Two Self-admirers, that combine
Againſt the World, may *paſs a Fine*
Upon all Judgment, Senſe, and Wit,
And ſettle it, as they think fit,
On one another, like the Choice
Of *Perſian* Princes by one Horſe's Voice.
For thoſe fine Pageants, which ſome raiſe,
Of falſe and diſproportion'd Praiſe,
T'enable whom they pleaſe t'appear,
And paſs for what they never were,
In private only b'ing but nam'd,
Their Modeſty, muſt be aſham'd,
And not endure to hear;
And yet may be divulg'd and fam'd,
And own'd in public every where:

For thoſe fine Pageants, which ſome raiſe,—Of falſe and diſproportion'd praiſe, &c.] This alludes to the fooliſh Cuſtom, which prevail'd in thoſe Times, of uſhering Books of Poetry to the Public with recommendatory Verſes from their *learned Friends* to the *ingenious Authors*; which were generally ſtuft with ſuch vain and fulſome Compliments, as, according to our Poet's Words, muſt have put their Modeſty to the Bluſh, if they had been preſented to them in private only.

So vain ſome Authors are to boaſt
Their want of Ingenuity, and club
Their affidavit Wits, to dub
Each other but a *Knight o'th' Poſt*,
As falſe as ſuborn'd Perjurers,
That vouch away all right, they have to their own Ears.

IV.

But when all other Courſes fail,
There is one eaſy Artifice,
That ſeldom has been known to miſs,
To cry all Mankind down, and rail:
For he, whom all Men do contemn,
May be allow'd to rail again at them,
And in his own Defence
To outface Reaſon, Wit, and Senſe,
And all, that makes againſt himſelf, condemn;
To ſnarle at all Things right or wrong,
Like a mad Dog, that has a Worm in's Tongue;
Reduce all Knowledge back of Good and Evil,
T' its firſt Original the *Devil*;
And, like a fierce *Inquiſitor* of Wit,
To ſpare no Fleſh, that ever ſpoke, or writ;
Tho' to perform his Taſk as dull,
As if he had a Toad-ſtone in his Scull,

As if he had a Toad-ſtone in his Scull.] What was call'd the *Toad-ſtone*, was ſuppos'd or pretended to be a ſtony Concretion found in the Heads of Toads, and was recommended by Quacks and Empirics

And could produce a greater Stock
Of Maggots than a paſtoral Poet's Flock.

V.

The feebleſt Vermin can deſtroy,
As ſure as ſtouteſt Beaſts of Prey;
And only with their Eyes and Breath
Infect, and poyſon Men to death:
But that more impotent Buffoon,
That makes it both his Bus'neſs, and his Sport
To rail at all, is but a Drone,
That ſpends his Sting on what he cannot hurt,
Enjoys a kind of Letchery in Spight,
Like o'ergrown Sinners, that in whipping take Delight,
Invades the Reputation of all thoſe,
That have, or have it not to loſe;
And if he chance to make a Difference,
'Tis always in the wrongeſt Senſe:
As rooking Gameſters never lay
Upon thoſe Hands, that uſe fair Play;
But venture all their Bets
Upon the Slurs, and cunning Tricks of ableſt Cheats.

rics as of great medicinal Uſe.—See *Brown's Vulgar Errors*. *Butler* only adopts the Whim, to hint that his *Critic's* Brains were become petrified.

VI.

Nor does he vex himſelf much leſs
Than all the World beſide,
Falls ſick of other Mens Exceſs,
Is humbled only at their Pride,
And wretched at their Happineſs;
Revenges on himſelf the Wrong,
Which his vain Malice and looſe Tongue
To thoſe, that feel it not, have done;
And whips and ſpurs himſelf, becauſe he is outgone;
Makes idle Characters and Tales,
As counterfeit, unlike, and falſe,
As Witches Pictures are of Wax and Clay
To thoſe, whom they would in Effigie ſlay.
And as the *Devil*, that has no Shape of 's own,
Affects to put the uglieſt on,
And leaves a Stink behind him, when he's gone:
So he, that's worſe than nothing, ſtrives t'appear
I'th' likeneſs of a Wolf or Bear,
To fright the weak; but, when Men dare
Encounter with him, ſtinks, and vaniſhes to air.

TO THE

HAPPY MEMORY

Of the moſt Renown'd

D' U-VAL.

A PINDARIC ODE.*

I.

'TIS true, to compliment the Dead
Is as impertinent and vain,
As 'twas of old to call them back again,
Or, like the *Tartars*, give them Wives
With Settlements, for After-lives:
For all that can be done, or ſaid,

* This Ode, which is the only genuine Poem of *Butler*'s, among the many ſpurious ones father'd upon him in what is call'd *his Remains*, was publiſhed by the Author himſelf, under his own Name, in the Year 1671, in Three Sheets 4to; and agreeable to this I find it in his own Hand-writing among his Manuſcripts, with ſome little Addition, and a few verbal Alterations, as the Reader may obſerve, in comparing it with the Copy already printed. That pains-taking Critic Mr. *Antony Wood*, has however, in his *Athenæ*, acquainted us—"that though it is ſaid in the Title to have been written by the Au-"thor of *Hudibras*, yet ſome curious Perſons, at that Time, thought "otherwiſe."—And upon this hypothetical nameleſs Authority ventures to rob our Poet of his Property, and beſtows it upon Dr. *Walter Pope*, Aſtronomy profeſſor of *Greſham* College, who happened, it ſeems, to be a Wit as well as an Aſtronomer. What led to the Suſpicion of its being Dr. *Pope*'s was a Pamphlet publiſhed by him the Year before upon the ſame Occaſion, call'd—*The Memoirs of Mr.* Du-Val, *with his laſt Speech and Epitaph.*

Tho' ere ſo noble, great, and good,
By them is neither heard, nor underſtood.
All our fine Slights, and Tricks of Art,
Firſt to create, and then adore Deſert,
And thoſe Romances, which we frame,
To raiſe ourſelves, not them, a Name
In vain are ſtuft with ranting Flatteries,
And ſuch as, if they knew, they would deſpiſe.
For as thoſe Times the Golden Age we call,
In which there was no Gold in Uſe at all,
So we plant Glory and Renown,
Where it was ne'er deſerv'd, nor known,
But to worſe Purpoſe many Times,
To flouriſh o'er nefarious Crimes,
And cheat the World, that never ſeems to mind,
How good, or bad Men die, but what they leave behind.

A Paſſage from *Wood*'s *Athenæ*, in his Account of Dr. *Pope*, will inform the Reader of the Occaſion of *Du-Val*'s being the Subject of theſe two Poets Wit — "The Reader may be pleaſed to note, "that the ſaid Mr. *Du-Val*, whoſe Chriſtian Name was *Claude*, and "his Birth in *Normandy*, had been a notorious Highwayman in "*England*; and having been a briſk, ſmart, gay, and handſome Fel- "low, and of about Twenty-ſeven Years of Age, when he was "hang'd at *Tyburn* (which was on the 21ſt of *January* 1669) did "draw the Loves of many Females in *London* towards him, among "which was the *Miſs* of our Author *Pope*, who taking it in great "Indignation, that his Perſon, Doctorſhip, and Merits, ſhould be "ſo ſlighted for the Sake of an ignorant Rogue, he did therefore "write the ſaid *Memoirs*, wherein are many ſatyrical Girds againſt "the Females."—*Ward*, in the Account he gives of *Pope*, in his Hiſtory

II.

And yet the brave *Du-Val*, whoſe Name
Can never be worn out by Fame,
That liv'd, and dy'd, to leave behind
A great Example to Mankind;
That fell a public Sacrifice,
From Ruin to preſerve thoſe few,
Who, tho' born falſe, may be made true,
And teach the World to be more juſt, and wiſe,
Ought not, like vulgar Aſhes, reſt
Unmention'd in his ſilent Cheſt,
Not for his own, but public Intereſt.
He, like a pious Man, ſome Years before
Th' Arrival of his fatal Hour,
Made ev'ry Day he had to live,
To his laſt Minute a Preparative;

Hiſtory of the *Greſham* Profeſſors further adds — "The Doctor's "View in writing this Pamphlet (the *Memoirs*, &c.) was to rally in "a facetious way the Humour, which at that Time prevail'd among "the *Engliſh* Ladies, of admiring *Frenchmen*; and particularly the "great Concern, that many of them had ſhewn for the Death of "this *Du-Val*."—The preſent Age can match this *French* Adventurer with an *Iriſh* one of equal Fame, the celebrated Mr. *Macl—n*, who came to the ſame ignoble End, by being a Hero in the ſame way, and was, it is ſaid, no leſs regretted by the Fair-ſex.

To Readers of Taſte and Diſcernment a ſtronger Evidence, than what ariſes from the mere hiſtorical Conjecture of a heavy-headed Critic, will appear from the *manner*, which is peculiar to *Butler*, tho' the Subject did not lead him to any conſiderable Similarity of Expreſſion to that which he has made uſe of in his other Works upon more intereſting Topics.

Candour and Good-nature will ſuppoſe, that this Compoſition, like other occaſional ones of the ſame Nature, muſt now loſe many of the Beauties, which appeared when the Thing was well known, and much talk'd of.

Taught the wild *Arabs* on the Road
To act in a more gentee Mode,
Take Prizes more obligingly than thoſe
Who never had been bred *Filous*;
And how to hang in a more graceful Faſhion,
Than e'er was known before to the dull *Engliſh* Nation.

III.

In *France* the Staple of new Modes,
Where Garbs and Miens are currant Goods,
That ſerves the ruder *Northern* Nations
With Methods of Addreſs and Treat;
Preſcribes new Garnitures and Faſhions,
And how to drink, and how to eat
No out-of-faſhion Wine or Meat;
To underſtand Cravats and Plumes,
And the moſt modiſh from the old Perfumes;
To know the Age and Pedigrees
Of Poynts of *Flandres* or *Veniſe*;
Caſt their Nativities, and to a Day
Foretel how long they'll hold, and when decay;

In France *the Staple of new Modes—Where Garbs*, &c.] Whoever will take the Pains to compare this Stanza with the Satyr upon our Imitation of the *French*, will be convinced, that they are the Production of the ſame Muſe. However, to give an undeniable Proof of it, I ſhall add a few Lines ſcribbled by *Butler* in the Margin of that Satyr; a thing very uſual with him.

To make a Scruple when they dine
On out-of-faſhion Meat and Wine;

T' affect the pureſt Negligences
In Geſtures, Gaits, and Miens,
And ſpeak by *Repartee-rotines*
Out of the moſt authentic of Romances;
And to demonſtrate with ſubſtantial Reaſon,
What Ribbands all the Year are in, or out of Seaſon.

IV.

In this great Academy of Mankind
He had his Birth, and Education;
Where all Men are s' ingeniouſly inclin'd,
They underſtand by Imitation,
Improve untaught, before they are aware,
As if they ſuck'd their Breeding from the Air,
That naturally does diſpenſe
To all a deep and ſolid Confidence,
A Virtue of that precious Uſe,
That he, whom bounteous *Heav'n* endues
But with a mod'rate Share of it,
Can want no Worth, Abilities, or Wit,
In all the deep *Hermetic* Arts.
(For ſo of late the Learned call
All Tricks, if ſtrange and myſtical)
He had improv'd his nat'ral Parts,

Conform their Palates to the Mode,
And reliſh that, and not the Food;
And, rather than tranſgreſs the Rule,
Eat Kitchen-ſtuff, and ſtinking Fowl;
For that, which we call ſtinking here,
Is but piquant and haut-gout there;
And ſtill the more th' are gull'd and cheated,
Believe they are the better treated.

And with his magic Rod could ſound,
Where hidden Treaſure might be found.
He, like a *Lord o'th' Manor*, ſeiz'd upon
What ever happen'd in his Way,
As lawful *Weſt* and *Stray*,
And after by the *Cuſtom* kept it as his own.

V.

From theſe firſt Rudiments he grew
To nobler Feats, and try'd his Force
Upon whole Troops of Foot and Horſe,
Whom he as bravely did ſubdue;
Declar'd all *Caravans*, that go
Upon the *King*'s Highway, the Foe;
Made many deſperate Attacks
Upon itinerant Brigades
Of all Profeſſions, Ranks, and Trades,
On Carriers Loads, and Pedlars Packs,
Made 'em lay down their Arms, and yield
And, to the ſmalleſt Piece, reſtore
All, that by Cheating they had gain'd before;
And after plunder'd all the Baggage of the Field.
In every bold Affair of War
He had the chief Command, and led them on;
For no Man is judg'd fit to have the Care
Of others Lives, until h' has made it known,
How much he does deſpiſe, and ſcorn his own.

VI.

- Whole Provinces 'twixt Sun and Sun
Have by his conqu'ring Sword been won;

And mighty Sums of Money laid,
For Ranſom, upon every Man,
And Hoſtages deliver'd till 'twas paid.
Th' Exciſe and Chimney-*Publican*,
The *Jew*-Foreſtaller and Enhancer,
To him for all their Crimes did anſwer.
He vanquiſh'd the moſt fierce and fell
Of all his Foes, the *Conſtable*;
And oft had beat his Quarters up,
And routed him, and all his Troop.
He took the dreadful *Lawyer*'s Fees,
That in his own allow'd Highway
Does Feats of Arms as great as his,
And, when th' encounter in it, wins the Day:
Safe in his Gariſon the *Court*,
Where meaner Criminals are ſentenc'd for't,
To this ſtern Foe he oft gave Quarter,
But as the *Scotchman* did t' a *Tartar*,
That he, in Time to come,
Might in return from him receive his fatal Doom.

VII.

He would have ſtarv'd this mighty Town,
And brought its haughty Spirit down,
Have cut it off from all Relief,
And, like a wiſe and valiant Chief,
Made many a fierce Aſſault

Upon all Ammunition Carts,
And thoſe that bring up Cheeſe, or Malt,
Or Bacon, from remoter Parts;
No Convoy e'er ſo ſtrong with Food
Durſt venture on the deſp'rate Road:
He made th' undaunted *Waggoner* obey,
And the fierce *Higler* Contribution pay,
The ſavage *Butcher* and ſtout *Drover*
Durſt not to him their feeble Troops diſcover;
And, if he had but kept the Field,
In Time had made the City yield;
For great Towns, like to Crocodiles, are found,
I' th' Belly apteſt to receive a mortal Wound.

VIII.

But when the fatal Hour arriv'd,
In which his Stars began to frown,
And had in cloſe Cabals contriv'd
To pull him from his Height of Glory down;
And he, by numerous Foes oppreſt,
Was in th' enchanted Dungeon caſt,
Secur'd with mighty Guards,
Leſt he by Force or Stratagem
Might prove too cunning for their Chains, and them,
And break thro' all their Locks, and Bolts, and Wards,
Had both his Legs by Charms committed
To one another's Charge,

That neither might be ſet at large,
And all their Fury and Revenge outwitted.
As Jewels of high Value are
Kept under Locks with greater Care,
Than thoſe of meaner Rates;
So he was in Stone Walls, and Chains, and Iron Grates.

IX.

Thither came *Ladies* from all Parts,
To offer up cloſe Priſoners their Hearts,
Which he receiv'd as Tribute due,
And made them yield up *Love* and *Honour* too;
But in more brave heroic ways,
Than e'er were practis'd yet in Plays:
For thoſe two ſpightful Foes, who never meet
But full of hot Conteſts, and Piques
About Punctilios, and mere Tricks,
Did all their Quarrels to his Doom ſubmit;
And far more generous and free,
In Contemplation only of him did agree,
Both fully ſatisfy'd; the one
With thoſe freſh Lawrels he had won,
And all the brave renowned Feats,
He had perform'd in Arms;
The other with his Perſon, and his Charms:
For juſt as Larks are catch'd in Nets,
By gazing on a Piece of Glaſs;
So while the Ladies view'd his brighter Eyes,

And ſmoother poliſh'd Face,
Their gentle Hearts, alas! were taken by Surprize.

X.

Never did bold *Knight*, to relieve
Diſtreſſed *Dames*, ſuch dreadful Feats atchieve,
As feeble *Damſels*, for his Sake,
Would have been proud to undertake;
And bravely ambitious to redeem
The World's Loſs, and their own,
Strove who ſhould have the Honour to lay down,
And change a Life with him:
But finding all their Hopes in vain
To move his fix'd determin'd Fate,
Their Life itſelf began to hate,
As if it were an Infamy
To live, when he was doom'd to die;
Made loud Appeals and Moans,
To leſs hard-hearted Grates and Stones;
Came ſwell'd with Sighs, and drown'd in Tears,
To yield themſelves his Fellow-ſufferers;
And follow'd him, like Priſoners of War
Chain'd to the lofty Wheels of his triumphant Car.

A

PANEGYRIC

UPON

Sir JOHN DENHAM's Recovery from his MADNESS.

SIR, you've outliv'd ſo deſperate a Fit,
As none could do, but an immortal Wit;
Had yours been leſs, all Helps had been in vain,
And thrown away, tho' on a leſs ſick Brain:
But you were ſo far from receiving Hurt,
You grew improv'd, and much the better for't.

* It muſt ſurprize the Reader to find a Writer of *Butler*'s Judgment attacking, in ſo ſevere and contemptuous a manner, the Character of a Poet ſo much eſteemed as Sir *John Denham* was. If what he charges him with be true, there is, indeed, ſome room for Satyr; but ſtill there is ſuch a Spirit of Bitterneſs runs through the Whole, beſides the Cruelty of ridiculing an Infirmity of this Nature, as can be accounted for by nothing but ſome perſonal Quarrel or Diſguſt. How far this Weakneſs may carry the greateſt Geniuſes, we have a Proof in what *Pope* has wrote of *Addiſon*.

Wood, in his *Athenæ*, informs us, that Sir *John Denham*, in the Year 1661, was made Knight of the *Bath*, and was eſteemed by the King for his Ingenuity; but upon ſome Diſcontent ariſing from a ſecond Match became craz'd for a Time.

As when th' *Arabian* Bird does ſacrifice,
And burn himſelf in his own Country's Spice;
A Maggot firſt breeds in her pregnant Urn,
Which after does to a young *Phœnix* turn:
So your hot Brain, burnt in its native Fire,
Did Life renew'd, and vig'rous Youth acquire;
And with ſo much Advantage, ſome have gueſt,
Your *After-wit* is like to be your beſt;
And now expect far greater Matters of ye,
Than the bought *Cooper's Hill*, or borrow'd *Sophy*:
Such as your *Tully* lately dreſt in Verſe,
Like thoſe he made himſelf, or not much worſe;

And now expect far greater Matters of ye,—Than the bought Cooper's Hill, *or borrow'd* Sophy.] *Butler* is not ſingular in the heavieſt Part of this Charge, the buying the *Cooper's Hill*; for I find Sir *John* accuſed of the ſame in a *Seſſion of the Poets*, printed in *Dryden*'s Miſcellanies, Vol. 2d.

Then in came Denham, *that limping old Bard,*
Whoſe Fame on the Sophy *and* Cooper's Hill *ſtands*;
And brought many Stationers, who ſwore very hard,
That nothing ſold better except 'twere his Lands.

But Apollo *adviſ'd him to write ſomething more,*
To clear a Suſpicion, which poſſeſs'd the Court,
That Cooper's Hill, *ſo much bragg'd on before,*
Was writ by a Vicar, who had Forty Pound ſor't.

What made this Suſpicion the more probable, and gave, perhaps, the firſt Riſe to it, was the unpromiſing Genius which Sir *John* diſcover'd at his firſt Appearance in the World; for the *Oxford* Antiquary, ſpeaking of him when he was firſt enter'd in the Univerſity, ſays—" Being look'd upon as a ſlow and dreaming young Man by his Se-

" niors

And *Seneca*'s dry Sand unmixt with Lime,
Such as you cheat the *King* with, botch'd in Rhime.
Nor were your Morals leſs improv'd; all Pride,
And native Inſolence quite laid aſide;
And that ungovern'd Outrage, that was wont
All, that you durſt with Safety, to affront.
No *China* Cupboard rudely overthrown;
Nor Lady tip'd, by being accoſted, down;
No *Poet* jeer'd, for ſcribbling amiſs,
With Verſes forty times more lewd than his:
Nor did your Crutch give Battle to your *Duns*,
And hold it out, where you had built, a Sconce;

" niors and Contemporaries, and given more to Cards and Dice, than " his Study, they could never then in the leaſt imagine, that he could " ever enrich the World with his Fancy, or Iſſue of his Brain, as he " afterwards did "—And afterwards adds—" In 1641 he publiſhed " the *Sophy*, which took extremely much, and was admired by all " ingenious Men, particularly *Edmund Waller*, who then ſaid of the " Author, that he broke out like the *Iriſh* Rebellion, Threeſcore " Thouſand ſtrong, when nobody was aware, or in the leaſt ſuſpect- " ed it."

17. *Such as your* Tully *lately dreſt in Verſe.*—The Reader will find in Sir *John*'s Works a poetical Tranſlation of *Tully de ſenectute*; and may judge for himſelf how far it is deſerving of this Cenſure.

19. *And* Seneca's *dry Sand unmixt with Lime*—This alludes to what *Caligula* is recorded by *Suetonius* to have ſaid of *Seneca*—" Le- " nius comptuſque ſcribendi genus adeo contemnens, ut *Senecam* " tum maxime placentem, commiſſiones meras componere, et *arenam* " *ſine calce* eſſe diceret." Vid. *Suetonii Calig.*

Nor furiouſly laid *Orange-Wench* aboard,
For aſking what in Fruit and Love you'd ſcor'd;
But all Civility and Complacence,
More than you ever us'd, before or ſince.
Beſide, you never over-reach'd the *King*
One Farthing, all the while, in reckoning,
Nor brought in falſe Accompt, with little Tricks
Of paſſing broken Rubbiſh for whole Bricks;
Falſe muſtering of Workmen by the Day,
Deduction out of Wages, and dead Pay
For thoſe that never liv'd; all which did come,
By thrifty Management, to no ſmall Sum.
You pull'd no Lodgings down, to build them worſe;
Nor repair'd others, to repair your Purſe,
As you were wont; till all you built appear'd
Like that, *Amphion* with his Fiddle rear'd:
For had the Stones (like his) charm'd by your Verſe
Built up themſelves, they could not have done worſe:

35, 36. *Beſide you never over-reach'd the King—One Farthing all the while in reckoning*, &c.] To enter into the Meaning of this the Reader muſt be inform'd from our Hiſtorian *Wood*—"That King "*Charles* I. granted to Sir *John* the Reverſion of the Place of Sur-"veyor

And, ſure, when firſt you ventur'd to *ſurvey*,
You did deſign to do't no other way.
All this was done before thoſe Days began,
In which you were a wiſe and happy Man.
For who e'er liv'd in ſuch a Paradiſe,
Until freſh Straw and Darkneſs op'd your Eyes?
Who ever greater Treaſure could command,
Had nobler Palaces, and richer Land,
Than you had then, who could raiſe Sums as vaſt,
As all the Cheats of a *Dutch* War could waſte,
Or all thoſe practis'd upon public Money?
For nothing, but your Cure, could have undone ye.
For ever are you bound to curſe thoſe Quacks,
That undertook to cure your happy Cracks;
For, tho' no Art can ever make them ſound,
The tamp'ring coſt you Threeſcore Thouſand Pound.

" veyor of his Building, after the Death of *Inigo Jones*, which Place " he entered upon at the Reſtoration, and held to his Death, and " got by it Seven Thouſand Pounds.

43. *You pull'd no Lodgings down, to build them worſe*;] The Office which Sir *John* lived in near *Whitehall*, was of his own building, whilſt he was the King's Surveyor. See *Wood's Athenæ*.

How high might you have liv'd, and play'd, and loſt,
Yet been no more undone by being chowſt,
Nor forc'd upon the *King*'s Accompt to lay
All, that in ſerving him, you loſt at Play?
For nothing, but your Brain, was ever found
To ſuffer Sequeſtration, and Compound.
Yet you've an Impoſition laid on Brick,
For all you then laid out, at *Beaſt*, or *Gleek*:
And, when you've rais'd a Sum, ſtrait let it fly,
By underſtanding low, and vent'ring high;
Until you have reduc'd it down to Tick,
And then recruit again from Lime and Brick.

65, 66. *How high might you have liv'd, and play'd, and loſt—Yet been no more undone by being chowſt*, &c.] To juſtify our Satyriſt in this Particular we muſt have Recourſe again to *Wood*'s *Athenæ*, where it is ſaid of Sir *John*—" From *Trinity* College, where he continued " about Three Years, he went to *Lincoln*'s Inn, where, though he " follow'd his Study cloſe, yet he would game much, and frequent " the Company of the unſanctified Crew of Gameſters, who rook'd " him ſometimes of all he could wrap or get, *&c. &c.*

UPON

CRITICS

Who judge of

MODERN PLAYS

Preciſely by the

RULES of the ANTIENTS.

WHO ever will regard *poetic Fury*,
When it is once found *Idiot* by a Jury;
And every pert and arbitrary Fool
Can all poetic Licence over-rule;

This warm Invective was very probably occaſioned by Mr. *Rymer*, Hiſtoriographer to *Charles* II. who cenſured Three Tragedies of *Beaumont*'s and *Fletcher*'s, viz. *Rollo Duke of Normandy*, *The King and no King*, and *The Maid's Tragedy*, in a Piece intitled—*The Tragedies of the laſt Age conſidered and examined, by the Practice of the Antients, and by the common Conſent of all Ages: In a Letter to Fleetwood Shepherd, Eſq.*

The cold ſevere Critic may perhaps find ſome few Inaccuracies to cenſure in this Compoſition; but the Reader of Taſte will either overlook or pardon them, for the Sake of the Spirit, that runs through it.

2. *When it is once found Idiot by a Jury.*] The Poet here very wittily conſiders the Muſe under the tyrannous Direction of Critics, as a Perſon found Idiot or Lunatick by a Jury, who is not at Liberty to act for himſelf, but as his Guardians ſhall order.

Aſſume a barbarous Tyranny to handle
The *Muſes* worſe than *Oſtrogoth* and *Vandal*;
Make 'em ſubmit to Verdict and Report,
And ſtand or fall to th' Orders of a Court?
Much leſs be ſentenc'd by the arbitrary
Proceedings of a witleſs *Plagiary*;
That forges old Records and Ordinances
Againſt the Right and Property of Fancies,
More falſe and nice than weighing of the Weather
To th' Hundredth Atom of the lighteſt Feather,
Or meaſuring of Air upon *Parnaſſus*
With Cylinders of *Torricellian* Glaſſes;
Reduce all *Tragedy* by Rules of Art
Back to its antique Theatre, a *Cart*,
And make them henceforth keep the beaten Roads
Of reverend *Chorus*'s, and *Epiſodes*;

27, 28. *No Pudding ſhall be ſuffer'd to be witty—Unleſs it be in order to raiſe Pity*] *Butler*, in theſe and the following Lines ſneeringly alludes to *Ariſtotle*, who, in his *Art of Poetry*, aſſerts, that the grand and principal Object of Tragedy is, *to excite Terror and Pity*: And 'tis upon this Authority, that *Rymer* forms his moſt conſiderable Objection to *Beaumont* and *Fletcher*.

31, 32. *Unleſs ſome God or Dæmon chance t' have Piques—Againſt an antient Family of* Greeks.] Thoſe who are vers'd in the *Greek* Story need not to be inform'd, that many of the tragical Events, which are related by their Poets and Hiſtorians to have happened among them, are imputed to the Reſentment of ſome touchy offended

Reform and regulate a *Puppet-play*,
According to the true and ancient way;
That not an Actor ſhall preſume to ſqueak,
Unleſs he have a Licence for't in *Greek*;
Nor *Whittington* henceforward ſell his Cat in
Plain vulgar *Engliſh*, without mewing *Latin*:
No *Pudding* ſhall be ſuffer'd to be witty,
Unleſs it be in order to raiſe Pity;
Nor *Devil* in the *Puppet-play* b'allow'd
To roar and ſpit Fire, but to fright the Crowd,
Unleſs ſome *God* or *Dæmon* chance t' have Piques
Againſt an ancient Family of *Greeks*;
That other Men may tremble, and take Warning,
How ſuch a fatal Progeny th' are born in.
For none but ſuch for *Tragedy* are fitted,
That have been ruin'd only to be pity'd;
And only thoſe held proper to deter,
Who've had th' ill Luck againſt their Wills to err.

ſended Deity. So *Euripides's Hippolitus* is to be deſtroyed, becauſe *Venus* took Pet at his being too chaſte.

37, 38. *And only thoſe held proper to deter—Who've had th' ill Luck againſt their Wills to err.*] Our Author might fairly infer this from it's being made eſſential to Tragedy to *excite Pity*; but it is very probable, that he had in his Eye *Sophocles's* famous Tragedy of *Oedipus*, whoſe Baniſhment and Misery was owing entirely to his having unknowingly and accidentaly kill'd his Father *Laius* in a Tumult, and afterwards married his Mother *Jocaſta*.

Whence only ſuch as are of middling Size
Between Morality and venial Vices,
Are qualify'd to be deſtroy'd by *Fate*,
For other Mortals to take Warning at.
As if the antique Laws of *Tragedy*
Did with our own Municipal agree;
And ſerv'd, like Cobwebs, but t' enſnare the Weak,
And give Diverſion to the Great to break;
To make a leſs Delinquent to be brought
To anſwer for a greater Perſon's Fault,
And ſuffer all the worſt, the worſt Approver
Can, to excuſe and ſave himſelf, diſcover.
No longer ſhall *Dramatics* be confin'd
To draw true Images of all Mankind;
To puniſh in Effigy Criminals,
Reprieve the Innocent, and hang the Falſe;
But a Club-law to execute and kill,
For nothing, whomſoe'er they pleaſe, at will,
To terrify Spectators from committing
The Crimes they did, and ſuffer'd for unwitting.

63, 64. *No better than the Laws of* Britiſh *Plays—Confirm'd in th' ancient good King* Howel's *Days*, &c.] In *Spelman's Concilia*, B. 1. p. 383, there is mention made of one *Howel*, King of *Glevyſſieg* in *Wales*, who lived in the ninth Century; and to this Name *Butler*, probably alludes; but as to his *general Council*, and the *Regulation*, which, it muſt be own'd, he rather too waggiſhly deſcribes, they are mere Inventions of his own, to give an archer and more ludicrous

Turn

Theſe are the Reformations of the *Stage*,
Like other Reformations of the Age,
On Purpoſe to deſtroy all *Wit* and *Senſe*,
As th' other did all *Law* and *Conſcience*;
No better than the Laws of *Britiſh* Plays,
Confirm'd in th' ancient good King *Howel*'s Days,
Who made a *general Council* regulate
Mens catching Women by the----you know what;
And ſet down in the *Rubric*, at what Time
It ſhould be counted legal, when a Crime,
Declare when 'twas, and when 'twas not a Sin,
And on what Days it *went out*, or *came in*.
An *Engliſh* Poet ſhould be try'd b' his Peers,
And not by *Pedants*, and *Philoſophers*,
Incompetent to judge poetic Fury,
As *Butchers* are forbid to b' of a Jury;
Beſides the moſt intolerable Wrong
To try their Matters in a foreign Tongue,

Turn to his Banter. What he grounds this joking Fiction upon, was an old ſuperſtitious Cuſtom of Marriage's being look'd upon as allowable at certain times, and not allowable at others, or *coming in*, or *going out*, as it is uſually expreſſed; and though it was found'd upon the Authority of no Canon, yet is mentioned by eccleſiaſtical Writers as a thing practiſed——Thus *Lyndwood*, in his *Gloſs*, ſpeaking of Matrimony——"Solemnizatio non poteſt fieri a prima domi-"nica adventus uſque ad octavas epiphaniæ excluſive, et a dominica "ſeptuageſima uſque ad primam dominicam poſt paſcham inclu-"ſive; et a prima die rogationis uſque ad ſeptimum diem pente-"coſtes inclusive."

By foreign *Jurymen*, like *Sophocles*,
Or *Tales* falſer than *Euripides*;
When not an *Engliſh* Native dares appear,
To be a Witneſs for the Priſoner;
When all the Laws, they uſe t' arraign and try
The innocent and wrong'd Delinquent by,
Were made b' a foreign *Lawyer*, and his Pupils,
To put an End to all poetic Scruples,
And, by th' Advice of *Virtuoſi-Tuſcans*,
Determin'd all the Doubts of *Socks* and *Buſkins*;
Gave Judgment on all paſt and future Plays,
As is apparent by *Speroni*'s Caſe,
Which *Lope Vega* firſt began to ſteal,
And after him the *French* Filou *Corneill*;
And ſince our *Engliſh* Plagiaries nim,
And ſteal their far-fet Criticiſms from him;

78. *Or Tales falſer than* Euripides.] Thoſe Jurymen are called *Tales*, who are choſen in Court from amongſt the By-ſtanders, to ſupply the Places of ſuch, as do not appear, or are challenged.

83. *Were made b' a foreign Lawyer and his Pupils.*] This foreign Lawyer is *Ariſtotle*; and as *Butler* ſuppoſes in this Poem the Critics ſitting in a Court of Judicature, the Term is very proper and conſiſtent.

85. *And by th' Advice of* Virtuoſi-Tuſcans.] This refers to that innumerable Tribe of Commentators upon *Ariſtotle*'s poetic, which appeared in *Italy* upon the Revival of Learning, in the 16th Century.

88. *As*

And, by an Action falſly laid of *Trover*,
The Lumber for their proper Goods recover;
Enough to furniſh all the lewd Impeachers
Of witty *Beaumont*'s Poetry, and *Fletcher*'s,
Who, for a few *Miſpriſions* of Wit,
Are charg'd by thoſe, who ten times worſe commit;
And, for misjudging ſome unhappy Scenes,
Are cenſur'd for't with more unlucky Senſe;
When all their worſt Miſcarriages delight,
And pleaſe more, than the beſt that *Pedants* write.

88. *As is apparent from* Speroni's *Cafe*, &c.] As I have not the Opportunity of conſulting theſe Authors, I can only in general obſerve, that *Speroni* an *Italian* Writer of the 16th Century wrote a Tragedy call'd *La Canace*, which was criticiſed and defended; that *Lope de Vega* the Prince of dramatic Poets among the *Spaniards* in the Beginning of the next Century, wrote a Method of Poeſie which he named *El arte nuevo*; and that *P. Corneille*, the celebrated *French* Poet, wrote three Treatiſes upon the Art of Poetry; one upon dramatic Poetry, another upon Tragedy, and a third upon the three Unities, of Time, Place, and Action.

SATYR.

WHY ſhould the World be ſo averſe
To *Plagiary* Privateers,
That all Mens Senſe and Fancy ſeize,
And make free Prize of what they pleaſe?
As if, becauſe they huff and ſwell,
Like Pilferers full of what they ſteal,
Others might equal Pow'r aſſume,
To pay 'em with as hard a Doom;
To ſhut them up, like Beaſts in Pounds,
For breaking into others Grounds;
Mark 'em with Characters and Brands,
Like other Forgers of Mens Hands;
And in Effigie hang and draw
The poor Delinquents by *Club-Law*;

It is not improbable but that *Butler*, in this Satyr, or ſneering Apology for the *Plagiary*, obliquely hints at Sir *John Denham*, whom he has directly attack'd in a preceding Poem——The Charge of Plagiariſm in borrowing the *Sophy*, and buying the *Cooper's Hill*, coincides with, and confirms this Suppoſition; and I am the rather inclined to think ſo by many ſatirical Flings of the ſame Nature againſt this Gentleman, which I find in our Poet's poetical Common-place.

Butler

When no Inditement juſtly lies,
But where the Theft will bear a Price.
For though *Wit* never can be learn'd
It may b'aſſum'd and own'd, and earn'd;
And, like our nobleſt Fruits, improv'd,
By b'ing tranſplanted and remov'd:
And as it bears no certain Rate,
Nor pays one Peny to the *State*,
With which it turns no more t' account
Than *Virtue*, *Faith*, and *Merit*'s wont;
Is neither Moveable, nor Rent,
Nor Chattel, Goods, nor Tenement;
Nor was it ever paſs'd b' Entail,
Nor ſettled upon Heirs Male;
Or if it were, like ill-got Land,
Did never fall t' a ſecond Hand:
So 'tis no more to be engroſs'd,
Than Sun-ſhine, or the Air inclos'd;
Or to Propriety confin'd,
Than th' uncontrol'd and ſcatter'd Wind.
For why ſhould that which Nature meant
To owe its Being to its Vent;

Butler was not pleaſed with the two firſt Lines of this Compoſition, as appears by his altering them in the Margin, thus:

Why ſhould the Works be ſo ſcarce
To every ſmall-wit Privateer

And, indeed the Alteration is much for the better; but as it would not connect grammatically with what follows, I did not think proper to adopt it.

That has no Value of its own,
But as it is divulg'd and known;
Is periſhable and deſtroy'd,
As long as it lies unenjoy'd,
Be ſcanted of that lib'ral Uſe,
Which all Mankind is free to chooſe,
And idly hoarded, where 'twas bred,
Inſtead of being diſpers'd and ſpread?
And the more laviſh and profuſe,
'Tis of the nobler general Uſe;
As Riots, though ſupply'd by Stealth,
Are wholeſome to the *Commonwealth*;
And Men ſpend freelier what they win,
Than what th' have freely coming in.
The World's as full of curious Wit,
Which thoſe, that father, never writ,
As 'tis of Baſtards, which the Sot
And Cuckold owns, that ne'er begot;
Yet paſs as well, as if the one
And th' other By-blow were their own.
For why ſhould he that's impotent
To judge, and fancy, and invent,
For that Impediment be ſtopt
To own, and challenge, and adopt,
At leaſt th' expos'd, and fatherleſs
Poor Orphans of the Pen, and Preſs,

Whoſe Parents are obſcure, or dead,
Or in far Countries born and bred.
As none but *Kings* have Pow'r to raiſe
A Levy, which the Subject pays;
And, though they call that Tax a Loan,
Yet, when 'tis gather'd, 'tis their own:
So he, that's able to impoſe
A Wit-exciſe on Verſe or Proſe;
And, ſtill the ableſt Authors are,
Can make them pay the greater Share,
Is *Prince* of Poets of his Time,
And they his Vaſſals, that ſupply him;
Can judge more juſtly of what he takes
Than any of the beſt he makes;
And more impartially conceive
What's fit to chuſe, and what to leave.
For Men reflect more ſtrictly upon
The Senſe of others, than their own;
And Wit, that's made of Wit and Slight,
Is richer than the plain downright:
As Salt, that's made of Salt's more fine,
Than when it firſt came from the Brine;
And Spirits of a nobler Nature,
Drawn from the dull ingredient Matter.
Hence mighty *Virgil*'s ſaid of old,
From Dung to have extracted Gold;

(As many a Lout and ſilly Clown,
By his Inſtructions ſince has done)
And grew more lofty by that means,
Than by his Livery Oats and Beans;
When from his Carts and Country Farms
He roſe a mighty Man at Arms;
To whom th' Heroics ever ſince
Have ſworn Allegiance as their *Prince*,
And faithfully have in all Times
Obſerv'd his Cuſtoms in their Rhimes.
'Twas counted Learning once and Wit
To void but what ſome Author writ;
And what Men underſtood by rote
By as implicit Senſe to quote.
Then many a magiſterial Clerk
Was taught, like ſinging Birds i' th' Dark;
And underſtood as much of Things,
As th' ableſt Blackbird what it ſings;
And yet was honour'd and renown'd,
For grave, and ſolid, and profound.
Then why ſhould thoſe, who pick and chooſe
The beſt of all the beſt compoſe,

99, 100. *'Twas counted Learning once and Wit — To void but what ſome Author writ*, &c.] Our Author here laſhes the Vanity of thoſe Writers, who affected to lard their Works with a Variety of learned Quotations, and preface'd their Books with a pompous *Syllabus authorum*. He has explain'd his Meaning by a few Lines ſcribbled in the Margin, which, though not correct enough to be admitted into the Text, may yet be allow'd as a Sort of Comment.

When

And join it by *Moſaic* Art,
In graceful Order, Part to Part,
To make the whole in Beauty ſuit,
Not Merit as compleat Repute
As thoſe, who with leſs Art and Pains
Can do it with their native Brains,
And make the home-ſpun Buſineſs fit
As freely with their Mother Wit?
Since what by Nature was deny'd
By Art and Induſtry's ſupply'd,
Both which are more our own, and brave
Than all the Alms, that Nature gave.
For what w' acquire by Pains and Art
Is only due t' our own Deſert;
While all th' Endowments ſhe confers,
Are not ſo much our own, as hers,
That, like good Fortune, unawares
Fall not t'our Virtue, but our Shares;
And all we can pretend to merit,
We do not purchaſe, but inherit.

When no Manuſcript ſo ſmall a Book,
But nam'd where this or that he took;
Run through the alphabet of Names,
From whom he made his cheiſeſt Claims;
And wherſoever he begun,
He ended ſtill with Xenophon.

Ending with *Xenophon* alludes to their alphabetical Catalogues of Authors, which muſt of Courſe end with *X*.

Thus all the great'ſt Inventions, when
They firſt were found out, were ſo mean,
That th' Authors of them are unknown,
As little things they ſcorn'd to own;
Until by Men of nobler Thought
Th' were to their full Perfection brought.
This proves that *Wit* does but rough-hew,
Leaves *Art* to poliſh, and review;
And that a Wit at ſecond Hand
Has greateſt Int'reſt and Command:
For to improve, diſpoſe, and judge
Is nobler than t' invent, and drudge.
Invention's humorous and nice,
And never at Command applies;
Diſdains t' obey the proudeſt Wit,
Unleſs it chance to b' in the Fit;
(Like *Prophecy*, that can preſage
Succeſſes of the lateſt Age,
Yet is not able to tell when
It next ſhall prophecy agen)
Makes all her Suitors courſe and wait
Like a proud Miniſter of State,
And, when ſhe's ſerious in ſome Freak,
Extravagant, and vain, and weak,
Attend her ſilly lazy Pleaſure,
Until ſhe chance to be at leiſure:

When 'tis more eaſy to ſteal Wit;
To clip, and forge, and counterfeit,
Is both the Buſineſs and Delight,
Like hunting Sports, of thoſe that write;
For Thievery is but one Sort,
The Learned ſay, of hunting Sport.
Hence 'tis, that ſome, who ſet up firſt
As raw, and wretched, and unverſt;
And open'd with a Stock as poor,
As a healthy Beggar with one Sore;
That never writ in Proſe or Verſe,
But pick'd, or cut it, like a Purſe;
And at the beſt could but commit
The *Petty-Larceny* of Wit;
To whom to write was to purloin,
And printing but to ſtamp falſe Coin;
Yet after long and ſturdy 'ndeavours
Of being painful Wit-receivers,
With gath'ring Rags and Scraps of Wit,
As Paper's made, on which 'tis writ,
Have gone forth Authors, and acquir'd
The *right*— or *wrong* to be admir'd;
And arm'd with Confidence incurr'd
The Fool's good Luck, to be preferr'd:
For as a Banker can diſpoſe
Of greater Sums, he only owes,

Than he, who honeſtly is known
To deal in, nothing but his own:
So whoſoe'er can take up moſt,
May greateſt Fame and Credit boaſt.

UPON

UPON

PHILIP NYE's

THANKSGIVING BEARD.

A *Beard* is but the Vizard of a Face,
That *Nature* orders for no other Place;
The Fringe and Taſſel of a Countenance,
That hides his Perſon from another Man's;

This ſame *Philip Nye*, with the whimſical Circumſtance of his *Thankſgiving Beard* is introduced in *Hudibras's Heroical Epiſtle to his Lady.*

So Women, to ſurprize us, ſpread
The borrow'd Flags of white and red;
Diſplay them thicker on their Cheeks
Than their old Grandmothers the Picts;
And raiſe more Devils with their Looks,
Than Conjurers leſs ſubtle Books:
Lay Trains of amorous Intrigues,
In Towers, and Curls, and Periwigs,
With greater Art and Cunning rear'd,
Than Philip Nye's *thankſgiving Beard.*

From hence one may conclude with Probability enough, that this Poem was written before his *Hudibras*. *Butler*, in a Note of his own upon this Paſſage, obſerves,—"That *Philip Nye* was one of the "Aſſembly of Divines, and very remarkable for the Singularity of "his Beard."—And in another Place informs us, that theſe reverend Zealots diſtinguiſhed themſelves much in this Particular.

And, like the *Roman* Habits of their Youth,
Is never worn until his perfect Growth;
A Privilege, no other Creature has,
To wear a nat'ral Maſk upon his Face,
That ſhifts its Likeneſs, every Day he wears,
To fit ſome other Perſons Characters;
And by its own Mythology implies,
That Men were born to live in ſome Diſguiſe.
This ſatisfy'd a *reverend Man*, that clear'd
His diſagreeing Conſcience by his Beard.
H'had been prefer'd i'th' Army, when the *Church*
Was taken with a Why not? in the lurch;

Grave Synod Men, that were rever'd
For ſolid Face, and depth of Beard,
HUD. P. 2. C. 2. Ver. 531.

As our Poet has thought fit to borrow ſo many Verſes upon this Trumpeter of Sedition, it may, perhaps, be no thankleſs Office to give the Reader ſome further Information about him, than what merely relates to his *Beard*—He was educated at *Oxford*, firſt in *Braſen-Noſe* College, and afterwards in *Magd. Hall*, where, under the Influence of a *puritanical* Tutor, he received the firſt Tincture of Sedition, and Diſguſt to our eccleſiaſtical Eſtabliſhment. After taking his Degrees he went into Orders, but ſoon left *England* to go and reſide in *Holland*, where he was not very likely to leſſen thoſe Prejudices, which he had already imbibed. In the Year 1640 he returned Home, became a furious *Preſbyterian*, and a zealous Stickler for the *Parliament*; and was thought conſiderable enough in his way to be ſent by his Party into *Scotland*, to encourage and ſpirit up the Cauſe of the *Covenant*; in Defence of which he writ ſeveral Pamphlets. However, as his Zeal aroſe from Self-Intereſt and Ambition,

When Primate, Metropolitan, and Prelates
Were turn'd to Officers of Horſe, and Zealots,
From whom he held the moſt Pluralities
Of Contributions, Donatives, and Salaries;
Was held the chiefeſt of thoſe ſpiritual Trumpets,
That ſounded Charges to their fierceſt Combats,
But in the deſperateſt of Defeats
Had never blown as opportune Retreats;
Until the *Synod* order'd his Departure
To *London*, from his caterwalling Quarter,
To ſit among 'em, as he had been choſen,
And paſs, or null things, at his own diſpoſing;

bition, when the *Independants* began to have the Aſcendant, and Power and Profit ran in that Channel, he faced about, and became a ſtrenuous Preacher on that Side: and in this Situation he was, when he fell under the Laſh of *Butler*'s Satyr. See *Wood*'s *Athenæ*.

15, 16. *H'had been preferr'd i'th' Army, when the Church—Was taken with a Why not? in the lurch.*] This fanciful Phraſe, *taken with a Why not?* is made uſe of by *Ralpho*, in his Diſpute with his Maſter *Hudibras*.

Capoch'd your Rabbins of the Synod,
And ſnapp'd their Canons with a Why not?
HUD. P. 2. C. 2. Ver. 529.

19, 20. *From whom he held the moſt Pluralities—Of Contributions, Donatives, and Salaries.*] Our laborious Biographer *Wood* tells us, that when *Nye* left the *Preſbyterians*, he went to the Army, and was held in high Eſteem by the Grandees there, had many lucrative Offices given to him, and was much conſulted by them in their political Affairs.

Could clap up Souls in *Limbo* with a Vote,
And for their Fees diſcharge, and let them out;
Which made ſome *Grandees* bribe him with the Place
Of holding-forth upon *Thankſgiving-Days*,
Whither the *Members*, two and two abreſt,
March'd to take in the Spoils of all — the Feaſt;
But by the way repeated the *Oh-hones*
Of his wild *Iriſh* and chromatic Tones,
His frequent and pathetic *hums* and *haws*,
He practis'd only t'animate the *Cauſe*,
With which the *Siſters* were ſo prepoſſeſt,
They cou'd remember nothing of the reſt.
He thought upon it, and reſolv'd to put
His *Beard* into as wonderful a Cut,
And, for the further Service of the Women,
T'abate the Rigidneſs of his Opinion;
And, but a Day before, had been to find
The ableſt *Virtuoſo* of the Kind,
With whom he long and ſeriouſly confer'd
On all Intrigues, that might concern his *Beard*;
By whoſe Advice he ſat for a Deſign
In little drawn, exactly to a Line;

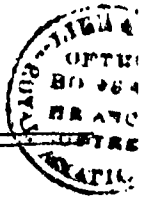
That, if the Creature chance to have Occaſion
To undergo a *Thorough-reformation*,
It might be born conveniently about,
And by the meaneſt Artiſt copy'd out.
This done, he ſent a Journeyman Sectary,
H'had brought up to retrieve, and fetch, and carry,
To find out one, that had the greateſt Practice,
To prune, and bleach the Beards of all *Fanatics*,
And ſet their moſt confus'd Diſorders right,
Not by a new Deſign, but newer Light;
Who us'd to ſhave the *Grandees* of their Sticklers,
And crop the Worthies of their *Conventiclers*;
To whom he ſhew'd his new-invented Draught,
And told him, how 'twas to be copy'd out.
Quoth he, 'tis but a falſe, and counterfeit,
And ſcandalous Device of human Wit,
That's abſolutely forbidden in the *Scripture*,
To make of any carnal thing the Picture.

Quoth th' other *Saint*, you muſt leave that to us,
T'agree what's lawful, or what ſcandalous:
For, till it is determin'd by our Vote,
It's either lawful, ſcandalous, or not;
Which, ſince we have not yet agreed upon,
Is left indiff'rent to avoid or own.
Quoth he, my Conſcience never ſhall agree
To do it, till I know what 'tis to be;
For, though I uſe it in a lawful Time,
What, if it after ſhould be made a Crime
'Tis true, we fought for Liberty of Conſcience
'Gainſt human Conſtitutions in our own Senſe;
Which I'm reſolv'd perpetually t' avow,
And make it lawful, whatſoe'er we do;
Then do your Office with your greateſt Skill,
And let th'Event befall us, how it will.
This ſaid, the nice *Barbarian* took his Tools,
To prune the *Zealot*'s Tenets, and his Jowles;
Talk'd on as pertinently, as he ſnipt,
A hundred times for every Hair he clipt;

Until the *Beard* at length began t' appear,
And reaſſume its antique Character,
Grew more and more itſelf, that Art might ſtrive,
And ſtand in Competition with the Life:
For ſome have doubted, if 'twere made of Snips
Of Sables glew'd and fitted to his Lips;
And ſet in ſuch an artificial Frame,
As if it had been wrought in *Filograin*,
More ſubtly fil'd and poliſht than the Gin,
That *Vulcan* caught himſelf a Cuckold in;
That *Lacheſis*, that ſpins the Threads of Fate,
Could not have drawn it out more delicate.
But b'ing deſign'd and drawn ſo regular,
T' a ſcrup'lous Punctilio of a Hair,
Who cou'd imagine, that it ſhou'd be portal
To ſelfiſh, inward-unconforming Mortal?
And yet it was, and did abominate
The leaſt Compliance in the *Church* or *State*;
And from it ſelf did equally diſſent,
As from *Religion*, and the *Government*.

I find among *Butler*'s Manuſcripts ſeveral other little Sketches upon the ſame Subject, but none worth printing, except the following one may be thought paſſable, by way of Note.

This reverend Brother, like a Goat,
Did wear a Tail upon his Throat,
The Fringe and Taſſel of a Face,
That gives it a becoming Grace,
But ſet in ſuch a curious Frame,
As if 'twere wrought in Filograin;
And cut ſo ev'n, as if 't had been
Drawn with a Pen upon his Chin.
No topiary Hedge of Quickſet
Was e're ſo neatly cut, or thick ſet;
That made Beholders more admire,
Than China-*plate, that's made of Wire;*
But being wrought ſo regular
In ev'ry Part, and ev'ry Hair,
Who would believe, it ſhould be partal
To unconforming-inward Mortal?
And yet it was, and did diſſent
No leſs from its own Government,
Than from the Church's, and deteſt
That, which it held forth, and profeſt;
Did equally abominate
Conformity in Church and State;
And, like an hypocritic Brother,
Profeſt one thing, and did another;
As all things, where th'are moſt profeſt,
Are found to be regarded leaſt.



PROLOGUE

TO THE

Queen of ARRAGON,

Acted before the Duke of *York*,

Upon his Birth-Day.

SIR, while ſo many Nations ſtrive to pay
The Tribute of their Glories to this Day,
That gave them Earneſt of ſo great a Sum
Of Glory (from your future Acts) to come;

To give the Reader a ſort of Key to the Driſt and Meaning of this Prologue, it is neceſſary to inform him—That King *Charles* II. at his Reſtoration, granted two Patents, one to Sir *Wil. Davenant*, and the other to *Henry Killigrew*, Eſq; for the forming of two diſtinct Companies of Comedians. Theſe were diſtinguiſhed by the Names of the *King's Servants* and the *Duke's Company*. The former acted at the Theatre-Royal in *Drury-Lane*; the latter at the Duke's Theatre in *Dorſet-Garden*. Theſe, as *C. Cibber* in his Apology informs us, "were both in high Eſtimation with the Public, and ſo much the "Delight and Concern of the Court, that they were not only ſup- "ported by its being frequently preſent at their public *Preſentations*, "but by its taking Cognizance even of their private Government, "inſomuch, that their particular Differences, Pretenſions, or Com- "plaints, were generally ended by the *King*, or *Duke*'s perſonal "Command or Deciſion—Theſe two excellent Companies, adds "the

And which you have diſcharg'd at ſuch a rate,
That all ſucceeding Times muſt celebrate:
We, that ſubſiſt by your bright Influence,
And have no Life, but what we own from thence,
Come humbly to preſent you, our own way,
With all we have (beſide our Hearts) a *Play*.
But as devouteſt Men can pay no more
To *Deities*, than what they gave before;
We bring you only, what your great Commands
Did reſcue for us from ingroſſing Hands,
That would have taken out *Adminiſtration*
Of all departed *Poets* Goods i'th' Nation;
Or, like to *Lords of Manors*, ſeiz'd all Plays,
That come within their Reach, as *Wefts* and *Strays*;
And claim'd a Forfeiture of all paſt Wit,
But that your Juſtice put a ſtop to it.

" the ſame Author, were both proſperous for ſome few Years, till " their Variety of Plays began to be exhauſted: Then of courſe the " better Actors (which the King's ſeem to have been allow'd) could " not fail of drawing the greater Audiences. Sir *Wil. Davenant*, " therefore, Maſter of the Duke's Company, to make Head againſt " their Succeſs, was forced to add Spectacle and Muſic to Action; " and to introduce a new Species of Plays, ſince called *Dramatic* " *Operas*, of which kind were the *Tempeſt*, *Pſyche*, *Circe*, and others. " ——Of which Encroachment upon Wit, ſays the Laureat, ſeveral " good Prologues in thoſe Days frequently complained."—To theſe Com-

'Twas well for us, who elſe muſt have been glad
T'admit of all, who now write new, and bad:
For ſtill the wickeder ſome Authors write,
Others to write worſe are encourag'd by't.
And though thoſe fierce *Inquiſitors* of Wit,
The *Critics*, ſpare no Fleſh, that ever writ;
But juſt as *Tooth-draw'rs* find among the Rout
Their own Teeth work in pulling others out;
So they, decrying all of all that write,
Think to erect a Trade of judging by't.
Small Poetry, like other Hereſies,
By being perſecuted multiplies:
But here th'are like to fail of all Pretence;
For he, that writ this Play, is dead long ſince,
And not within their Pow'r: for Bears are ſaid
To ſpare thoſe, that lie ſtill, and ſeem but dead.

Complainers, and Engroſſers of Wit, *Butler* probably alludes in the ſatyrical Part of this Prologue, as he does to the *Duke*'s Patronage in the other.

It is pretty remarkable, that, amongſt ſuch a Variety of Performances of our Poets, this and the Epilogue that follows, ſhould be the only ones in the complimenting Strain; and I dare ſay every Reader will obſerve with a Smile, how ſoon, even in this, he deſerts the Region of Panegyric, to reſume his natural Turn of ſatyrical Drolery upon the *Critics*.

EPILOGUE.

Upon the ſame.

To the DUTCHESS.

MADAM, the Joys of this great Day are due,
No leſs than to your *royal Lord*, to you;
And, while three mighty *Kingdoms* pay your Part,
You have, what's greater than them all, his *Heart*,
That Heart, that, when it was his Country's Guard,
The Fury of two Elements out-dar'd;
And made a ſtubborn haughty Enemy
The Terror of his dreadful Conduct fly;
And yet you conquer'd it—and made your Charms
Appear no leſs victorious, than his Arms:
For which you oft' have triumph'd on this Day,
And many more to come *Heav'n* grant you may.

But, as great *Princes* uſe, in ſolemn Times
Of Joy, to pardon all, but heinous Crimes;
If we have ſin'd, without an ill Intent,
And done below what really we meant,
We humbly aſk your Pardon for't, and pray
You would forgive, in Honour of the Day.

A

BALLAD.

AS cloſe as a Gooſe
Sat the *Parliament-Houſe*;
To hatch the royal Gull;
After much fiddle-faddle,
The Egg proved addle,
And *Oliver* came forth *Nol.*

Yet old Queen *Madge*,
Though things do not fadge,
Will ſerve to be *Queen of a May-pole*;
Two Princes of *Wales*,
For *Whitſun-ales*,
And her Grace *Maid-Marion Clay-pole.*

This Ballad refers to the *Parliament*, as it was called, which deliberated about making *Oliver* King, and petitioned him to accept the Title; which he, out of fear of ſome republican Zealots in his Party, refuſed to accept, and contented himſelf with the Power, under the Name of *Protector*.

And her Grace Maid-Marion Clay-pole.] In the ruſtic Ceremony of a *Whitſun-ale*, beſides a Mock-King, Queen, &c. there is always a *Maid-Marion*, which is a young Woman, or a Boy dreſſed in Women's Cloaths, whoſe Buſineſs it is to dance the *Morice*, or Morice-dance.

In a Robe of Cow-hide
Sat yeaſty *Pride*,
With his Dagger, and his Sling;
He was the pertinen'ſt Peer,
Of all, that were there,
T'adviſe with ſuch a *King*.

A great *Philoſopher*
Had a Gooſe for his Lover,
That follow'd him Day and Night;
If it be a true Story,
Or but an Allegory,
It may be both ways right.

Strickland and his Son,
Both caſt into one,
Were meant for a ſingle *Baron*;
But, when they came to ſit,
There was not Wit
Enough in them both, to ſerve for one.

In a Robe of Cow-hide, &c.] This alludes to the Cuſtom of Officers of the Army at that time, wearing Buff-Coats.—The Character of Colonel *Pride*, and the Propriety of the Epithet *Yeaſty* is too well known to need explaining.

A great Philoſopher—Had a Gooſe for his Lover.] *Pliny*, *Ælian*, and other ancient Recorders of wonderful Stories tell us, that a Gooſe fell in Love with a young *Grecian* called *Amphilochus*. How *Butler* came to make a Philoſopher of him I cannot diſcover.—He might, perhaps, be led into the Miſtake by the Name, which belong'd alſo to a famous Soothſayer, the Son of *Amphiaraus* and *Eriphyle*.

Wherefore 'twas thought good
To add *Honeywood*;
But, when they came to Tryal,
Each one prov'd a Fool,
Yet three Knaves in the whole,
And that made up a Pair-royal.

Strickland *and his Son*, &c.] I meet with the Names of *Strickland* and *Honeywood* among the Members of that Parliament; but, for want of a more circumſtantial Hiſtory of the Tranſactions of thoſe Times, muſt refer the Inveſtigation of this Fact to future Critics.

Yet three Knaves in the whole—And that made up a Pair royal.] The Wit of this lies in the Ambiguity of the Word *Pair-royal*, which is applicable to three Knaves at the Game of *Brag*, and ſignifies at the ſame time in *French* a Peer or Baron.

A BALLAD.

DRAW near, good People, all draw near,
And hearken to my Ditty;
A ſtranger Thing,
Than this I ſing,
Came never to this *City*.

Had you but ſeen this Monſter,
You wou'd not give a Farthing
For the Lyons in the Grate,
Nor the Mountain-Cat;
Nor the Bears in *Paris-garden*.

To this humorous Ballad *Butler* had prefixed this Title—*The Privileges of Pimping*—but afterwards croſs'd it out, for which Reaſon I have not inſerted it; and only mention it, as a Circumſtance, which may amuſe ſuch, as are curious in hunting out the Explication of Niceties of this Sort. It does not appear to bear any Senſe conſiſtent with the Subject; but ſome other Critic may perhaps find one; or at leaſt pleaſe himſelf with thinking ſo.

You wou'd defy the Pageants,
Are born before the *Mayor*;
The ſtrangeſt Shape,
You e'er did gape
Upon at *Bart'lmy* Fare!

His Face is round and decent,
As is your Diſh, or Platter,
On which there grows
A Thing like a Noſe,
But, indeed, it is no ſuch Matter.

On both Sides of th' aforeſaid
Are Eyes, but th'are not Matches,
On which there are
To be ſeen two fair,
And large, well-grown Muſtaches.

His Face is round and decent, &c.] From the Medals, and original Portraits, which are left of *Oliver Cromwell*, one may probably conjecture, if not poſitively affirm, that this drole Picture was deſigned for him. The Roundneſs of the Face, the Oddneſs of the Noſe, and the remarkable Largeneſs of the Eyebrows, are Particulars which correſpond exactly with them. My Lord *Clarendon*, and other Hiſtorians obſerve, that he had ſomething ſingular and ungracious in his Look and Appearance; and the Author of a ſatirical Piece entitled, *Memoirs of the Year* 1649, *and* 1650, and falſly imputed to *Butler* in that Collection of Papers called his *Remains*, deſcribes him in the following Terms—"But *Cromwell* wants neither Wardrobe, nor Armour: his Face was natural Buff, and his Skin may furniſh him with a ruſty Coat of Mail. You would think,

Now this with Admiration
Does all Beholders ſtrike,
That a Beard ſhould grow
Upon a Thing's Brow,
Did ye ever ſee the like?

He has no Skull, 'tis well known
To Thouſands of Beholders;
Nothing, but a Skin,
Does keep his Brains in
From running about his Shoulders.

On both Sides of his Noddle
Are Straps o'th' very ſame Leather;
Ears are imply'd,
But th'are mere Hide,
Or Morſels of Tripe, chuſe ye whether.

" think, he had been chriſten'd in a Lime-pit, tann'd alive; but his " Countenance ſtill continues mangy. We cry out againſt Super- " ſtition, and yet worſhip a Piece of Wainſcot, and idolize an un- " blanch'd Almond. Certainly 'tis no human Viſage, but the Em- " blem of a Mandrake, one ſcarce handſome enough to have been " the Progeny of *Hecuba*, had ſhe whelp'd him, when ſhe was a " Bitch, *&c.*"—Some Verſes follow to the ſame Purpoſe; but there is no Neceſſity to tranſcribe them; and, truly, they don't deſerve it upon any other Account. From this Repreſentation, though common Candour may ſuppoſe it a little aggravated by a profeſt Satyriſt, one may infer, that *Cromwell*'s Phyz was a Subject proper enough for a Poet of our Author's Turn.

Between theſe two extendeth
A Slit from Ear to Ear,
That, every Hour,
Gapes to devour
The Sowce, that grows ſo near.

Beneath a Tuft of Briſtles,
As rough as a *Frize*-jerkin:
If it had been a Beard,
'Twou'd have ſerv'd a Herd
Of Goats, that are of his near Kin.

Within a Set of Grinders
Moſt ſharp and keen, corroding
Your ir'n and braſs,
As eaſy as,
That you wou'd do a Pudding.

But the ſtrangeſt thing of all is,
Upon his Rump there groweth
A great long Tail,
That uſeth to trail
Upon the Ground, as he goeth.

PART II.

THIS Monſter was begotten
Upon one of the *Witches*
B' an *Imp*, that came to her,
Like a Man, to woo her,
With black Doublet, and Britches.

When he was whelp'd, for certain,
In divers ſeveral Countries
The Hogs, and Swine
Did grunt, and whine,
And the Ravens croak'd upon Trees.

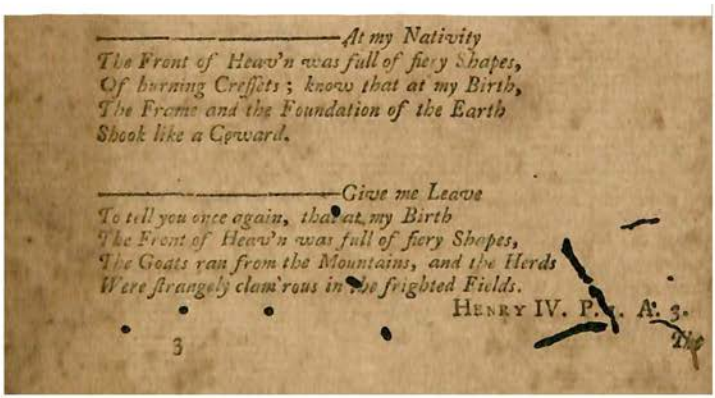
B' an Imp, *that came to her,—Like a Man, to woo her,—With black Doublet, and Britches,*] May not one ſuppoſe, without hazarding the Imputation of being too chimerical in one's Conjectures, that *Butler*, by *the black Doublet and Britches*, meant archly to inſinuate, that a Monſter of *Cromwell*'s enthuſiaſtic Caſt muſt needs be begotten by ſome *puritanic* or *fanatic* Preacher?

When he was whelp'd, for certain,—In divers ſeveral Countries,—The Hogs and Swine, &c.] This, no doubt, was intended as a Sneer upon thoſe romantic Writers, who deſcribe the Birth of their Heroes as accompanied with Prodigies; as well as to heighten the ſatyrical Burleſque upon his own mock-hero *Cromwell*. He might perhaps have in his Eye what *Shakeſpear* puts into the Mouth of *Owen Glendower*.

The Winds did blow, the Thunder
And Lightning loud did rumble;
The Dogs did howl,
The hollow Tree in th' Owl—
'Tis a good Horſe that ne'er ſtumbl'd.

As ſoon as he was brought forth,
At th' Midwife's Throat he flew;
And threw the Pap
Down in her Lap;
They ſay, 'tis very true.

And up the Walls he clamber'd,
With Nails moſt ſharp, and keen,
The Prints whereof,
I'th' Boards and Roof,
Are yet for to be ſeen.


——————At my Nativity
The Front of Heav'n was full of fiery Shapes,
Of burning Creſſets; know that at my Birth,
The Frame and the Foundation of the Earth
Shook like a Coward.

——————Give me Leave
To tell you once again, that at my Birth
The Front of Heav'n was full of fiery Shapes,
The Goats ran from the Mountains, and the Herds
Were ſtrangely clam'rous in the frighted Fields.
HENRY IV. P. 1. A. 3.

And out o'th' Top o'th' Chimney
He vaniſh'd, ſeen of none;
For they did wink,
Yet by the Stink
Knew, which way he was gone.

The Country round about there
Became like to a Wildern-
-neſs; for the Sight
Of him did fright
Away Men, Women, and Children.

Long did he there continue;
And all thoſe Parts much harmed;
'Till a Wiſe-woman, which
Some call a *White-witch*,
Him into a Hogſty charmed.

The Dogs did howl,—The hollow Tree in th' Owl.] This whimſical Liberty our Author takes, of tranſpoſing the Words for the ſake of a Rhime, though at the Expence of the Senſe, is a new kind of poetic Licence; and 'tis merry enough to obſerve, that he literally does, what he jokingly charges upon other Poets in another Place.

But thoſe, that write in Rhime, ſtill make
The one Verſe for the other's ſake;
For one for Senſe, and one for Rhime,
I think's ſufficient at one time.

HUD. P. 2. C. 1. V. 29.

There, when ſhe had him ſhut faſt,
With Brimſtone, and with Nitre
She ſing'd the Claws
Of his Left Paws,
With tip of his Tail, and his Right Ear.

And with her Charms and Ointments
She made him tame as a Spaniel;
For ſhe us'd to ride
On his Back aſtride,
Nor did he do her any ill.

But, to the Admiration
Of all both far and near,
He hath been ſhown
In every Town,
And eke in every Shire.

And now, at length, he's brought
Unto fair *London* City,
Where, in *Fleet-ſtreet*,
All thoſe may ſee't,
That will not believe my Ditty.

Where in Fleet-ſtreet.] If ſome curious Enquirer into the *Minutiæ* of Biography can diſcover, whether *Cromwell* lodg'd in *Fleet-ſtreet*, he may do me the Pleaſure of confirming, or himſelf that of confuting my Conjectures about the Hero of this Ballad.

God ſave the *King*, and *Parliament*,
And eke the *Prince* s Highneſs;
And quickly ſend
The Wars an End,
As here my Song has—*Finis.*

God ſave the King and Parliament.] From this Circumſtance it appears, that this Ballad was wrote before the Murder of the *King*; and that it is the earlieſt Performance of *Butler*'s, that has yet been made public; and I think, one may, without Prejudice, affirm, that it does no Diſcredit to his younger Years.

SATYR.

IT is the nobleſt Act of human *Reaſon*
To free itſelf from ſlaviſh Prepoſſeſſion;
Aſſume the legal Right to diſengage
From all, it had contracted under Age,
And not its Ingenuity and Wit
To all, it was imbu'd with firſt, ſubmit;
Take true, or falſe for better, or for worſe,
To have, or t'hold indifferently of courſe.

In the large General Dictionary, or *Bayle's* enlarg'd by Mr. *Bernard*, *Birch*, and *Lockman*, we are told by the learned Editors, under the Article *Hudibras*, that they were perſonally inform'd by the late Mr. *Longueville*—That amongſt the genuine Remains of *Butler*, which were in his Hands, there was a Poem intitled, *The Hiſtory of Learning*—To the ſame Purpoſe is the following Paſſage cited from the *Poetical Regiſter*, Vol. II. p. 21.—"In Juſtice to the Public it "is thought proper to declare, that all the Manuſcripts, Mr. *Butler* left behind him, are now in the Cuſtody of Mr. *Longueville* "(among which is one intitled, *The Hiſtory of Learning*, written after the manner of *Hudibras*) and that not one Line of thoſe "Poems lately publiſh'd under his Name is genuine."—

As theſe Authorities muſt have given the World reaſon to expect in this Work a Poem of this ſort, it becomes neceſſary for me to inform the Public—that *Butler* did meditate a pretty long Satyr upon the Imperfection and Abuſe of human Learning, but that he only finiſhed this firſt Part of it, though he has left very conſiderable and intereſting Fragments of the Remainder, ſome of which I ſhall ſubjoin.

The

For *Cuſtom*, though but Uſher of the School,
Where *Nature* breeds the Body and the Soul,
Uſurps a greater Pow'r and Intereſt
O'er Man, the Heir of Reaſon, than Brute Beaſt;
That by two different Inſtincts is led,
Born to the one, and to the other bred;
And trains him up with Rudiments more falſe,
Than *Nature* does her ſtupid Animals:
And that's one Reaſon, why more Care's beſtow'd
Upon the Body, than the Soul's allow'd;

The Poet's Plan ſeems to have conſiſted of two Parts: the firſt, which he has executed, is to expoſe the Defects of human Learning, from the wrong Methods of Education, from the natural Imperfection of the human Mind, and from that Over-eagerneſs of Men to know things above the Reach of human Capacity—The ſecond, as far as one can judge by the Remains, and intended Parts of it, was to have exemplified what he has aſſerted in the firſt, and ridiculed and ſatyriz'd the different Branches of human Learning, in characterizing the Philoſopher, Critic, Orator, &c.

Mr. *Longueville* might be led by this, into the Miſtake of calling this Work a *Hiſtory of Learning*; or perhaps it might ariſe from *Butler*'s having in one Plan, which he afterwards alter'd, begun with theſe two Lines,

The Hiſtory of Learning is ſo lame,
That few can tell, from whence at firſt it came.

What has been ſaid will, I flatter myſelf, be a ſufficient Apology for the printing an imperfect Work, if the many good Things to be met with in it, does not make one unneceſſary.—However, for this Reaſon I did not think fit to place it amongſt his other Satyrs, which are perfect in their different ways.

That is not found to underſtand, and know
So ſubtly, as the Body's found to grow.
Though Children, without Study, Pains, or Thought,
Are Languages, and vulgar Notions taught;
Improve their nat'ral Talents without Care
And apprehend, before they are aware;
Yet, as all Strangers never leave the Tones,
They have been us'd of Children to pronounce;
So moſt Mens Reaſon never can outgrow
The Diſcipline, it firſt receiv'd to know,
But renders Words, they firſt began to con,
The end of all, that's after to be known,
And ſets the Help of Education back
Worſe, than, without it, Man cou'd ever lack;
Who therefore finds, the artificial'ſt Fools
Have not been chang'd i'th' Cradle, but the Schools,
Where Error, Pedantry, and Affectation
Run them behind-hand with their Education;
And all alike are taught poetic Rage,
When hardly one's fit for it in an Age.

No ſooner are the Organs of the Brain
Quick to receive, and ſtedfaſt to retain
Beſt Knowledges, but all's laid out upon
Retrieving of the Curſe of *Babylon*,
To make *confounded Languages* reſtore
A greater Drudg'ry, than it barr'd before.
And therefore thoſe imported from the *Eaſt*,
Where firſt they were incurr'd, are held the beſt,
Although convey'd in worſe *Arabian* Pot-hooks,
Than gifted *Tradeſmen* ſcratch in Sermon Note-books;
Are really but Pains and Labour loſt,
And not worth half the Drudgery they coſt,
Unleſs, like Rarities, as th' have been brought
From foreign Climates, and as dearly bought;
When thoſe, who had no other but their own,
Have all ſucceeding Eloquence out-done;
As Men, that wink with one Eye, ſee more true,
And take their Aim much better, than with two.

For the more Languages a Man can ſpeak,
His Talent has but ſprung the greater Leak;
And, for the Induſtry h' has ſpent upon't,
Muſt full as much ſome other way diſcount.
The *Hebrew*, *Chaldee*, and the *Syriac*
Do, like their Letters, ſet Mens Reaſon back;
And turns their Wits, that ſtrive to underſtand it,
(Like thoſe, that write the Characters) left-handed:
Yet he, that is but able to expreſs
No Senſe at all in ſeveral Languages,
Will paſs for learneder, than he, that's known
To ſpeak the ſtrongeſt Reaſon in his own.
Theſe are the modern Arts of Education,
With all the Learned of Mankind in Faſhion,
But practis'd only with the Rod and Whip,
As Riding-ſchools inculcate Horſemanſhip;
Or *Romiſh* Penitents let out their Skins,
To bear the Penalties of others Sins.

When Letters, at the firſt, were meant for play,
And only us'd to paſs the Time away;
When th' ancient *Greeks* and *Romans* had no Name
T' expreſs a School and Play-houſe, but the ſame;
And in their Languages, ſo long agone,
To ſtudy, or be idle, was all one.
For nothing more preſerves Men in their Wits,
Than giving of them Leave to play by Fits,
In Dreams to ſport, and ramble with all Fancies,
And waking, little leſs Extravagances,
The Reſt and Recreation of tir'd Thought,
When 'tis run down with Care, and over-wrought;
Of which whoever does not freely take
His conſtant Share, is never broad awake
And, when he wants an equal Competence
Of both Recruits, abates as much of Senſe.
Nor is their *Education* worſe deſign'd,
Than *Nature* (in her Province) proves un-kind.
The greateſt Inclinations with the leaſt
Capacities are fatally poſſeſt,

Condemn'd to drudge, and labour, and take Pains,
Without an equal Competence of Brains:
While thoſe, ſhe has indulg'd in Soul and Body,
Are moſt averſe to Induſtry and Study:
And th' activ'ſt Fancies ſhare as looſe alloys,
For want of equal Weight to counterpoiſe.
But when thoſe great Conveniencies meet
Of equal Judgment, Induſtry, and Wit,
The one but ſtrives the other to divert,
While Fate and Cuſtom in the Feud take Part;
And Scholars by prepoſterous *over-doing*,
And *under-judging* all their Projects ruin:
Who, though the Underſtanding of Mankind
Within ſo ſtrait a Compaſs is confin'd,
Diſdain the Limits, *Nature* ſets to bound
The Wit of Man, and vainly rove beyond.
The braveſt Soldiers ſcorn, until th' are got
Cloſe to the Enemy, to make a Shot;
Yet great Philoſophers delight to ſtretch
Their Talents moſt at things beyond their Reach,

And proudly think t' unriddle ev'ry Cauſe,
That *Nature* uſes, by their own By-laws:
When 'tis not onl' impertinent, but rude,
Where ſhe denies Admiſſion, to intrude;
And all their Induſtry is but to err,
Unleſs they have free Quarentine from her:
Whence 'tis the World the leſs has underſtood,
By ſtriving to know more, than 'tis allow'd.
For *Adam*, with the Loſs of Paradiſe
Bought Knowledge at too deſperate a Price;
And ever ſince that miſerable Fate
Learning did never coſt an eaſier Rate:
For though the moſt divine and ſovereign Good,
That *Nature* has upon Mankind beſtow'd,
Yet it has prov'd a greater Hinderance
To th' Intereſt of Truth, than Ignorance;
And therefore never bore ſo high a Value,
As when 'twas low, contemptible, and ſhallow;
Had Academies, Schools, and Colleges
Endow'd for its Improvement, and Increaſe;
With Pomp and Shew was introduc'd with Maces,
More than a *Roman* Magiſtrate had *Faſces*;

Impower'd with Statute, Privilege, and Mandate,
T' aſſume an Art, and after underſtand it,
Like Bills of Store for taking a Degree,
With all the Learning to it Cuſtom-free;
And own Profeſſions, which they never took
So much Delight in, as to read one Book:
Like *Princes* had Prerogative to give
Convicted Malefactors a Reprieve;
And having but a little paltry Wit
More than the World, reduc'd and govern'd it,
But ſcorn'd, as ſoon as 'twas but underſtood,
As *better* is a ſpiteful Foe to *good*;
And now has nothing left for its Support,
But what the darkeſt Times provided for't.
Man has a natural Deſire to know,
But th' one Half is for Int'reſt, th' other Show.
As Scriveners take more Pains to learn the Slight
Of making Knots, than all the Hands they write:
So all his Study is not to extend
The Bounds of Knowledge, but ſome vainer End;

T'appear, and paſs for learned, though his Claim
Will hardly reach beyond the empty Name.
For moſt of thoſe, that drudge and labour hard,
Furniſh their Underſtandings by the Yard,
As a *French* Library by the Whole is,
So much an Ell for Quarto's, and for Folio's;
To which they are but Indexes themſelves,
And underſtand no further than the Shelves;
But ſmatter with their Titles and Editions,
And place them in their claſſical Partitions:
When all a Student knows of what he reads
Is not in's own, but under general Heads
Of Common-places, not in his own Pow'r,
But like a *Dutchman*'s Money i'th' *Cantore*,
Where all he can make of it, at the beſt,
Is hardly Three *per Cent.* for Intereſt;
And whether he will ever get it out
Into his own Poſſeſſion is a Doubt:
Affects all Books of paſt and modern Ages,
But reads no further than the Title-pages,
Only to con the Authors Names by rote,
Or, at the beſt, thoſe of the Books, they quote,
Enough to challenge intimate Acquaintance
With all the learned Moderns, and the Ancients.

As *Roman* Noblemen were wont to greet,
And compliment the Rabble in the Street,
Had *Nomenclators* in their Trains, to claim
Acquaintance with the meaneſt by his Name;
And by ſo mean contemptible a Bribe
Trepan'd the Suffrages of every Tribe:
So learned Men, by Authors Names unknown,
Have gain'd no ſmall Improvement to their own;
And he's eſteem'd the learned'ſt of all others,
That has the largeſt Catalogue of Authors.

FRAGMENTS

Of an intended

SECOND PART

Of the foregoing

SATYR.

MENS Talents grow more bold and confident,
The further th' are beyond their juſt Extent,
As Smatterers prove more arrogant and pert,
The leſs they truly underſtand an Art;

Theſe Fragments were fairly wrote out, and ſeveral times, with ſome little Variations, tranſcribed by *Butler*, but never connected, or reduced into any regular Form. They may be conſidered as the principal Parts of a curious Edifice, each ſeparately finiſhed, but not united into one general Deſign.

From theſe the Reader may form a Notion and tolerable Idea of our Author's intended Scheme; and will, I doubt not, regret with me, that he did not apply himſelf to the finiſhing of a Satyr ſo well ſuited to his Judgment, and particular Turn of Wit.

It may be thought, perhaps, that ſome Parts of it ought to have been illuſtrated with Notes; but as the printing an imperfect Work may be judged by ſome Readers of great Delicacy, a Sort of Intruſion upon the Public, I did not care to enhance the Objection by clogging it with additional Obſervations of my own.

And, where th'ave leaſt Capacity to doubt,
Are wont t'appear moſt perempt'ry and ſtout:
While thoſe, that know the mathematic Lines,
Where *Nature* all the Wit of Man confines,
And when it keeps within its Bounds, and where
It acts beyond the Limits of its Sphere,
Enjoy an abſoluter free Command
O'er all, they have a Right to underſtand,
Than thoſe, that falſly venture to encroach,
Where *Nature* has deny'd them all Approach;
And ſtill the more they ſtrive to underſtand,
Like great Eſtates, run furtheſt behindhand;
Will undertake the *Univerſe* to fathom,
From Infinite down to a ſingle Atom;
Without a geometric Inſtrument,
To take their own Capacity's Extent;
Can tell as eaſy how the *World* was made,
As if they had been brought up to the Trade,
And whether *Chance*, *Neceſſity*, or *Matter*
Contriv'd the whole Eſtabliſhment of *Nature*;
When all their Wits to underſtand the *World*
Can never tell, why a Pig's Tail is curl'd;
Or give a rational Account, why Fiſh,
That always uſe to drink, do never piſs.

What mad fantaſtic Gambols have been plaid
By th' antient *Greek* Forefathers of the Trade,
That were not much inferior to the Freaks
Of all our lunatic *fanatic* Sects?
The firſt and beſt Philoſopher of *Athens*
Was crackt, and ran ſtark-ſtaring mad with *Patience*;
And had no other way to ſhew his Wit,
But when his *Wife* was in her ſcolding Fit;
Was after in the *Pagan* Inquiſition,
And ſuffer'd Martyrdom for no Religion.
Next him, his Scholar ſtriving to expel
All *Poets* his poetic Commonweal;
Exil'd himſelf, and all his Followers
Notorious *Poets*, only bating Verſe.
The *Stagyrite*, unable to expound
The *Euripus*, leapt into't, and was drown'd.
So he, that put his Eyes out to conſider,
And contemplate on nat'ral Things the ſteadier,
Did but himſelf for Idiot convince,
Tho' reverenc'd by the Learned ever ſince.
Empedocles, to be eſteem'd a *God*,
Leapt into *Ætna*, with his Sandals ſhod,

That b'ing blown out diſcover'd, what an Aſs
The great *Philoſopher* and Jugler was,
That to his own new *Deity* ſacrific'd,
And was himſelf the Victim, and the Prieſt.
The *Cynic* coin'd falſe Money, and for fear
Of being hang'd for't, turn'd *Philoſopher*;
Yet with his Lanthorn went by Day, to find
One honeſt Man i'th' Heap of all Mankind;
An idle Freak, he needed not have done,
If he had known himſelf to be but one.
With Swarms of Maggots of the ſelf-ſame rate,
The Learned of all Ages celebrate;
Things that are properer for *Knights-bridge* College,
Than th' Authors and Originals of Knowledge;
More ſottiſh, than the two *Fanatics* trying
To mend the World by *laughing*, or by *crying*;
Or he, that laugh'd, until he choak'd his Whiſtle,
To rally on an Aſs, that eat a Thiſtle;
That th' antique *Sage*, that was gallant t'a Gooſe,
A fitter Miſtreſs cou'd not pick, and chuſe,
Whoſe Tempers, Inclinations, Senſe and Wit,
Like two Indentures, did agree ſo fit.

The antient *Sceptics* conſtantly deny'd
What they maintain'd, and thought they juſtify'd:
For when th' affirm'd, *that nothing's to be known*,
They did but what they ſaid before diſown;
And, like Polemics of the *Poſt* pronounce
The ſame thing to be true and falſe at once.
Theſe Follies had ſuch Influence on the Rabble,
As to engage them in perpetual Squabble;
Divided *Rome* and *Athens* into Clans
Of ignorant mechanic Partiſans;
That, to maintain their own Hypotheſes,
Broke one another's Blockheads, and the Peace;
Were often ſet by *Officers* i'th' Stocks
For quarrelling about a Paradox:
When *Pudding-Wives* were launcht in cockquean Stools;
For falling foul on *Oyſter-women*'s Schools.
No *Herb-women* ſold Cabbages or Onions,
But to their Goſſips of their own Opinions.
A *peripatetic Cobler* ſcorn'd to ſoal
A pair of Shoes of any other School;
And *Porters* of the Judgment of the *Stoicks*
To go an Errand of the *Cyrenaics*;

That us'd t'encounter in athletic Liſts,
With Beard to Beard, and Teeth and Nails to Fiſts,
Like modern Kicks and Cuffs among the Youth
Of *Academics*, to maintain the Truth.
But in the boldeſt Feats of Arms the *Stoic*
And *Epicurean* were the moſt heroic,
That ſtoutly ventur'd breaking of their Necks,
To vindicate the Int'reſts of their Sects,
And ſtill behav'd themſelves as reſolute
In waging Cuffs and Bruiſes, as Diſpute;
Until with Wounds and Bruiſes, which th' had got,
Some Hundreds were kill'd dead upon the Spot:
When all their Quarrels, rightly underſtood,
Were but to prove Diſputes the *ſov'reign Good.*

Diſtinctions, that had been at firſt deſign'd
To regulate the Errors of the Mind,
By b'ing too nicely overſtrain'd and vext,
Have made the Comment harder than the Text;
And do not now, like Carving, hit the Joint;
But break the Bones in Pieces of a Point;

And with impertinent Evaſions force
The cleareſt Reaſon from its native Courſe --
That argue things s'uncertain 'tis no matter,
Whether they are, or never were in Nature;
And venture to demonſtrate, when th'ave ſlur'd,
And palm'd a Fallacy upon a Word.
For Diſputants (as Swordſmen uſe to fence
With blunted Foyles) engage with blunted Senſe;
And as th'are wont to falſify a Blow,
Uſe nothing elſe to paſs upon the Foe;
Or, if they venture further to attack,
Like Bowlers, ſtrive to beat away the *Jack*;
And, when they find themſelves too hardly preſt on,
Prevaricate, and change the State o'th' queſtion,
The nobleſt Science of Defence and Art
In practice now with all that controvert.
And th' only Mode of Prizes, from *Bear-garden*
Down to the Schools, in giving Blows, or warding.

As old *Knights-errant* in their Harneſs fought
As ſafe as in a Caſtle, or Redoubt;
Gave one another deſperate Attacks,
To ſtorm the Counterſcarps upon their Backs.

So *Diſputants* advance, and poſt their Arms,
To ſtorm the Works of one another's Terms;
Fall foul on ſome extravagant Expreſſion,
But ne'er attempt the main Deſign and Reaſon—
So ſome *Polemics* uſe to draw their Swords
Againſt the Language only and the Words:
As he, who fought at Barriers with *Salmaſius*,
Engag'd with nothing but his Stile and Phraſes;
Wav'd to aſſert the Murther of a *Prince*,
The Author of falſe *Latin* to convince;
But laid the Merits of the Cauſe aſide,
By thoſe, that underſtood them, to be try'd.
And counted *breaking Priſcian's Head* a thing
More capital, than *to behead a King*,
For which h' has been admir'd by all the Learn'd,
Of Knaves concern'd, and Pedants unconcern'd.

Judgment is but a curious Pair of Scales,
That turns with th' Hundredth Part of true or falſe;
And ſtill, the more 'tis us'd, is wont t' abate
The Subtlety and Niceneſs of its Weight,
Until 'tis falſe, and will not riſe, nor fall,
Like thoſe that are leſs artificial;

And, therefore, *Students* in their ways of judging
Are fain to ſwallow many a ſenſeleſs gudgeon;
And by their Over-underſtanding loſe
Its active Faculty with too much uſe:
For Reaſon, when too curiouſly 'tis ſpun,
Is but the next of all remov'd from none—
It is *Opinion* governs all Mankind,
As wiſely as the Blind, that leads the Blind:
For as thoſe Sirnames are eſteem'd the beſt,
That ſignify in all things elſe the leaſt;
So Men paſs faireſt in the World's Opinion,
That have the leaſt of Truth and Reaſon in 'em.
Truth would undo the World, if it poſſeſt
The meaneſt of its Right and Intereſt;
Is but a titular *Princeſs*, whoſe Authority
Is always under-Age, and in Minority.
Has all things done, and carried in its Name,
But moſt of all, where it can lay no Claim.
As far from Gaiety and Complaiſance,
As Greatneſs, Inſolence, and Ignorance;
And therefore has ſurrendred her Dominion
O'er all Mankind to barbarous *Opinion*,
That in her Right uſurps the Tyrannies
And arbitrary Government of Lies—
As no Tricks on the Rope, but thoſe that break,
Or come moſt near to breaking of a Neck,

Are worth the Sight; ſo nothing goes for Wit,
But *Nonſenſe*, or the next of all to it.
For *Nonſenſe* being neither falſe nor true,
A little Wit to any thing may ſcrew;
And, when it has a while been us'd of courſe,
Will ſtand as well in Virtue, Pow'r, and Force,
And paſs for Senſe t'all Purpoſes as good,
As if it had at firſt been underſtood.
For *Nonſenſe* has the ampleſt Privileges,
And more than all the ſtrongeſt Senſe obliges,
That furniſhes the *Schools* with Terms of Art,
The Myſteries of Science to impart;
Supplies all Seminaries with Recruits
Of endleſs Controverſies and Diſputes;
For learned *Nonſenſe* has a deeper Sound,
Than eaſy Senſe, and goes for more profound.

For all our learned Authors now compile
At Charge of nothing, but the *Words* and *Stile*;
And the moſt curious Critics of the Learned
Believe themſelves in nothing elſe concerned.
For as it is the Garniture and Dreſs,
That all things wear in Books and Languages,
(And all Mens Qualities are wont t' appear
According to the Habits, that they wear)

'Tis probable to be the trueſt Teſt
Of all the Ingenuity o' th' reſt.
The Lives of Trees lie only in the Barks,
And in their Stiles the Wit of greateſt *Clerks*.
Hence 'twas the ancient *Roman* Politicians
Went to the Schools of foreign *Rhetoricians*,
To learn the Art of *Patrons* (in Defence
Of Int'reſt and their *Clients*) Eloquence;
When *Conſuls*, *Cenſors*, *Senators*, and *Prætors*,
With great *Dictators*, us'd-t' apply to *Rhetors*,
To hear the greater Magiſtrate o'th' School
Give Sentence in his haughty *Chair-curule*;
And thoſe, who mighty Nations overcame,
Were fain to ſay their Leſſons, and declame.
Words are but Pictures, true or falſe, deſign'd,
To draw the Lines and Features of the Mind;
The Characters and artificial Draughts,
T' expreſs the inward Images of Thoughts;
And Artiſts ſay a Picture may be good,
Although the Moral be not underſtood;
Whence ſome infer, they may admire a Stile,
Though all the reſt be e're ſo mean and vile;
Applaud th' outſides of Words, but never mind,
With what fantaſtic tawdery th'are lin'd,
So *Orators* enchanted with the Twang
Of their own Trillos take deliglt t' harangue;

Whoſe Science, like a *Jugler*'s Box and Balls,
Conveys, and counterchanges true and falſe;
Caſts Miſts before an Audience's Eyes,
To paſs the one for th' other in Diſguiſe;
And like a *Morrice-dancer* dreſt with Bells,
Only to ſerve for Noiſe, and nothing elſe,
Such as a *Carrier* makes his Cattle wear,
And hangs for Pendents in a Horſe's Ear;
For, if the Language will but bear the Teſt,
No Matter what becomes of all the reſt:
The abſtſt *Orator*, to ſave a Word,
Would throw all Senſe and Reaſon overboard.
Hence 'tis, that nothing elſe but *Eloquence*
Is ty'd to ſuch a prodigal Expence;
That lays out half the Wit and Senſe it uſes
Upon the other half's as vain excuſes:
For all Defences and Apologies
Are but Specifics t' other Frauds and Lies;
And th' artificial Waſh of *Eloquence*
Is daub'd in vain upon the cleareſt Senſe,
Only to ſtain the native Ingenuity
Of equal Brevity and Perſpicuity:
Whilſt all the beſt and ſob'reſt Things he does
Are when he coughs, or ſpits, or blows his Noſe;
Handles no Point ſo evident, and clear,
(Beſides his white Gloves) as his Handkercher,

Unfolds the niceſt Scruple ſo diſtinct,
As if his Talent had been wrapt up in't
Unthriftily, and now he went about
Henceforward to improve, and put it out.

The *Pedants* are a mungrel Breed, that ſojourn
Among the ancient Writers and the modern;
And, while their Studies are between the one
And th'other ſpent, have nothing of their own;
Like Spunges, are both Plants and Animals,
And equally to both their natures falſe.
For whether 'tis their want of Converſation
Inclines them to all Sorts of Affectation,
Their ſedentary Life and Melancholy,
The everlaſting Nurſery of Folly;
Their poring upon black and white too ſubt'ly
Has turn'd the Inſides of their Brains to motly;
Or ſquand'ring of their Wits and Time upon
Too many Things has made them fit for none;
Their conſtant overſtraining of the Mind
Diſtorts the Brain, as Horſes break their Wind;
Or rude Confuſions of the Things they read
Get up, like noxious Vapours, in the Head,
Until they have their conſtant *Wanes* and *Fulls*,
And *Changes* in the Inſides of their Skulls:

Or venturing beyond the Reach of Wit
Has render'd them for all Things elſe unfit;
But never bring the World and Books together;
And therefore never rightly judge of either;
Whence Multitudes of reverend Men and *Critics*
Have got a kind of intellectual Rickets,
And by th' immoderate Exceſs of Study
Have found the ſickly Head t' outgrow the Body.

For *Pedantry* is but a Corn, or Wart
Bred in the Skin of Judgment, Senſe, and Art;
A ſtupified Excreſcence, like a Wen,
Fed by the peccant Humours of learn'd Men,
That never grows from natural Defects
Of downright and untutor'd Intellects,
But from the over-curious and vain
Diſtempers of an artificial Brain—

So he, that once ſtood for the learneſt Man,
Had read out *Little-Britain* and *Duck-Lane*,
Worn out his Reaſon, and reduc'd his Body,
And Brain to nothing with perpetual Study;
Kept *Tutors* of all Sorts, and *Virtuoſos*,
To read all Authors to him with their Gloſſes,
And made his Lacqueys, when he walk'd, bear
Folios
Of *Dictionaries*, *Lexicons*, and *Scholias*,

So he that once ſtood for the learneſt Man.] I ſhall only juſt remark here, that our Satyriſt very probably intended in this Character to ridicule *Selden*. It is applicable enough to a Scholar of the Claſs;

To be read to him, every Way the Wind
Should chance to ſit, before him or behind;
Had read out all th' imaginary Duels,
That had been fought by *Conſonants* and *Vowels*;
Had crackt his Skull, to find out proper Places,
To lay up all Memoirs of Things in Caſes;
And practis'd all the Tricks upon the *Charts*,
To play with *Packs* of Sciences and Arts,
That ſerve t' improve a feeble Gameſter's Study,
That ventures at grammatic *Beaſt*, or *Noddy*;
Had read out all the Catalogues of Wares,
That come in dry Fats o'er from *Francfort* Fairs,
Whoſe Authors uſe t' articulate their Sirnames
With Scraps of *Greek* more learned than the *Germans*;
Was wont to ſcatter Books in ev'ry Room,
Where they might beſt be ſeen by all that come;
And lay a Train, that nat'rally ſhou'd force
What he deſign'd, as if it fell of courſe;
And all this with a worſe Succeſs than *Cardan*,
Who bought both Books and Learning at a Bargain,
When lighting on a philoſophic Spell,
Of which he never knew one Syllable,
Preſto be gone, h' unriddled all he read,
As if he had to nothing elſe been bred.

and though they were once Friends, yet they afterwards quarrel'd; and I find ſeveral other little Strictures upon him in his Common-place Book.

Miſcellaneous Thoughts.

ALL Men's Intrigues and Projects tend
By ſev'ral Courſes to one End,
To compaſs by the prop'reſt Shows,
Whatever their Deſigns propoſe;
And that which owns the fair'ſt Pretext
Is often found the indirect'ſt.
Hence 'tis, that Hypocrites ſtill paint
Much fairer, than the real Saint,
And Knaves appear more juſt and true,
Than honeſt Men, that make leſs Shew:
The dulleſt Idiots in Diſguiſe
Appear more knowing than the wiſe;

This, and the other little Sketches that follow, were among many of the ſame kind fairly wrote out by *Butler* in a ſort of poetical *Theſaurus*, which I have before mentioned. Whether he intended ever to publiſh any of them, as ſeparate diſtinct Thoughts, or to interweave them into ſome future Compoſitions, a Thing very uſual with him, cannot be aſcertained; nor is it, indeed, very material to thoſe who are fond of his Manner of thinking and writing. I have ventured to give them the Title of *Miſcellaneous Thoughts*; but I have not been over curious in placing them in any methodical order. Out of this Magazine he communicated to Mr. *Aubrey* that genuine Fragment printed in his Life, beginning

No Jeſuit e'er took in Hand
To plant a Church in barren Land;
Nor ever thought it worth the while
A Swede *or* Ruſs *to reconcile*, &c.

Illiterate Dunces undiſcern'd
Paſs on the Rabble for the learn'd;
And Cowards, that can damn and rant,
Paſs muſter for the valiant.
For he, that has but Impudence,
To all Things has a juſt Pretence;
And, put among his Wants but Shame,
To all the World may lay his Claim.

How various and innumerable
Are thoſe, who live upon the Rabble?
'Tis they maintain the Church and State,
Employ the Prieſt and Magiſtrate;
Bear all the Charge of Government,
And pay the public Fines and Rent;
Defray all Taxes and Exciſes,
And Impoſitions of all Prices;
Bear all th' Expence of Peace and War,
And pay the Pulpit and the Bar;

The publiſhing of miſcellaneous Thoughts, or what paſſes under the Name of *Table-talk*, might be juſtified by many Names of the greateſt Authority in the learned World; and theſe Sallies of Wit, unconnectedly printed, ſometimes give more Pleaſure, than when they are interſperſed in a long and regular Work; as it is often more entertaining to examine Jewels ſeparately in a Cabinet, than to ſee them adorning a Prince's Crown, or a royal Robe. One may venture to add, that theſe of our Author muſt have a Kind of additional Recommendation by the agreeable Singularity of their being in Verſe.

Maintain all Churches and Religions,
And give their Paſtors Exhibitions,
And thoſe, who have the greateſt Flocks,
Are primitive and orthodox;
Support all Schiſmatics and Sects,
And pay 'em for tormenting Texts,
Take all their Doctrines off their Hands,
And pay 'em in good Rents and Lands;
Diſcharge all coſtly Offices,
The Doctor's and the Lawyer's Fees,
The Hangman's Wages and the Scores
Of Caterpillar Bawds and Whores;
Diſcharge all Damages and Coſts
Of Knights and Squires of the Poſt,
All Stateſmen, Cutpurſes, and Padders,
And pay for all their Ropes and Ladders;
All Pettifoggers, and all Sorts
Of Mercats, Churches, and of Courts;
All Sums of Money paid or ſpent,
With all the Charges incident,
Laid out, or thrown away, or given
To purchaſe this World, Hell, or Heaven.

Should once the World reſolve t' aboliſh
All that's ridiculous, and fooliſh,

It wou'd have nothing left to do,
T' apply in Jeſt or Earneſt to,
No Buſineſs of Importance, Play,
Or State, to paſs its Time away.

The World would be more juſt, if Truth and Lies,
And Right and Wrong did bear an equal Price;
But ſince Impoſtures are ſo highly rais'd,
And Faith and Juſtice equally debas'd,
Few Men have Tempers for ſuch paltry Gains
T' undo themſelves with Drudgery and Pains.

The ſottiſh World without Diſtinction looks
On all that paſſes on th' account of Books;
And, when there are two Scholars, that within
The Species only hardly are a-kin,
The World will paſs for Men of equal Knowledge,
If equally th' have loiter'd in a College.

Critics are like a Kind of Flies, that breed,
In wild Fig-trees, and when th' are grown up feed

Upon the raw Fruit of the nobler Kind,
And by their nibbling on the outward Rind
Open the Pores, and make Way for the Sun
To rip'n it ſooner, than he wou'd have done.

As all Fanatics preach, ſo all Men write
Out of the Strength of Gifts and inward Light,
In Spite of Art; as Horſes thorough pac'd
Were never taught, and therefore go more faſt.

In all Miſtakes the ſtrict and regular
Are found to be the deſp'ratſt Ways to err,
And worſt to be avoided, as a Wound
Is ſaid to be the harder cur'd, that's round:
For Error and Miſtake, the leſs th' appear,
In th' End are found to be the dangerouſer;
As no Man minds thoſe Clocks, that uſe to go
Apparently too over-faſt, or ſlow.

The trueſt Characters of Ignorance
Are Vanity, and Pride, and Arrogance;
As blind Men uſe to bear their Noſes higher,
Than thoſe that have their Eyes and Sight entire,

The Metaphyſic's but a Puppet Motion,
That goes with Screws, the Notion of a Notion,
The Copy of a Copy, and lame Draught
Unnaturally taken from a Thought;
That counterfeits all pantomimic Tricks,
And turns the Eyes like an old Crucifix;
That counterchanges whatſoe'er it calls
B' another Name, and makes it true or falſe,
Turns Truth to Falſhood, Falſhood into Truth
By Virtue of the *Babylonian*'s Tooth.

'Tis not the Art of Schools to underſtand,
But make Things hard, inſtead of b'ing explain'd;
And therefore thoſe are commonly the learned'ſt,
That only ſtudy between Jeſt and Earneſt:
For when the End of Learning's to purſue,
And trace the ſubtle Steps of falſe and true,
They ne'er conſider how th'are to apply,
But only liſten to the Noiſe and Cry;
And are ſo much delighted with the Chace,
They never mind the taking of their Preys.

More Proſelites and Converts uſe t' accrue
To falſe Perſuaſions, than the right and true;
For Error and Miſtake are infinite,
But Truth has but one Way to be i'th' right;
As Numbers may t' Infinity be grown,
But never be reduc'd to leſs than one.

All Wit and Fancy, like a Diamond,
The more exact and curious 'tis ground,
Is forc'd for every Caract to abate
As much in Value, as it wants in Weight.

The great St. *Lewis* King of *France*
Fighting againſt *Mahometans*,
In *Ægypt*, in the Holy War,
Was routed and made Priſoner.
The Sultan then, into whoſe Hands
He and his Army fell, demands
A thouſand Weight of Gold, to free
And ſet them all at Liberty.
The King pays down one half o'th' Nail,
And for the other offers Bail

The *Pyx*, and in't the Euchariſt
The Body of our *Saviour Chriſt*.
The *Turk* conſider'd, and allow'd
The King's Security for good;
Such Credit had the *Chriſtian* Zeal
In thoſe Days with an Infidel,
That will not paſs for Two-pence now
Among themſelves, 'tis grown ſo low.

Thoſe, that go up Hill uſe to bow
Their Bodies forward, and ſtoop low,
To poiſe themſelves, and ſometimes creep,
When th' Way is difficult and ſteep:
—So thoſe at Court that do addreſs
By low ignoble Offices,
Can ſtoop to any Thing, that's baſe,
To wriggle into Truſt and Grace,
Are like to riſe to Greatneſs ſooner
Than thoſe, that go by Worth and Honour.

All Acts of Grace, and Pardon, and Oblivion
Are meant of Services, that are forgiven,
And not of Crimes Delinquents have committed,
And rather been rewarded, than acquitted.

Lions are Kings of Beaſts, and yet their
Pow'r
Is not to rule and govern, but devour:
Such ſavage Kings all Tyrants are, and they
No better than meer Beaſts, that do obey.

Nothing's more dull and negligent
Than an old lazy Government;
That knows no Intereſt of State,
But ſuch as ſerves a preſent Strait,
And to patch up, or ſhift, will cloſe,
Or break alike with Friends or Foes;
That runs behind-hand, and has ſpent
Its Credit to the laſt Extent;
And the firſt Time 'tis at a Loſs
Has not one true Friend, nor one Croſs.

The *Devil* was the firſt o'th' Name,
From whom the Race of Rebels came,
Who was the firſt bold Undertaker
Of bearing Arms againſt his Maker;
And, though miſcarrying in th' Event,
Was never yet known to repent,

Though tumbl'd from the Top of Bliſs
Down to the bottomleſs Abyſs;
A Property, which from their Prince
The Family owns ever ſince,
And therefore ne'er repent the Evil
They do, or ſuffer, like the *Devil.*

The worſt of Rebels never arm
To do their King or Country harm;
But draw their Swords to do them good,
As Doctors cure by letting Blood.

No ſeared Conſcience is ſo fell,
As that, which has been burnt with Zeal:
For Chriſtian Charity's as well
A great Impediment to Zeal,
As Zeal a peſtilent Diſeaſe
To Chriſtian Charity and Peace.

As Thiſtles wear the ſofteſt Down,
To hide their Prickles till they're grown;
And then declare themſelves and tear
Whatever ventures to come near:
So a ſmooth Knave does greater Feats
Than one, that idly rails and threats,

And all the Miſchief, that he meant,
Does like a Rattle-ſnake prevent.

Man is ſupreme Lord and Maſter
Of his own Ruin and Diſaſter,
Controuls his Fate, but nothing leſs
In ordering his own Happineſs:
For all his Care and Providence
Is too too feeble a Defence,
To render it ſecure and certain
Againſt the Injuries of Fortune;
And oft, in Spite of all his Wit,
Is loſt with one unlucky Hit,
And ruin'd with a Circumſtance,
And mere Punctilio of Chance.

Dame Fortune ſome Men's tutelar
Takes charge of them without their Care,
Does all their Drudgery and Work,
Like Fairies, for them in the Dark,
Conducts them blindfold, and advances
The Naturals by blinder Chances:
While others by Deſert or Wit,
Could never make the Matter hit,
But ſtill, the better they deſerve,
Are but the ablet Thought to ſtarve.

Great Wits have only been preferr'd
In Princes Trains to be interr'd;
And, when they coſt them nothing, plac'd
Among their Followers not the laſt;
But, while they liv'd, were far enough
From all Admittances kept off.

As Gold, that's proof againſt th' Aſſay,
Upon the Touchſtone wears away;
And having ſtood the greater Teſt,
Is overmaſter'd by the leaſt:
So ſome Men, having ſtood the Hate
And ſpiteful Cruelty of Fate,
Tranſported with a falſe Careſs
Of unacquainted Happineſs,
Loſt to Humanity and Senſe,
Have fall'n as low as Inſolence.

——Innocence is a Defence
For nothing elſe but Patience;
'Twill not bear out the Blows of Fate,
Nor Fence againſt the Tricks of State;
Nor from th' Oppreſſion of the Laws
Protect the plain'ſt and juſteſt Cauſe;

Nor keep unſpotted a good Name
Againſt the Obloquies of Fame;
Feeble as Patience, and as ſoon
By being blown upon undone:
As Beaſts are hunted for their Furs
Men for their Virtues fare the worſe.

Who doth not knew, with what fierce Rage
Opinions, true or falſe, engage?
And, 'cauſe they govern *all* Mankind,
Like the Blind's leading of the Blind,
All claim an equal Intereſt,
And free Dominion o'er the reſt.
And as one Shield, that fell from Heav'n,
Was counterfeited by Eleven,
The better to ſecure the Fate,
And laſting Empire of a State;
The Falſe are num'rous, and the true,
That only have the Right, but few.
Hence Fools, that underſtand 'em leaſt,
Are ſtill the fierceſt in Conteſt;
Unſight unſeen eſpouſe a Side
At Random, like a Prince's Bride,
To damn their Souls, and ſwear and lye for,
And at a Venture live and die for.

Opinion governs all Mankind,
Like the Blind's leading of the Blind;
For he, that has no Eyes in's Head,
Muſt be b' a Dog glad to be led;
And no Beaſts have ſo little in 'em
As that inhuman Brute, Opinion.
'Tis an infectious Peſtilence,
The Tokens upon Wit and Senſe,
That with a venemous Contagion
Invades the ſick Imagination;
And, when it ſeizes any Part,
It ſtrikes the Poyſon to the Heart.
This Men of one another catch
By contact, as the Humours match;
And nothing's ſo perverſe in Nature,
As a profound Opiniaſter.

Authority intoxicates,
And makes mere Sots of Magiſtrates,
The Fumes of it invade the Brain,
And make Men giddy, proud, and vain:
By this the Fool commands the wiſe;
The noble with the baſe complies,

The Sot aſſumes the Rule of Wit,
And Cowards make the Baſe ſubmit.

A godly Man, that has ſerv'd out his Time
In Holineſs, may ſet up any Crime;
As Scholars, when th' have taken their Degrees,
May ſet up any Faculty they pleaſe.

Why ſhou'd not Piety be made,
As well as Equity, a Trade,
And Men get Money by Devotion,
As well as making of a Motion;
B'allow'd to pray upon Conditions,
As well as Suiters in Petitions;
And in a Congregation pray,
No leſs than Chanc'ry for pay?

A Teacher's Doctrine and his Proof
In all his Province, and enough;
But is no more concern'd in uſe,
Than Shoemakers to wear all Shoes.

The ſob'reſt Saints are more ſtiffnecked
Than th' hotteſt-headed of the Wicked.

Hypocriſy will ſerve as well
To propagate a Church, as Zeal;
As Perſecution and Promotion,
Do equally advance Devotion:
So round White Stones will ſerve, they ſay,
As well as Eggs, to make Hens lay.

The greateſt Saints and Sinners have been made
Of Proſelites of one another's Trade.

Your wiſe and cautious Conſciences
Are free to take what Courſe they pleaſe;
Have plenary Indulgence to diſpoſe,
As Pleaſure of the ſtricteſt Vows;
And challenge Heav'n, they made 'em to,
To vouch and witneſs what they do;
And when they prove averſe and loth,
Yet for Convenience take an Oath;
Not only can diſpenſe, but make it
A greater Sin to keep, than take it;
Can bind and looſe all Sorts of Sin,
And only keeps the Keys within;
Has no Superior to controul,
But what itſelf ſets o'er the Soul;

And, when it is enjoin'd t' obey,
Is but confin'd, and keeps the Key;
Can walk inviſible, and where,
And when, and how it will appear;
Can turn itſelf into Diſguiſes
Of all Sorts, for all Sorts of Vices;
Can tranſubſtantiate, metamorphoſe,
And charm whole herds of Beaſts, like *Orpheus*;
Make Woods, and Tenements, and Lands
Obey, and follow its Commands,
And ſettle on a new Freehold,
As *Marcly-hill* remov'd of old;
Make Mountains move with greater Force,
Than *Faith*, to new Proprietors;
And perjures, to ſecure th' Enjoyments
Of public Charges and Employments:
For *true* and *faithful*, *good* and *juſt*
Are but Preparatives to truſt,
The gilt and ornament of Things,
And not their Movements, Wheels, and Springs.

All Love at firſt, like generous Wine,
Ferments and frets, until 'tis fine;
But when 'tis ſettl'd on the Lye,
And from th' impurer Matter free,
Becomes the richer ſtill, the older,
And proves the pleaſanter, the colder.

The Motions of the Earth or Sun,
(The Lord knows which) that turn, or run,
Are both perform'd by Fits and Starts,
And ſo are thoſe of Lover's Hearts,
Which, though they keep no even Pace,
Move true and conſtant to one Place.

Love is too great a Happineſs
For wretched Mortals to poſſeſs:
For, could it hold inviolate
Againſt thoſe Cruelties of Fate,
Which all Felicities below
By rigid Laws are ſubject to,
It wou'd become a Bliſs too high,
For periſhing Mortality,
Tranſlate to Earth the Joys above,
For nothing goes to Heav'n but Love.

All wild, but gen'rous Creatures live of courſe
As if they had agreed for better or worſe:
The Lion's conſtant to his only Miſs,
And never leaves his faithful Lioneſs;

And ſhe as chaſte and true to him agen,
As virtuous Ladies uſe to be to Men.
The docile and ingenious Elephant
T' his own and only Female is galant;
And ſhe as true and conſtant to his Bed,
That firſt enjoy'd her ſingle Maidenhead:
But paltry Rams, and Bulls, and Goats and Boars
Are never ſatisfy'd with new Amours;
As all Poltroons with us delight to range,
And, though but for the worſt of all, to change.

The Souls of Women are ſo ſmall,
That ſome believe th' have none at all;
Or if they have, like Cripples, ſtill
Th' ave but one Faculty, the Will;
The other two are quite laid by
To make up one great Tyranny:
And though their Paſſions have moſt Pow'r,
They are, like *Turks*, but Slaves the more
To th' abs'lute Will, that with a Breath
Has ſov'rain Pow'r of Life and Death,
And, as its little Int'reſts move,
Can turn 'em all to Hate or Love,
For nothing in a Moment turn
To frantic Love, Diſdain, and Scorn;

And make that Love degenerate
T' as great Extremity of Hate;
And Hate again, and Scorn, and Piques
To Flames and Raptures, and Love-tricks.

All Sorts of Vot'ries, that profeſs
To bind themſelves Apprentices
To Heav'n, abjure with ſolemn Vows
Not *cut and long-tail*, but a Spouſe,
As th' worſt of all Impediments
To hinder their devout Intents.

Moſt Virgins marry, juſt as Nuns
The ſame Thing the ſame Way renounce;
Before th' ave Wit to underſtand
The bold Attempt, they take in Hand;
Or having ſtaid, and loſt their Tides,
Are out of Seaſon grown for Brides.

The Credit of the Marriage-Bed
Has been ſo looſely huſbanded,
Men only deal for ready Money,
And Women ſep'rate Alimony;
And Ladies-Errant for debauching
Have better Terms, and equal Caution;

And for their Journeywork and Pains
The Chairwomen clear greater Gains.

As Wine, that with its own Weight runs, is beſt,
And counted much more noble than the preſt;
So is that Poetry, whoſe gen'rous Strains
Flow without ſervile Study, Art or Pains.

Some call it Fury, ſome a Muſe,
That, as poſſeſſing Devils uſe,
Haunts, and forſakes a Man, by Fits;
And when he's *in*, he's *out* of's Wits.

All Writers, though of diff'rent Fancies,
Do make all People in Romances,
That are diſtreſt and diſcontent,
Make Songs, and ſing t' an Inſtrument,
And Poets by their Sufferings grow;
As if there were no more to do,
To make a Poet excellent,
But only Want and Diſcontent.

It is not Poetry, that makes Men poor;
For few do write, that were not ſo before;

And thoſe, that have writ beſt, had they been rich,
Had ne'er been clap'd with a poetic Itch;
Had lov'd their Eaſe too well, to take the Pains
To undergo that Drudgery of Brains;
But being for all other Trades unfit,
Only t'avoid being idle, ſet up Wit.

They, that they do write in Authors Praiſes,
And freely give their Friends their Voices,
Are not confin'd to what is true;
That's not to give, but pay a Due:
For Praiſe, that's due, does give no more
To Worth, than what it had before;
But to commend without Deſert
Requires a Maſtery of Art,
That ſets a Gloſs on what's amiſs,
And writes what ſhou'd be, not what is.

In foreign Univerſities,
When a King's born, or weds, or dies,
Streight other Studies are laid by,
And all apply to Poetry:
Some write in *Hebrew*, ſome in *Greek*,
And ſome more wiſe in *Arabic*,

T' avoid the Critic, and th' Expence
Of difficulter Wit and Senſe;
And ſeem more learnediſh, than thoſe,
That at a greater Charge compoſe.
The Doctors lead, the Students follow;
Some call him *Mars*, and ſome *Apollo*,
Some *Jupiter*, and give him th' Odds,
On even Terms, of all the Gods:
Then *Cæſar* he's nicknam'd, as duly as
He that in *Rome* was chriſten'd *Julius*,
And was addreſt to by a Crow
As pertinently long ago;
And with more Hero's Names is ſtil'd,
Than Saints are clubb'd t' an *Auſtrian* Child:
And as Wit goes by Colleges,
As well as Standing and Degrees,
He ſtill writes better than the reſt,
That's of the Houſe, that's counted beſt.

Far greater Numbers have been loſt by Hopes,
Than all the Magazines of Daggers, Ropes,
And other Ammunitions of Deſpair
Were ever able to diſpatch by Fear.

There's Nothing our Felicities endears,
Like that, which falls among our Doubts and Fears,

And in the miſerableſt of Diſtreſs
Improves Attempts as deſp'rate with Succeſs;
Succeſs that owns and juſtifies all Quarrels,
And vindicates deſerts of Hemp with Lawrels;
Or, but miſcarrying in the bold Attempt
Turns Wreaths of Lawrel back again to Hemp.

The People have as much a neg'tive Voice
To hinder making War without their Choice,
As Kings of making Laws in Parliament;
No Money is as good, as *no Aſſent*.

When Princes idly lead about,
Thoſe of their Party follow ſuit,
Till others trump upon their Play,
And turn the Cards another Way.

What makes all Subjects diſcontent
Againſt a Prince's Government,
And Princes take as great Offence
At Subjects Diſobedience;
That neither th' other can abide,
But too much Reaſon on each Side?

Authority is a Diſeaſe and Cure,
Which Men can neither want, nor well endure.

Dame *Juſtice* puts her Sword into the Scales;
With which ſhe's ſaid to weigh out true and falſe,
With no Deſign, but, like the antique *Gaul*,
To get more Money from the *Capital*.

All that, which *Law* and *Equity* miſcalls
By th' empty idle Names of true and falſe,
Is nothing elſe but Maggots blown between
Falſe Witneſſes, and falſer Jurymen.

No *Court* allows thoſe partial Interlopers
Of Law and Equity, two ſingle *Paupers*,
T' encounter Hand to Hand at Bars, and trounce
Each other Gratis in a Suit at once:
For one at one Time, and upon free Coſt, is
Enough to play the Knave and Fool with Juſtice;
And when the one Side bringeth Cuſtom in,
And th' other lays out half the Reckoning,
The *Devil* himſelf will rather chuſe to play
At paltry ſmall Game, than ſit out, they ſay;
But, when at all there's nothing to be got,
The old Wife *Law* and *Juſtice* will not trot.

The *Law* that makes more Knaves than e'er it hung,
Little conſiders Right or Wrong;
But, like Authority's ſoon ſatisfy'd,
When 'tis to judge on its own Side.

The *Law* can take a Purſe in open Court,
Whilſt it condemns a leſs Delinquent for't.

Who can deſerve for breaking of the Laws
A greater Penance, than an honeſt Cauſe.

All thoſe, that do but rob and ſteal enough,
Are Puniſhment and Court of Juſtice proof;
And need not fear, nor be concern'd a Straw
In all the idle Bugbears of the Law,
But confidently rob the Gallows too,
As well as other Sufferers of their Due.

Old Laws have not been ſuffer'd to be point-
ed,
To leave the Senſe at large the more disjointed,

And furniſh Lawyers, with the greater Eaſe,
To turn and wind them any Way they pleaſe.
The *Statute-Law*'s their Scripture, and *Reports*
The ancient rev'rend Fathers of their Courts,
Records their general Councils, and *Deciſions*
Of Judges on the Bench their ſole Traditions,
For which, like Catholics, th' ave greater Awe,
As th' arbitrary and unwritten Law,
And ſtrive perpetually to make the Standard
Of Right between the Tenant and the Landlord:
And when two Caſes at a Trial meet,
That, like Indentures, jump exactly fit,
And all the Points, like Chequer-tallies ſuit,
The *Court* directs the obſtinat'ſt Diſpute;
There's no Decorum us'd of Time, nor Place,
Nor Quality, nor Perſon in the Caſe.

A Man of quick and active Wit
For Drudgery is more unfit,
Compar'd to thoſe of duller Parts,
Than Running-nags to draw in Carts.

Too much, or too little Wit
Do only render th' Owners fit

For nothing, but to be undone
Much eaſier, than if th' had none.

As thoſe, that are ſtark blind, can trace
The neareſt Ways from Place to Place,
And find the right Way eaſier out
Than thoſe, that Hood-wink'd try to do't:
So Tricks of State are manag'd beſt
By thoſe that are ſuſpected leaſt,
And greateſt *Fineſſe* brought about
By Engines moſt unlike to do't.

All the Politics of the Great
Are like the Cunning of a Cheat,
That lets his falſe Dice freely run,
And truſts them to themſelves alone;
But never lets a true one ſtir
Without ſome fing'ring Trick or Slur;
And, when the Gameſters doubt his Play,
Conveys his falſe Dice ſafe away,
And leaves the true ones in the Lurch,
T' endure the Torture of the Search.

What elſe does Hiſtory uſe to tell us,
But Tales of Subjects b'ing rebellious,

The vain Perfidiouſneſs of Lords,
And fatal Breach of Princes Words,
The ſottiſh Pride and Inſolence
Of Stateſmen, and their Want of Senſe,
Their Treach'ry, that undoes of Cuſtom
Their ownſelves firſt, next thoſe who truſt 'em?

Becauſe a feeble Limb's careſt,
And more indulg'd than all the reſt;
So frail and tender Conſciences
Are humour'd to do what they pleaſe;
When that, which goes for weak and feeble,
Is found the moſt incorrigible,
T' outdo all the Fiends in Hell
With Rapine, Murther, Blood, and Zeal.

As at th' Approach of Winter, all
The Leaves of great Trees uſe to fall,
And leave them naked to engage
With Storms and Tempeſts when they rage;
While humbler Plants are found to wear
Their freſh green Liveries all the Year:
So, when the glorious Seaſon's gone
With great Men, and hard Times come on,
The greateſt Calamities oppreſs
The Greateſt ſtill, and ſpare the Leſs.

As, when a greedy Raven ſees
A Sheep entangl'd by the Fleece,
With haſty Cruelty he flies
T' attack him, and pick out his Eyes:
So do thoſe Vultures uſe, that keep
Poor Pris'ners faſt like ſilly Sheep,
As greedily to prey on all,
That in their rav'nous Clutches fall.
For Thorns and Brambles, that came in,
To wait upon the Curſe for Sin;
And were no Part o' th' firſt Creation,
But for Revenge a new Plantation,
Are yet the fit'ſt Materials
T' encloſe the Earth with living Walls:
So Jailors, that are moſt accurſt,
Are found moſt fit in being worſt.

There needs no other Charm, nor Conjurer
To raiſe infernal Spirits up, but fear;
That makes Men pull their Horns in, like a Snail,
That's both a Pris'ner to itſelf, and Jail;

Draws more fantaſtic Shapes, than in the Grains
Of knotted Wood, in ſome Men's crazy Brains;
When all the Cocks, they think they ſee, and Bulls
Are only in the Inſides of their Sculls.

The *Roman Mufti* with his triple Crown
Does both the *Earth*, and *Hell*, and *Heav'n* own,
Beſide th' imaginary Territory,
He lays a Title to in *Purgatory*;
Declares himſelf an abſolute free Prince
In his Dominions, only over Sins;
But, as for Heav'n, ſince it lyes ſo far
Above him, is but only titular,
And, like his Croſs-keys Badge upon a Tavern,
Has nothing there to tempt, command, or govern:
Yet, when he comes to take Accompt and ſhare
The Profit of his proſtituted Ware,
He finds his Gains increaſe by Sin and Women,
Above his richeſt titular Dominion.

A Jubilee is but a ſpiritual Fair,
T' expoſe to Sale all Sorts of impious Ware;
In which his *Holineſs* buys nothing in
To ſtock his Magazines, but deadly Sin;
And deals in extraordinary Crimes,
That are not vendible at other Times;
For dealing both for *Judas* and th' *High-prieſt*
He makes a plentifuller Trade of *Chriſt*.

That ſpiritual Pattern of the *Church*, the *Ark*,
In which the ancient World did once imbark,
Had ne'er a Helm in't to direct its Way,
Although bound through an univerſal Sea;
When all the modern Church of *Rome*'s concern
Is nothing elſe, but in the Helm and Stern.

—— In the Church of *Rome* to go to Shrift
Is but to put the Soul on a clean Shift.

An Aſs will with his long Ears fray
The Flies, that tickle him, away;
But Man delights to have his Ears
Blown Maggots in by Flatterers.

All Wit does but divert Men from the Road,
In which Things vulgarly are underſtood,
And force Miſtake and Ignorance to own
A better Senſe, than commonly is known.

In little Trades more Cheats and Lying
Are us'd in Selling, than in Buying;
But in the great unjuſter Dealing
Is us'd in Buying, than in Selling.

All Smatt'rers are more briſk and pert,
Than thoſe that underſtand an Art;
As little Sparkles ſhine more bright,
Than glowing Coals, that give them Light.

Law does not put the leaſt Reſtraint
Upon our Freedom, but maintain't;

Or if it does, 'tis for our Good,
To give us freer Latitude:
For wholſome Laws preſerve us free
By ſtinting of our Liberty.

The World has long endeavour'd to reduce
Thoſe Things to practiſe, that are of no Uſe;
And ſtrives to practiſe Things of Speculation,
And bring the Practical to Contemplation;
And by that Error renders both in vain,
By forcing Nature's Courſe againſt the Grain.

In all the World there is no Vice
Leſs prone t' Exceſs than Avarice;
It neither cares for Food, nor Clothing:
Nature's content with little, that with Nothing.

In *Rome* no Temple was ſo low
As that of *Honour*, built to ſhow,
How humble Honour ought to be,
Though there 'twas all Authority.

It is a harder Thing for Men to rate
Their own Parts at an equal Eſtimate,

Than caſt up Fractions, in th' Accompt of
Heav'n,
Of Time and Motion, and adjuſt them ev'n:
For modeſt Perſons never had a true
Particular of all, that is their due.

Some People's Fortunes, like a Weft or Stray,
Are only gain'd by loſing of their Way.

As he that makes his Mark is underſtood
To write his Name, and 'tis in Law as good:
So he, that cannot write one Word of Senſe,
Believes he has as legal a Pretence
To ſcribble what he does not underſtand,
As Ideots have a Title to their Land.

Were *Tully* now alive he'd be to ſeek
In all our *Latin* Terms of Art, and *Greek*;
Wou'd never underſtand one Word of Senſe,
The moſt irrefragable *Schoolman* means:
As if the *Schools* deſign'd their Terms of Art,
Not to advance a Science, but divert;
As *Hocus Pocus* conjures to amuſe
The Rabble from obſerving what he does.

As 'tis a greater Myſtery in the Art
Of painting to *foreſhorten* any Part,
Than *draw it out*; ſo 'tis in Books the chief
Of all Perfections to be plain and brief.

The Man, that for his Profit's bought t' obey
Is only hir'd, on Liking, to betray;
And, when he's bid a liberaller Price,
Will not be ſluggiſh in the Work, nor nice.

Opiniaters naturally differ
From other Men; as wooden Legs are ſtiffer
Than thoſe of pliant Joints, to yield and bow,
Which Way ſoever th' are deſign'd to go.

——Navigation, that withſtood
The mortal Fury of the *Flood*,
And prov'd the only Means to ſave
All earthly Creatures from the Wave,
Has, for it, taught the Sea and Wind
To lay a Tribute on Mankind,
That, by Degrees, has ſwallow'd more,
Than all it drown'd at once before.

The Prince of *Syracuſe*, whoſe deſtin'd Fate
It was to keep a School, and rule a State,
Found that his Sceptre never was ſo aw'd,
As when it was tranſlated to a Rod;
And that his Subjects never were ſ' obedient,
As when he was inaugurated Pedant:
For to inſtruct is greater than to rule,
And no Command's ſ' imperious as a School.

As he, whoſe Deſtiny does prove
To dangle in the Air above,
Does loſe his Life for Want of Air,
That only fell to be his Share:
So he, whom Fate at once deſign'd
To Plenty and a wretched Mind,
Is but condemn'd t' a rich Diſtreſs,
And ſtarves with niggardly Exceſs.

The Univerſal Medicin 's a Trick,
That Nature never meant to cure the Sick,
Unleſs by Death, the ſingular Receipt,
To root out all Diſeaſes by the great:

For Univerſals deal in no one Part
Of Nature, nor Particulars of Art;
And therefore that *French* Quack that ſet up Phyſic,
Call'd his Receipt *a general Specific.*
For tho' in mortal Poiſons every one
Is mortal univerſally alone,
Yet Nature never made an Antidote
To cure 'em all, as eaſy as th' are got;
Much leſs, among ſo many Variations
Of diff'rent Maladies and Complications,
Make all the Contrarieties in Nature
Submit themſelves t' an equal Moderator.

A Convert's but a Fly, that turns about
After his Head's pull'd off, to find it out.

—— All Mankind is but a Rabble
As ſilly and unreaſonable,
As thoſe, that crowding in the Street
To ſee a Show or Monſter meet;
Of whom no one is in the right,
Yet all fall out about the Sight;
And when they chance t' agree the Choice is
Still in the moſt and worſt of Vices;

And all the Reaſons, that prevail
Are meaſur'd, not by Weight, but Tale.

As in all great and crowded Fairs
Monſters and Puppet-plays are Wares,
Which in the leſs will not go off,
Becauſe they have not Money enough:
So Men in Princes Courts will paſs,
That will not in another Place.

Logicians uſe to clap a Propoſition,
As Juſtices do Criminals, in Priſon;
And in as learn'd authentic Nonſenſe writ
The Names of all their Moods and Figures fit:
For a Logician's one, that has been broke
To ride and pace his Reaſon by the Book,
And by their Rules, and Precepts, and Examples,
To put his Wits into a kind of Tramels.

Thoſe get the leaſt, that take the greateſt Pains,
But moſt of all i'th' Drudgery of Brains,

A natural Sign of Weakneſs, as an Ant
Is more laborious than an Elephant;
And Children are more buſy at their Play,
Than thoſe, that wiſely'ſt paſs their Time away.

All the Inventions, that the World contains,
Were not by Reaſon firſt found out, nor Brains;
But paſs for theirs, who had the Luck to light
Upon them by Miſtake, or Overſight.

To his MISTRESS

DO not unjuſtly blame
My guiltleſs Breaſt,
For vent'ring to diſcloſe a Flame,
It had ſo long ſuppreſt.

In its own Aſhes it deſign'd
For ever to have lain,
But that my Sighs like Blaſts of Wind,
Made it break out again.

To the SAME.

DO not mine Affection ſlight,
'Cauſe my Locks with Age are white:
Your Breaſts have Snow without, and Snow within,
While Flames of Fire in your bright Eyes are ſeen.

TRIPLETS

UPON

AVARICE.

AS Miſers their own Laws enjoin
To wear no Pockets in the Mine,
For Fear they ſhould the Oar purloin:

So he, that toils and labours hard
To gain, and what he gets has ſpar'd,
Is from the Uſe of all debarr'd.

And tho' he can produce more Spankers
Than all the Uſurers and Bankers,
Yet after more and more he hankers;

And after all his Pains are done,
Has nothing he can call his own,
But a mere Livelihood alone.

EPIGRAM

ON A

CLUB of SOTS.

THE jolly Members of a toping Club,
Like Pipeſtaves, are but hoop'd into a Tub;
And in a cloſe Confederacy link,
For nothing elſe, but only to hold Drink.

DESCRIPTION of HOLLAND.

A Country that draws fifty Foot of Water,
In which Men live, as in the Hold of Nature;
And when the Sea does in upon them break,
And drown a Province, does but ſpring a Lake;
That always ply the Pump, and never think
They can be ſafe, but at the Rate they ſtink;

That live, as if they had been run aground,
And, when they die, are caſt away and drown'd;
That dwell in Ships, like Swarms of Rats, and prey
Upon the Goods, all Nations fleets convey,
And, when their Merchants are blown up and crackt;
Whole Towns are caſt away in Storms, and wreckt;
That feed, like *Canibals*, on other Fiſhes,
And ſerve their Couſin-Germans up in Diſhes:
A Land, that rides at Anchor, and is moor'd,
In which they do not live, but go aboard.

TWO SPEECHES MADE IN THE RUMP-PARLIAMENT,

When it was reſtor'd by the Officers of the Army in the Year 1659.

Ut in vita, ſic in ſtudiis pulcherrimum, & humaniſſimum exiſtimo ſeveritatem comitatemque miſcere, ne illa in triſtitiam, hæc in petulantiam excedat. Plin. Ep. 21. l. 28.

Mr. SPEAKER.

THough I have always thought, ſince we laſt came hither, that our proper Buſineſs is only to ſit here, not to vote, unleſs it be at

Our Author being deſirous to expoſe equally the Exceſſes of the two prevailing Parties, the *Independents* and *Preſbyterians*, very judiciouſly fix'd upon the Method of doing it by theſe two Speeches, the firſt ſuppoſed to be made by an old Member of the Houſe againſt the Enormities committed by the Army, and the great Encroachment it had made upon the civil Power; and the other, by Way of Reply, by an Officer of the Army againſt the Tyranny of the Parliament. No Plan could have poſſibly been form'd more ſuitable to his Purpoſe; and I fancy it will be acknowledged, that the Execution of it is no leſs maſterly, ſpirited, and judicious.

ſecond Hand the Reſolution of other Mens Debates, and call them our own; or if we have free Liberty to argue what is already determined, it is no more than is uſually practiſed at the Beginning of all Tyrannies, that are wont at firſt to give Men a ſhadow of Freedom to ſay what they pleaſe, when they have taken a Courſe, that they ſhall do nothing: yet I ſhall diſcharge my Duty to *God* and my *Country*, in ſpeaking my Conſcience freely, while I may, which I believe will not be long. For I perceive our Diſſolution draws nigh, and that we have almoſt finiſh'd our Courſe, before we have finiſhed the Work, for which we were pretended to come together, which was, as they that call'd us hither then told us, *to ſettle Freedom and Liberty on the Nation*; but we find by Experience, they meant nothing leſs. For how is it poſſible, we ſhould confer Liberty on

The various Diſputes and Altercations betwixt *Ralpho* and his Maſter about their different Parties were introduced into his *Hudibras* with the ſame View; and that celebrated Canto about the *burning of the Rumps* is form'd entirely upon the ſame Model, as it conſiſts of little elſe, excepting the Introduction and Concluſion, but a warm and abuſive Conteſt betwixt two Heroes of the two different Sects. The Reader, who has Curioſity enough to compare, will alſo find a great Similarity of Argument in the two Performances, and that the grave diſtinct Reaſoning in the ſerious Invective ſerves very happily to illuſtrate the arch and ſatyrical Drollery of the poetical Banter.

others, when we have it not ourſelves? And when we are made Slaves ourſelves, how can they, whom we are pretended to govern, be free? It is plain enough, that they, who by Force heretofore drove us out of this Houſe, and now by Force compel us to ſit in it again, do not doubt but they ſhall eaſily force us to do what they pleaſe, which is not like to make much for the Liberty of the People; ſince that, and the Power, which theſe Men have taken upon them, are utterly inconſiſtent.

But ſuppoſe, they ſhould give us leave to act freely, yet how can that be called Liberty, which is impoſed upon the People, wholly

To Perſons acquainted with the general Hiſtory of thoſe Times, there needs no other Comment upon theſe Speeches, but directing their Attention to a few particular Circumſtances peculiar to the Æra in which they are ſuppoſed to be ſpoken—When *Richard* had been prevailed upon to diſſolve his Parliament, and by that in effect his Protectorſhip, *Lambert* and the other Officers of the Army, into whoſe Hands the Power then of courſe devolved, in order to keep the poſſeſſion of it, under ſome ſhew of legal Authority, called together ſuch Members of the long Parliament as had continued to ſit till the 20th of *April* 1653, which was the Day, that *Cromwell* with the Aſſiſtance of theſe very Officers, had pulled them out of the Houſe, and diſmiſſed them. As ſoon as they met, which they were very willing to do, the Army preſented *an humble Addreſs and Petition*, deſiring or rather directing them *to eſtabliſh the Government of a free State and Commonwealth, without a ſingle Perſon, Kingſhip, or Houſe of Peers—a juſt and due Regulation of Law, and Courts of Juſtice and Equity, &c.* With this the Parliament complyed and immediately voted for a *free Commonwealth, without a ſingle Perſon, Kingſhip, or Houſe of Peers, and for maintaining Magiſtracy, and*

againſt their Will and Conſent? For with what Forehead can we pretend to the Conſent of the People, when we act under the Power of thoſe, who have bereft them of their free Voices; that have ſo often offered Violence to their Repreſentatives, in whom their Conſent was lodged; and ſo lately turned them out of this Houſe? But though we had the general Conſent, and an uncontrouled Authority to eſtabliſh a free Government; yet how is it poſſible for the Wit of Man to contrive any thing, that ſhall agree with ſo many different and repugnant Spirits and Intereſts, though we ſhould

Miniſtry, and regulating Law and Equity; and to confirm their own Authority, and that they might be ſure to be liable to no more Affronts from a General, as they had before been, appointed *the Speaker to execute the Office of General in ſuch Manner as they ſhould direct*; *and that all Commiſſions ſhould be granted by him, and ſealed with their own Seal.* To this the Army ſubmitted, delivered up their Commiſſions, and took new ones in the Form, that was preſcribed—But this Harmony did not long ſubſiſt; for *Lambert* and the Officers, after the Defeat of *Sir George Booth*, &c. affecting, as the Parliament conceived, a greater Authority and Independency than they ought, a Vote was paſſed, in order to take away all Hope of Subſiſtence from the Army, *that it ſhould be Treaſon in any Perſon whatever to raiſe, levy, and collect Money without Conſent of Parliament*, and immediately after caſhiered *Lambert* and eight other principal Officers of the Army. At this Juncture, which preceded but a very little Time the ſecond turning out of the *Rump* by *Lambert*, theſe Speeches muſt be ſuppoſed by the Reader to be made, and he will, in my Opinion, have Occaſion for no other Key to underſtand them.

have no Regard but to thoſe, who believe we are only bound to conſider them? Do what we can, that which is a free Government to one Party will be Tyranny to another; and that which ſome call Liberty, to others will be Slavery; where every ſlight Faction and trivial Sect calls itſelf the Public, and would have no Conſideration had of any thing, but itſelf; where every Man can teach us how to govern, but no body knows how to obey. He, that once brought a ſavage People to civility, and for the difficulty of the Work is ſaid to have charmed Stones, and made them build themſelves into a Wall, had ſuch a Kind of Taſk as we have; for every Stone we are to uſe, is a Maſter-builder, and can inſtruct us to do our Work, and, if we will be ruled by them, to perform Impoſſibilities. For what is it elſe to ſettle any Thing, that ſhall pleaſe thoſe, who can endure nothing that is ſettled; whom Conſcience, that reſtrains other Men, lets looſe to all Licentiouſneſs, and whoſe Religion perſuades them to be obliged to nothing; who, if we ſhould grant all they can propoſe to us to-Day, would to-Morrow, upon change of Light, renounce it?

But alas! we need not trouble our ſelves with theſe Matters; for they are not the Buſineſs, for which we are call'd hither, but directly contrary to it; and if we be ſo vain to think otherwiſe, and ſhall but offer to ſettle any Government, wherein the common Right and Freedom of the Nation may be ſecured againſt the licentious Intereſts of the Army, we ſhall quickly find ourſelves miſtaken to our own Coſt, and be baffled and hectored, as we have formerly been for the ſame Reaſon in this very Place. For no Man can be ſo ignorant as not to know, that, from the Treaty at the Iſle of *Wight* to the laſt Parliament, there has never any Settlement of the Nation been attempted, wherein Regard has been had to the antient Laws and Rights of the People, but they have preſently pronounced it a *Backſliding* from the *good old Cauſe*, and moſt barbarouſly by Violence put an end to it; nor will they ever do otherwiſe, or ſuffer any Thing to be eſtabliſhed, but the Diſtractions, which they intend to make their own Freehold, that the Nation may be kept under the Power of the Sword, and that in their own Hands.

By this it is not hard to underſtand, why this *good old Cauſe* is of itſelf *backſlided* unto us, who were once chaſtiſed for *backſliding* from it; and to what End theſe Men have returned to lick up their Vomit (like Dogs as the Apoſtle ſays) and take us in again, whom they had caſt out; which, in plain Terms, is nothing elſe, but to help them to enſlave the Nation in its own Name, though forged and counterfeit; to make the civil Power repreſented in us, no matter by what Right, depoſe itſelf by its own Act; (as they have lately forced their own *Protector* to do, after they had made the ſame Addreſſes to him, which they now do to us) to ſerve them for a Blind, while they undermine the Laws and Liberties of the Nation, and to ſet a Face of civil Authority upon Tyranny, Fraud, and Violence. And this they did not doubt, but we would dutifully perform, ſuppoſing we ſtood corrected ſince the laſt Rebuke they gave us here; and that to avoid a worſe, we would be more tractable hereafter: but becauſe they find we are not ſo forward, as they expected, to diſpatch the Work, they now begin to look big and rant, as if, like perfect

Slaves, we were to be terrified, and cudgel'd to our Taſk.

But if we ſhould be ſo unhappily wicked to conform, and be induſtrious to follow their Directions; when they come to Particulars, there is nothing, that they propoſe, that is not full of Contradiction and Impoſſibility. For they would have us eſtabliſh a Commonwealth and no Commonwealth, or a monſtrous Government with two diſtinct ſupreme Powers, neither commanding nor obeying, but at perpetual Defiance, as having contrary Intereſts; for theirs does as much conſiſt in the Diſtractions of their Country, as ours in the Peace and Settlement of it. They would have us join Liberty and Slavery together, and ſettle both on the People; ſecure Propriety againſt the Owners, and all Men elſe but themſelves; couple Peace and War, and make them live quietly together; join Religion and Impiety, the Glory of God and Blaſphemy; eſtabliſh a free Equality of Right and Wrong, Law and Violence, Authority and Licence, Confuſion and Order. And this is the true State of the Work, which we are to carry on, and a faithful Interpretation of all that Canting and Con-

fuſion of Language, which they uſe at the building of this monſtrous *Babel.*

For firſt they would have us frame a Commonwealth, or indeed receive one ready made from them; but they will not promiſe us to be ſubject to it themſelves, though it be of their own making; no! there is neither Reaſon nor Conſcience in that: beſides, it is quite contrary to the Practice of thoſe Saints their Forefathers in the primitive Times, who, our *Saviour* ſays, uſed to lay Burthens upon other Men, which themſelves would not touch with a Finger. But they will ſet up another Republic of themſelves, like the late other Houſe, with a venerable Senate of new Lords ſpiritual and temporal, Agitators and Officers, co-ordinate with us, ſo far forth as they pleaſe. Indeed ſuch a Government will come near to the Kingdom of Heaven, and be ſure *to ſuffer Violence*: for theſe two Powers will be like two Poiſons in the Body politic, whence the ſtronger will preſently expell the weaker, and poſſeſs itſelf of all. For what Security can they give us, that they will uſe more Moderation and Regard to this Government, than they have formerly done to any other of their own erecting? truly none but this, that they will promiſe nothing,

which is not inconſiderable with them, that never fail to break their Words. And yet they expect that no Man ſhould dare to think them other than godly and conſcientious Men, of upright Spirits, that will do no wrong and offer no Violence; they would but only have it in their Power to do ſo, when they pleaſe. This is a bold Preſumption, (yet no more than they have always had the Confidence to impoſe upon the World, in their diſſolving ſo many Parliaments, and aſſaulting ſo many Governments) that they are Men of greater Wiſdom and Integrity than others; that they underſtand the common good better than others, and are more tender of it, than thoſe, that have the greateſt Shares in it, themſelves having none, but what they have gotten by the Ruin of their Country, or what is daily picked out of every Man's Pocket by unjuſt Impoſition of Taxes and Exciſe, all the Pawn, they can give the Commonwealth for their Fidelity; ſo that, if they ſhould not be better than their Word (which yet they were never known to keep) and overcome the *Devil* and themſelves, as eaſily as they may any civil Reſtraint, Mens Eſtates will be a villanous Temptation, where

they have nothing to keep them out of Poſſeſſion, but themſelves.

But, perhaps, ſome may ſuppoſe, that now we have voted you *General*, and they have vouchſafed to take Commiſſions from us, to hold their Commands during our Pleaſure, that therefore we do not ſit here during theirs.—I am not of that Opinion, but ſhould rather think, that they give Way to us in Things of Formality, that they may take the greater Liberty to oppoſe us in Matters of real Importance. Will an implicit conſtructive Acknowledgment bind thoſe, whom ſolemn Oaths and Vows to Almighty God cannot hold! Will a Parchment Commiſſion given by us, like a Spell, make them lay down thoſe other Commiſſions (as they call them) their Swords, when we ſhall judge it convenient for the Safety of the Commonwealth; or hinder them from acting by which they pleaſe, as they find it ſhall make moſt for their Advantage? Why ſhould their Commiſſions have a greater Power over them now, than they had heretofore; or keep them from making new *Diſpenſations of Providence*, and giving us a ſecond *out-going* here, by turning us once more out of Door? Truly

it will be a hard Thing for them not to do it, unleſs we be very careful to unriddle all their *Humiliations*, and be ſure to underſtand what Anſwer they have agreed upon the *Lord* ſhall give them, when they ſeek him, that we may make the Good of the Commonwealth and Reaſon of State conform accordingly.

But if we ſhould do our Endeavour to be obedient in our Government, and rule under Correction, how can they aſſure us, where there are ſo many inferior Councils, and the loweſt ſtill, like other Scums, ſtruggling to be uppermoſt, that they ſhall not be uſed themſelves by thoſe in the ſame Manner, as they deal with us? Certainly they have a great deal of Reaſon to expect it, both from the juſt Judgement of *Almighty God*, and the natural Conſequence of ſuch Courſes, which always beget their like. But ſuppoſe that Difficulty over, and that they ſhould all agree among themſelves; yet where there are ſo many different and various Intereſts, beſide repugnant Capriches and Whimſies under ſeveral Forms, that are firſt to be reconciled, the Reſolutions are like to come ſo ſlow unto us, that we ſhall ſit here as the other Houſe did lately, and tranſact

with our fellow Members in the Hangings, who are like to be the only co-ordinate Senate, of equal Authority with us.

Certainly Soldiers are the moſt unfit Men of all others to be Keepers of Liberties, unleſs it be to keep them from us; nor is there any Thing ſo ruinous to the very Being of a Commonwealth as a Militia out of the Command of the civil Magiſtrate: For as they that have the Poſſeſſion of the Sword cannot be compelled by it; ſo is it a ſtrange Vanity to ſuppoſe, that they ſhould ſubmit themſelves voluntarily to that equal Juſtice, which all other Men do by Compulſion. It hath been ſaid, that *an unjuſt Peace is to be prefer'd before a juſt War*; becauſe the Safety of the People, the End of all Government, is more concerned in the one than the other. If that be true, no doubt a juſt civil Power is infinitely more fit to be ſupreme, than an unjuſt military Power, or indeed than a juſt; if there were any ſuch Thing in being. But if theſe Men were the moſt juſt and pious Men in the World, as certainly they are not, and as wiſe and prudent as juſt, yet impoſing a Government by force upon a Nation, ſo utterly againſt the Will of the People, that they

abhor and deteſt it, it will be impoſſible to continue it without extremity of Rigour and Tyranny; beſide an unavoidable civil War, which will be moſt certain frequently to break out, both from the Reluctancy of the People, and the perpetual Occaſions they will find in theſe often Changes of Governours, which muſt neceſſarily fall out, where Poſſeſſion is ſufficient Title; and the Will of the Soldiery taking upon it, like the *Devil*, to diſpoſe of the Kingdom, which hitherto they have done with ſo much Wiſdom and Fidelity, that we have ſeen them ſet up and pull down three Governments in almoſt as few Months. For undoubtedly theſe diſcreet Tumults and peaceful Seditions, theſe pious and conſcientious Rebellions, and honeſt and faithful Treacheries will become the only fundamental Conſtitution of all future Governments, that we can ſettle; and are the only probable Way to produce that equal Rotation, which our modern Stateſmen do ſo much dream of.

For what elſe can be expected from Men of their Principles, whom nothing can oblige? that account it a greater Sin to name Faith than to break it, and call Perjury and Perfi-

diouſneſs *a Diſpenſation and Work of the Lord*; that pretend to do the ſame Things by the Spirit of *God*, which other Men are drawn to by the Temptation of the *Devil*; that confine all Providence to their own Concernments, as if *God* had nothing to do with the reſt of the World; and are ſo partial to themſelves, or, as they term it in others, given to Selfiſhneſs, that they call their own licentious Intereſts, though purchaſed with the Ruin of their native Country, or indeed of all the reſt of Mankind, *glorious Outgoings of Providence*; that make Religion an Occupation, Godlineſs a Trade, and Holineſs a Commodity; that ſet up Governments, as the *Jews* ſaluted *Chriſt* King, to crucify him the next Day; that counterfeit divine Authority, and forge the Hand of *God* to their own wicked Contrivances; call their own Affairs his Work, and, like *Ahab*'s Prophets, ſee Viſions and bid themſelves *go up and proſper*; that pretend to the ſecret and inſcrutable Counſels of *Almighty God*, to give themſelves Diſpenſations for violating his poſitive Commandments, as if he were beſt ſerved by being diſobeyed; that *break Oaths by Providence*, forſwear themſelves *to the Glory of God*, and deal falſely and treacherouſly with Men out of

Conſcience; enſlave the Nation for the Liberty of the People, and pretend to eſtabliſh Government by deſtroying the very Being of it, and rendering it contemptible; call all their preſent Deſigns and future to fix Governments (if God in his mercy to the Nation do not cut them off ſooner) *the good old Cauſe*. In this, though it be a ſtrange Impoſture of Nonſenſe, they deal moſt ingenuouſly; for though the Courſes they have taken have been various, to fit all Occaſions that ſerved theſe Purpoſes, yet the firſt *Cauſe* of all their different Effects has always been the ſame, for which they firſt engaged, and that is their own Gain and Advantages drawn out of the Diſtractions of their Country. This is really *the good old Cauſe*, though it has paſt diſguiſed under ſeveral Titles, and was firſt ſworn to be for Defence of the *King*'s Perſon, the Proteſtant Religion, the Laws of *England*, and Privileges of *Parliament*, of all which it has not left any one in Being: And yet *the good old Cauſe* is ſtill the ſame, and ready to ſwear as much in Defence of Commonwealth and Liberty; and when they are ſubverted, as certainly they will, ſerve to ſet up and pull down any Thing elſe, as long as there is any Thing to be gotten, and ſit as

many various and different Pretences, as a Vizard will do ſeveral Faces.

This all Men know to be moſt true, that have had any Acquaintance with their Words and their Actions, which have ever been ſo directly contrary, as if all their ſolemn Vows and Engagements were, like a Witch's Prayer, to be ſaid backward. For there is nothing, that they ever declared againſt, that they have not out-done themſelves; nor any Thing, that they ſwore to maintain and defend, that they have not utterly deſtroyed and ruined. And ſhall we expect better of them now? truly by no means, but rather worſe: for as I believe they have formerly done ſome Things, which they did not intend, till Occaſion, that makes Thieves, ſhewed them the Way; ſo I am confident, that there is nothing, which they now declare for, which they are not already reſolved to ſubvert, though it be not as yet ſafe for them openly to own any Thing ſo odious, and, which, in probability, would pull a great Part of the Nation about their Ears. This makes them pretend to take the *Univerſities* into their Care, which the World knows it is the Buſineſs of their Zeal and Covetouſneſs to demoliſh; and,

they durſt do it this Inſtant, would in the ſame breath call it *a glorious Work of the Lord.* As for the *Law*, if there be any ſuch Thing left, a Man would gueſs it may, perhaps, be preſerved, becauſe they have not yet abſolutely threatened to defend it; they only ſpeak of having it regulated, but that's all one in their Language; but then there's another Thing; they talk of having the Lawyers Fees abated, and no Profeſſion ſuffered to enrich it ſelf by the Loſs and needleſs Charge of the People; but this makes it plain, they do not mean as they ſay; or elſe they forget themſelves; for, if they would but keep their Words in this one Thing, we might well forgive them all their paſt Perfidiouſneſs, and give them leave to ſay and ſwear what they pleaſe hereafter.

But ſhall I tell you the Sum of all, and diſcover an Arcanum of their Empire, which though as yet they dare not profeſs, their Meaning is plain enough to be underſtood; and in due Time they will ſpeak it out, and that is this——That they have conquered the Nation, and ſo by Right of War may diſpoſe of it how they pleaſe. This is the Language of their Ac-

tions, which give the trueſt Account of Men; and we are bound to give the Nation notice of it before it be too late; that the People may know whoſe Goods they are, and either redeem themſelves, or ſuffer their Ears to be bored through by their new *Jewiſh* Owners, who have bought them of themſelves with their own Money; and, having been their Hirelings by the Day, challenge their Maſters Perſons and Eſtates as Part of their Wages. 'Tis a ſtrange kind of Conqueſt, that is made over thoſe, whom they took Oaths and Pay to defend, yet very like the reſt of their Proceedings, and no new Thing among *Heathens* and *Pagans*, as the Hiſtory of the *Mamertines* in *Sicily*, the *Turks* in *Perſia*, and the *Mamalukes* in *Ægypt* can teſtify, and hath been the Foundation of the greateſt Tyrannies, that ever the World knew; but hath ſeldom been done amongſt *Chriſtians*, and never by any before upon their own Country. Nor will theſe *Holy Men*, though they never ſo much deſire it, ever be able of themſelves to bring it to paſs, unleſs we be ſo wretchedly wicked to aſſiſt them, and, while they hold the Nation at a bay, lay on the Yoke for them; for which we ſhall ſhare nothing, but the Sin and the Curſe; and expoſe ourſelves to danger to ſerve

their Luſts, who, when we have done, will not fail to pay us Part of our Deſert with Shame and Violence: for ſo long, and no longer, ſhall we be allowed not to *backſlide* again, until they have in our Names modell'd themſelves, by caſhiering all thoſe Officers, that are guilty of any Humanity, or the leaſt Regard to civil Government, and filling their Places with ſuch *over-grown Saints*, as are above *God*'s Ordinances, eſpecially that of Government—Then our Work is done; and we ſhall be declared Sinners againſt another *new old Cauſe*, which we never heard of before, nor any Prophet of them all has yet dreamt a Dream of; and not unlikely, when they have won the Game, which they are now playing with the Nation, they will give the Loſers leave to tear us, that are their Cards, in Pieces.

To prevent this we have but two Ways, that I can poſſibly contrive; and the one is preſently to diſſolve ourſelves, and leave them to do their own Work, and run their own Dangers, before they are in a Condition to encounter ſuch Difficulties, as they will be ſure to find. Or, if we are reſolved to ſit here, and act according

to our own Conſciences, not their Dictates, then to paſs the Bill with all poſſible Speed for ſettling a new Militia in ſuch Hands, as may ſecure us againſt their Addreſſes; that, if it ſhall happen to be *revealed* to them again, that we are unfit Repreſentatives of their Ambition, Pride, and Avarice, they may not turn us out ſo eaſily as they did heretofore; nor make us reſign and acquieſce ſo wretchedly, as they lately did their own *Richard* the ſecond. But you will ſay, they will never ſuffer this to be done. I believe they will not if they can help it; but as they do not ſuffor us to ſit here now for our own Sakes, but to ſerve themſelves; ſo whatever we do, it is more for their Advantage to continue us here awhile, till they have brought their Deſigns to maturity, than by a too ſudden removing of us precipitate and endanger all, by leaving no viſible Authority in being, till they are in a Condition to aſſume it themſelves.

In the mean time, if we be not wanting to ourſelves, we may do our own Work, and in all probability be beforehand with them; for if any Part of the Nation ſtir, as it is not to be doubted but ſome will, if we can but engage the Army againſt them, we are ſafe enough;

for we do not only rid ourſelves of them here; but oppoſe one Enemy againſt another; and, while they are contending in Blood and Deſtruction, we may eaſily take occaſion ſo to encreaſe the new Militia, upon Pretence of ſecuring the City and oppoſing the common Enemy, that, before the Buſineſs be determined, we may be ſtrong enough of ourſelves to encounter the conquering Party, on which Side ſoever Victory light. But to make ourſelves the more ſecure, I humbly conceive, we muſt by all means keep the chief Commands in our own Hands, and truſt none with the Charge of a Regiment but Members of this Houſe, or, if ſuch cannot be ſpared hence, thoſe of the Council of State; and next have a ſtrict Care, that the Forces to be raiſed may wholly conſiſt of Men obnoxious, that ſtand or fall with us; or ſuch whoſe Perſuaſions in Religion will admit of the leaſt Compliance with any others, and ſuch I ſuppoſe to be *fifth Monarchy-Men*, thoſe of the *baptized Churches* and *Quakers*; and if they prove troubleſome to us afterwards, as 'tis probable they will, Time and future Emergencies will not fail to preſent us with Occaſions to diſpoſe of them too.'

Howſoever a diſtant uncertain Danger is to be preferred, though it be greater, before that which is preſent and preſſing. The worſt that can befal us is but to be turned out again; and I hope we are not ſo beſotted with the itch of Power and Command, that rather than ſit out, we will pleaſe ourſelves with ſuch a Witch's Feaſt, as they have invited us to. And becauſe they humbly petition us, that we would be pleaſed to be their moſt obedient Slaves, and help them to make three Nations ſo, (for that's the true Meaning of all their Addreſſes) we ſhould be ſo vain as to believe ourſelves the ſupreme Authority, when we are but their Parliament-Journeymen, and State Day-Labourers; and are ſet our Taſk by them, who, according as they like, or diſlike our Work to-day, will continue or turn us out to-morrow. I hope the pleaſure of ſitting here is not ſo dear to us, that we ſhould pawn our Souls, Conſciences, and Underſtandings to them for leave to ſeem a *Parliament*, and deſerve the Curſes of Poſterity, that we may but act the Parts of Stateſmen at their pleaſure, who in the end will uſe us no better, than they are wont to do the other Players. For that, or worſe, will

moſt certainly be our Reward, for which we muſt ſit here, like Gally-Slaves upon their Banks, and tug at the Oar, while they ſteer which way they pleaſe, and at laſt, as they are unſkilful Pilots, run againſt ſome Rock, and ſink themſelves, and us too.

MR. SPEAKER,

IF the Gentleman, that ſpoke laſt, had really feared that Danger of Slavery from the Army which he pretends, he durſt not have provoked them with that bold Freedom, which he has taken; and therefore 'tis probable he does not believe himſelf; yet, leſt any Man elſe ſhould, I hold it my Duty to diſcharge my Conſcience too; though I am ſure, theſe great Patrons of Liberty will be ſo unwilling to allow the ſame Freedom to others, which they take themſelves, that, if they had equal Power to puniſh it, I ſhould be loath to ſay the ſame Things, though with undeniable Truth, of them, with which moſt falſely and injuriouſly they accuſe the Army.

For there is not any Crime, that they exclaim againſt, of which their whole Party is not moſt notoriouſly guilty; nor any Deſign to enſlave the Nation, that is not wholly their own, and which they now drive on by laying their own Practices to the charge of thoſe, who are the only means under Heaven to keep them from taking effect. And therefore they have the

Confidence, not only to charge the Army, with that Perjury and breach of Faith, which themſelves committed here (of which the Soldiers are innocent, unleſs the Guilt of ſome of their chief Commanders, Members of this Houſe, could infect all the reſt) but exclaim againſt them before *God* and the World, as if they intended to introduce that, which, they confeſs, none can do but themſelves, that is Tyranny; and which, were but the Army removed, would immediately fall of itſelf into their Hands; though theſe good Patriots ſhould but ſit ſtill, and not uſe their *Chriſtian* Endeavours to bring it about, which they have ſo long waited for an Opportunity to do. For Tyranny and Servitude are not ſo eaſily laid on the Neck of a Nation by plain downright Force, unleſs that Force be foreign and receive its Recruits from abroad, as the *Turk* does; or, not to travel ſo far for an Example, as you do by the *Scots* and *Iriſh* at this inſtant. The more certain way to make a Nation enſlave itſelf is performed by politic Impoſtures, and State Cheats, zealous Pretences to *public* good, the *Glory of God*, and *Increaſe of Trade*, under a Face of free Government. Theſe are Nets into which the People are eaſily drawn, and rather than fail will catch themſelves; and

by theſe, backed by wreſted Law, and tortured Scripture, muſt domeſtic Tyranny be upheld, and not by Force only: For as, when the Sea breaks over its Bounds, and overflows the Land, thoſe Dams and Banks, that were made to keep it out, do afterward ſerve to keep it in: ſo, when Tyranny and Uſurpation break in upon common Right and Freedom, the Laws of *God* and the Land are abuſed to ſupport that, which they were intended to oppoſe.

This hath been the Courſe, which theſe Men have taken, and this, were the Army now diſpoſed of, would immediately lay the heavieſt Bondage upon the Nation, that ever People groan'd under. For can there be a greater Tyranny than a Government unlimited as theirs is? an Authority unbounded by the Laws of *God* or Man, where all Things are laid waſte to the Will of the Rulers, and they without ſo much Tye or Obligation as a vain tranſitory Oath; where the Eſtates, Perſons, Conſciences, and Lives of Men are merely at their diſpoſing, who can not only act what Injuſtice or Cruelty they liſt, but when they have done, make it lawful; that may murder whom they pleaſe with the Sword of Juſtice, and re-

legally; depopulate the Land by the Conſtitution of the Government, and ſell the free People by their own Laws. All this and more they may do, and when they have done, enact it; and nothing can hinder them, but their own Will and Pleaſure, which, in probability, will not be nice, where the Wages of Iniquity is left to themſelves, and they may freely ſhare the Spoils of the Land, by *Privilege of Parliament*, as they did heretofore.

Certainly that Tyranny hath the Advantage of all other, that has Religion, Law, and Liberty among the Inſtruments of Servitude, as this hath; that hath a greater Power in temporal Affairs than the *Turk*, and in ſpiritual than the *Pope*; that is, Head of Churches not yet in Being, and Judge of more Faiths than all the *general Councils* ever were; that can damn and ſave, and bind and looſe in this World, in deſpight of the next; make what it will holy or prophane, true or falſe, *Scripture* or *Apocrypha*, and no Man dare to queſtion its Infallibility. So that if the Army would have them, as the Gentleman ſays, eſtabliſh Contradictions, they are the only fit Men in the World for ſuch a Work; for nothing is impoſſible to

them, who are confined to nothing; that can not only vote, but ſwear Contradictions, as they have often done, and made others do ſo too, or pay them for it. For certainly theſe are the moſt prime Engineers of Oaths, that ever the World knew; (though they are too modeſt to put it upon others), and have approved themſelves the ableſt Swearers, that ever made Perjury an *Expedient*. I have heard it was a Cuſtom amongſt the *Jews*, when any Man made a Vow to Almighty *God*, which afterward he found inconvenient to be kept, he might be by any three other *Jews* abſolved of it; but every one of theſe, as if he were three *Jews*, can abſolve himſelf.

Thus vaſt is the Latitude of their Power; and yet you hear what Complaints they make, as if their Authority were hidebound: but if we conſider the Perſons, into whoſe Hands this overgrown Monſter is intruſted, the Danger that hangs over all our Heads will appear to be ſo much the greater, by how much they are the unfitteſt Men in the whole World for ſuch a Truſt. For you cannot but know, that theſe, or the greateſt Part of them, are the very ſame Perſons, that for their approved Li-

berty of Conſcience, and Unguiltineſs of Faith, Honeſty, or Shame, paſſed two ſeveral Probations by *Oliver Cromwel*; the Dregs and Sediment of the *long-Parliament*, that have been made inſtrumental to all his contrived *Providences*, until they grew ſo odious to all Men, that he found their Infamy did him more hurt, than their Diligence good; and that the laſt and beſt Advantage he could make of them was to turn them out of Doors; which ſignal Piece of Juſtice he had no ſooner done, with the general Applauſe of three Nations, but he made that the firſt Step of his Aſcent to the Throne, as if he had a confeſt Title to that Power, which he had ſo juſtly reſcued from the common Enemies of the Nation; nor did the People then oppoſe him, to whom they believed they owed their Deliverance. And yet out of theſe did he afterwards pick a third Scum, who ſerved him in their Callings, as Miniſters of that Government, which ſince upon change of Light they call Tyranny, and in due Time have voted down, with Hopes to be taken again into Employment under a worſe; where with double Diligence they may expiate the Miſchief they have done their Country, by doing greater, and deſerve a new Truſt for their

great Experience in ſerving all Occaſions, and ſaving their Tide in all Turns of State.

But, if we look a little further backwards, and call to mind what their Actions were, when they laſt ſwayed this mighty Power, we may the eaſier gueſs what they are like to do hereafter. And truly the moſt faithful Hiſtories of their renowned Deeds contain little elſe but Things of this Nature—That firſt of all they made diligent Inquiry after all ways of raiſing Money by fleaing of the People, that had ever been uſed here, or by foreign Tyrannies; theſe they introduced for the good of the Nation, and confirmed with ſo much Care, that ſince they have proved to be the only Things they ſettled, and are like to continue their Memory to the Curſes of Poſterity—That, after they had deſtroyed *Religion*, they pulled down Churches, (as being then of no Uſe) and raſed the nobleſt Structures in the Land, to ſell the Materials; cut down Woods, and demoliſhed public Monuments with more than *Goth* and *Vandal* Outrage, in which they were ſo greedy, that they ſpoiled more than they devoured—That they imbezzled the Jewels, and ſold the Lands and Goods of the *Crown*, and cheated

one another and the Public of the Money—That they advanced Fools and Ideots to Places of Judicature, for their good Affections to the Government, that is, their own Preferment, which they could never have had under any other; and alſo for their aſſured Diligence, to do injuſtice upon all Occaſions according to Directions—That upon ſingle Perjuries ſuborned by themſelves they condemned Men unheard, and ſold their Eſtates without ſuffering them to ſpeak for themſelves—That they broke Articles of War, and took away Mens Lives and Eſtates, to whom they had given Conditions—That they propagated the Goſpel by turning learned Miniſters out of their Livings, and in their Places appointing ſeven or eight Mechanics errant, Vagrants and Rogues by the Statute to ſtraggle about the Country, and compaſs the Land, as the *Devil* does, to ſpread ſuch Doctrines, as they ſhould judge orthodox to their Occaſions, and render the Word of *God* and preaching contemptible; while themſelves and their Creatures ſhared the Profits of ſo many Churches, forcing the poor Miniſters with their Wives and Children to beg—That to keep up a Reputation of *Godlineſs* (notwithſtanding all theſe pious Works,) and to

ſtop the Mouths of the *Saints*, (who would elſe cry out, they had done nothing for *King Jeſus*, but all for themſelves) they uſed to make ſevere Laws againſt ſwearing, drinking, and *prophane walking*, unprofitable Sins, that did yield them nothing; that there might be the leſs Notice taken of the Impunity, or rather Encouragement they gave to blaſphemy, Murder, Sacrilege, Perjury, Bribery, Oppreſſion, and all manner of Cheats and Robberies of the Commonwealth; by acting of which themſelves, or diſpenſing with them in others, they got more Money then ever *Pope* did. And yet, notwithſtanding all theſe Ways of Gain, they turned bankrupt with the poor Soldiers, and made thoſe dreadful Tyrants take 17 d. in the Pound for the Price of their Blood, by a lewd Cheat forcing thoſe to double their Debentures and buy Land, that wanted Money, or loſe all—By this odious Fraud many have greatly enriched themſelves, by robbing thoſe, who had ſo often ventured their Lives to ſave them from the Gallows. All this, and much more, you cannot but know to be moſt true, which drew ſo great an hatred of *God* and Man upon them, that, when ſome of the Army were made uſe of to diſſolve them, never was *Parliament* choſen

with greater Acclamations of all Men, than they were turned out; and if the free Voices of the People, in whom they had then placed the ſupreme Power, may juſtify the Action, never was *Parliament* more lawfully diſſolved.

But you will ſay, 'tis probable, that having ſeen the Wickedneſs and Danger of theſe Courſes, and ſuffered that, which is much to them, to be laid by and reduced to a private Condition, they will amend their Lives, and beware how they do the like hereafter. Truly no; for, beſide the perpetual Nature of Wickedneſs, which is always to grow worſe, we find, that the Grace of Repentance and Amendment ſeldom falls to many Sinners together, and never to any one Hypocrite, much leſs to ſuch a Number. And I rather believe, we ſhall find that true here, which our *Saviour* ſays upon ſuch another Occaſion.—*That when the Evil Spirit is caſt out, and returns to get in again, he brings with him ſeven other worſe than himſelf, and the laſt State of that Man is worſe than the firſt.* For they have ſuffered nothing, that will not rather encourage than deter them, Time

being all they have loſt, which they will endeavour to redeem; and 'tis like they have not ſo miſpent their late Leiſure, but that they will come forth *Eruditiores ad nocendum*, better ſtudied in Miſchief, and taught to be more cautious, till they have rendered themſelves ſecure. Beſide this, they are like to return with the fiercer Appetite for this Reſtraint, like Beaſts that prey eagereſt, when they are hungry. 'Tis ſaid, *nullus ſuperbus aliquando ſervit niſi dominandi ſpe*, and then, if they are ſuch Slaves to the Army as they ſay, why do they endure it? unleſs, as thoſe that pay for their Places are wont to make the moſt of them; ſo they intend to have that Slavery with intereſt out of the People, which they are fain to purchaſe with their own. But they would have the World believe, they are forced to ſit here againſt their Wills; when I will undertake that, rather than leave theſe dear Benches, they ſhall vote and ſwear to Blanks, addreſs Petitions and Advices to the very Redcoats, and, if they had any ſuch Deſign, as they pretend, to enſlave their Country, offer their Service, humbly ſue for the Truſt, and beg for the Honour *to carry on the Work*, rather than part with that mock Power, which they would ſeem to make ſo

contemptible. And how can we then expect, they ſhould ever put an end of themſelves to this *Parliament?* Believe it, they have not the Hearts to do it; and the longer they ſit, the more unwilling they will be to riſe. They talk'd of a Year; but when that's expired, they will not want Pretences to put it off to a further Time, as the *Turks* do *Mahomet's* Coming; and rather than fail, make Diſturbances abroad to continue themſelves ſecure here; which if they can but do againſt Force, they are in for Term of Life, and perhaps their Heirs after them; for out they will not, but by Force, that's certain. 'Tis true, it is the worſt Way, but yet it is the laſt, which is the chief thing they look after: for though they were ſure to be turned out to-morrow, they would not loſe ſo much Time to go out of themſelves to-day.' And yet they are as like to diſſolve, as limit themſelves, and will as ſoon put an End, as Bounds to their arbitrary Power. Thoſe free and mercurial Conſciences of theirs will never be confined within any certain Liſts. 'Tis a hard Matter to force Nature, but more difficult to make her force herſelf. Did ever Lion, that broke looſe, return of himſelf again

into the Grate? or is it probable that they, who have broke through all Laws to aſſume an unlimited Power, will make new ones to deprive themſelves of it? But ſuppoſe, they were willing to do it, and did really intend it, how is it poſſible for them to bind themſelves, when the ſame Power, that binds, can alſo looſe? Can a Man be bound in a Bond to himſelf, and loſe any Thing by the Forfeiture? Or paſs a Deed to intruſt himſelf with a Power, which he cannot alter at Pleaſure? All the Laws, that they can make, and all the Laws of the Land too, will be, like their Wills and Teſtaments, revokable, while they ſit here, and never valid till after their Departure; nor is it poſſible for them to ſettle any Government, that will be, like a natural Body, firm and compact, but rather, like Puppet-Work, faſtened with Screws, to be taken to pieces again at Pleaſure.

As for the Deſign of ſettling a new Militia, if there were nothing elſe, this is ſufficient to make it appear, who are they, that endeavour to enſlave their Country: for what other poſſible Account can be given, why ſo heavy a Burthen ſhould be laid upon the Nation, to

raiſe a Force only againſt itſelf; for what other Enemy can they pretend to have, unleſs it be the Army, which has been their Guard for ſo many Years againſt all Dangers? But what are the People like to ſuffer under ſo great a Power, that are already ſo oppreſt merely by their own Permiſſion? All the Hope they have is, that they can hardly ſuffer more than they do in this one Thing: for what can Tyranny do worſe, than reduce them into the Condition of the damned, and make their own Conſciences teſtify againſt them for that, which is now Crime enough, their Eſtates? Or what greater Slavery can Men endure, than to be compelled to ſwear what they have, when no Man can juſtly ſay he hath any Thing, as ſoon as it is known? Is this the way to ſecure *Propriety and Liberty of Conſcience*, which theſe Men take upon them ſo confidently to vindicate, by impoſing that, which muſt of neceſſity oppreſs the one, or violate the other? Is this the Way of having regard to *tender Conſciences* (for which ſo many Profeſſions have been made) to contrive Engines, that ſhall catch only ſuch as will not forſwear themſelves, and let ſuch as will go free? Is not the Nation perjured enough already;

or are not the public Debts great enough without this aggravation? But perhaps they believe this is the readieſt way to pay them. I do confeſs, if this Militia were once ſettled, the Army and Fleet were inſtantly paid all their Arrears, I mean all they are ever like to have, and well if they come off ſo (for no doubt ſome will be found guilty of ſome Feats of Arms formerly done in this Place, which will eaſily be explained to be within the Exceptions of Indemnity) and yet the Nation ſhall not ſave a Peny by it. It will be a pretty handſome Reſerve (and therefore it is ſtill deferred.) When there is no more to be racked out of the People upon any other Pretence, then the Arrears will not fail to do the Feat, and ſerve to continue the Year within the Compaſs of four Months, and make it yield three Harveſts; until we reckon our Taxes no more by the Year, but the Year by our Taxes, as the primitive *Chriſtians* did under the *Heathens* by the *Roman* Indiction. But they are much troubled at the *Councils of Officers* of the Army, but never conſider, when every Member of the *Council of State* is Colonel of a Regiment, what difference there will be between that Council and a Council of Officers—Whether the Sword will then be in the Hands of the civil or military

Power will be a hard Queſtion to determine; and yet the Nation is like to pay dear for it, and be in a worſe Condition than now it is: for after a while you will be forced to raiſe another new Militia, to get the Power out of their Hands, who will never part with it upon other Terms; and I do wiſh, that thoſe future *Rotations* as they call them, may prove to be no more Charge and Diſturbance to the Nation, than ſuch as have been lately made by the preſent Officers.

And now, Sir, I believe it is no hard Matter for any indifferent Men to judge, who are moſt like to enſlave their Country, they or the Soldiers; whether thoſe Men, whoſe inſatiable Avarice devours like the Grave, and ſtill gapes, like Hell, for more; whoſe Ambition and Itch to handle the public Affairs would force them upon any Danger, that extends but to Soul and Conſcience, or the juſt Curſes of the People; that would act under *Jack Straw* or *James Naylor*, rather than ſit out, and condemn Men to Death for committing high Treaſon againſt them; that would renounce *Chriſt*, be circumciſed, and ſerve the *Turk*, rather than

live out of Command and Authority, or live under the Laws of *God* or Man—Whether ſuch Men, I ſay, are not more like to enſlave their Country than thoſe who are content with what will hardly ſatisfy Nature; that pawn their Lives for that little, that will keep them honeſt, though poor and miſerable; that are contented (at leaſt quiet) with leſs than the Laws of *God* require of them: for we do not find that they are commanded in *Scripture* to be contented with no Pay, as they have been of late for ſome Years, and yet have not been known to mutiny, or offer Violence to any Man. As for that Violence, which they are charged to have done to ſeveral Governments, the chief Authors of thoſe Atchievements were Members of this Houſe, and here learned the way of it, which the inferior Officers and the reſt of the Army are ſo far from being guilty of, that they did no more than their Duty, which conſiſts in obeying, not arguing, the Commands of their Superiors, without making themſelves ſupreme Judges of State Affairs, which do not at all belong to them. This was all they did heretofore, and all that they did lately, and all that they are like to do hereafter, only oppoſe Tyranny, when they are

commanded. And is it poſſible, that theſe Men ſhould have any Deſign to enſlave others, that have ſuffered themſelves to be made ſuch Slaves, as inſtead of receiving their juſt Arrears, to be ſent away to ſtarve in the remoteſt Parts of the Earth, as a great Part of the Army have been; to be ſhipped away for *France*, *Flanders*, *Sweden*, and *Jamaica*, juſt at the framing of new Tyrannies, which they were like to diſturb, if they had been ſuffered to ſtay at Home; that have patiently endured to ſee ſo many of their Officers caſhiered, without any Thing laid to their Charge, or being heard to ſpeak for themſelves? And yet they are accuſed for enſlaving thoſe, from whom they have ſuffered all this, and charged with thoſe Deſigns, which they only keep from taking Effect, with ſuch tranſcendent Confidence and obſtinate Hypocriſy, as if their Accuſers intended to blot out all Notions of Right and Wrong, and Truth and Falſhood out of the World. This is the only Reaſon, why they are made ſo great a Grievance to their Country by thoſe Men, who do not only owe their Wealth and Greatneſs, but their very Lives to their Protection. For by them have they been ſecured to ſit here, to brood Riches, to ſhare the Fruits of other

Mens Blood and Danger, and talk themſelves great; and by them are they at this Inſtant protected from the Outrage of the People, which would inevitably fall upon them, were they left to themſelves. And yet they deſire nothing more than the Deſtruction of their Preſervers, and to put Arms into other Hands, to whom they owe leſs, and who leſs underſtand them; and conſequently would be never ſerviceable to their Purpoſes. But if that were once done, they would not only aſſume, but own, and juſtify that, which they now exclaim againſt, before *God*, and the World.

What would follow afterwards it is not hard to foreſee: for as there is no Government, that they can ſettle, were the Army removed, that would not immediately be thrown off by the People; ſo if they can but raiſe a Force of their own to ſecure themſelves, they will never ſettle any at all, but make themſelves ſupreme Lords of this vaſt unlimited Power, that, like a *Terra incognita*, cannot be determined how far it extends, nor will it ever be by them. This they will execute moſt righteouſly, no doubt, under theſe ſerene Princes, their *inviſible Highneſſes*, the Keepers of the *inviſible Liberties*, that

like the *Perſian Magi* never appear, but keep State and their no-Charge in ſome enchanted Caſtle nobody knows where, nor can tell how many they are. And yet, to give them their due, they are the moſt benign and gracious Sovereigns to their Miniſters of State in the whole World: for they will give them abſolute Power to do what they pleaſe, how unjuſt or inhuman ſoever, and never admit of any Appeals, nor call them to account for any thing, but freely let them enjoy ſuch a large Dominion, as the *fifth-Monarchy Saints* propoſe to themſelves under King *Jeſus*, whom they would now compel, whether he will or no, to take the *Devil* at his Word, and accept of all the Kingdoms of the Earth, and the Glory of them, which he refuſed ſo long ago, merely that they might create themſelves his *Popes* or Vicars upon Earth, and rule according to his, that is, their own will. And juſt ſuch a Prerogative will theſe Men enjoy under their magical liege-Lords as long, if no outward Force diſturb them, as they can continue united, which, were their common Dangers removed, will be but a ſhort Time, where there are ſo many ſupreme Powers, and ſo many that would be; who believing they have equal Right, as well as

Itch, to it, will not fail to keep up perpetual Faction, and ſpread Sedition, which that juſt Hatred of the People will be always ready to aſſiſt——By this means (as all Tyrannies of many have ever been ſhort-lived) ſo will this quickly fall into other Hands, and from many to one, and from one to many again; until between theſe different Uſurpations, that pull ſeveral ways, the whole Nation will in the end be ſawed in Pieces. All the Hopes we ſhall have of Liberty will be only this——That the Stock of the *Commonwealth* will not be long able to bear the Charges of its own Slavery; and ſo Tyranny itſelf, as well as all other Trades, muſt in the end be forced to break. In the mean Time we ſhall not have ſo much as a ſettled Slavery, but be forced to change our Maſters, as *Chriſtian* Bond-ſlaves are in *Turky*, as they ſhall pleaſe to diſpoſe of us; and be conveyed from Government to Government, as Rogues are from Conſtable to Conſtable, ſtill to be whipt and puniſhed according to Law, as they will outface us, until we come to the Place where we were born, *a juſt and lawful Authority.*

A

SPEECH

MADE AT THE

ROTA.

AMONG the excellent Orders of that glorious Senate of *Rome* one was, that any Senator having a Right to ſpeak to every Buſineſs in Debate, might inſtead of giving his Sentence to the preſent Queſtion (if he had no mind to declare himſelf) propoſe any Thing elſe, that was in his Judgment *e Republica*, of

The *Rota* was a Club of ſpeculating Politicians in thoſe Times of Confuſion, when almoſt every Man unhappily thought it his Buſineſs to make or mend Government; and to this *Butler* alludes in his *Hudibras*.

But Sidrophel, *as full of Tricks*
As Rota-*Men of Politics.* P. 2. C. 3. V. 1107.

The Founder of it was *James Harrington*, Eſq; who in the beginning of the civil War ſided with the *Preſbyterians*, and in 1646, went as a Volunteer with the Commiſſioners appointed by Parliament to go to the King at *Newcaſtle* to treat for a Peace and Settlement, and bring him nearer to *London*, who, taking a liking to Mr. *Harrington*'s Converſation, admitted him a Groom of his Bedchamber, in which Attendance he continued till the King's Death. After that, thinking that Monarchy would never be reſtored, he

Concernment to the Commonwealth. This Cuſtom I humbly deſire may be received into this ingenious Aſſembly, and that I may have the Honour to be the firſt Man that ſhall put it in Practice. For I perceive, we have not only heard all, and more than all, that can be ſaid to the Purpoſe concerning *over-Balance and Propriety*, but like thoſe that are out of their Way, the further we go the further we are from our End; and I doubt, in Concluſion. ſhall come to diſcover, that there is no ſuch Thing at preſent in the *Engliſh* Nation, as either the one, or the other—Beſides, Sir, as all *Rotations* and Wheelings cauſe a kind of Giddineſs in the Brain; ſo if we provide not ſome wholeſome Diverſion for thoſe that we have ſo often heard of, it will not be in the Power of this ſober and conſiderate Coffee to

followed his own Genius, which chiefly lay towards Politics and democratical Government, and writ his *Oceana* or Syſtem of a perfect Commonwealth. In 1659 in the Beginning of *Michaelmas* Term he and his followers had every Night a meeting at the then *Turks-Head* in the *new Palace Yard* at *Weſtminſter* called *Miles's Coffee-Houſe*, to contrive the Model of a Commonwealth, to be erected in *England*. Their Scheme was, that the third Part of the Senate ſhould *vote out* by Ballot every Year, ſo that every ninth Year the ſaid Senate would be wholly altered, and from hence they got the Name of the *Rota-Club*. See *Wood's* Athenæ.

Concerning over-Balance and Propriety.] *Harrington's* Foundation Maxim was, *that Empire follows the Ballance of Property*, whether lodged in one, a few, or many Hands; and obſerved, "That the

keep us in our Wits. Although if it be *the black Broth* which the *Lacedemonians* us'd, as ſome learned Authors are of Opinion, I grant it hath a ſovereign Operation to ſtrengthen politic Notions, eſpecially ſuch as concern *Republics*, and is the ſame which *Lycurgus* himſelf drank, when he form'd his Commonwealth; and among other excellent Conſtitutions, hit upon that excellent Law, that enjoins Women *to wear Slits in their Petticoats*, and Boys *to ſteal Bread and Butter*, as *Plutarch* writes in his Life; and I could wiſh Mr. *Harrington* may be deſired by this Aſſembly to introduce it into his *Oceana*—But this is not that, which I purpoſe to propoſe at this Time, but ſomething that does more immediately concern the preſent Government, which as yet we live under, for whoſe Service I ſuppoſe theſe Meetings are pe-

" Troubles of his Time were not to be wholly attributed to Wil-
" fulneſs or Faction, neither to the Miſgovernment of the Prince,
" nor the Stubbornneſs of the People; but to a change in the Ba-
" lance of Property, which ever ſince *Henry* the ſeventh's Time
" was daily falling into the Scale of the *Commons*, from that of the
" *King* and the *Lords*."——All Imperfections of Government he imputes to *over-Balance*, which in one, ſays he, creates abſolute Monarchy, in the few Ariſtocracy, and in the People popular Government. See *Harrington*'s Life and Works.

Although if it be the black Broth, which the Lacedemonians uſed] *Plutarch* tells us, that this *Black Broth*, whatever it was, was the favourite Food of the *Lacedemonians*, eſpecially of the older and graver Sort.

culiarly intended—And that is, whether the late Name of *Rump* be ſignificant, proper, and adequate to the preſent *Parliament*. I doubt not, but at firſt Sight it will appear to moſt Men to be nothing leſs; but if you pleaſe to truſt me with your Patience for a few Minutes, I dare undertake to make it appear, not only out of all Antiquity and the Conſent of all Ages, but the Teſtimony of Nature herſelf, that it is not only the moſt proper, apt, and ſignificant, but the moſt honourable Denomination, that could by the Wit of Man be given unto it.

The learned *Eben Ezra* and *Manaſſeh Ben Iſrael* do write, that there is in the Rump of Man a certain Bone, which they call the Bone *Luz*; this, they ſay, is of ſo immortal and incomprehenſible a Nature, that at the Reſurrection out of it all the reſt of the Bones and Members ſhall ſprout, juſt as a Plant does out of a Kernel: and is there any thing that

The learned Eben Ezra, &c.] Our Author introduced this and ſeveral other of the Arguments which follow, into the ſecond Canto of the third Part of his *Hudibras*, where he deſcribes the burning of the *Rump*; but, in my Opinion, not with the Propriety, in which they appear here, as it could not naturally be ſuppoſed, that the Stateſman, into whoſe Mouth they are there put, ruſhing

can bear a nearer Reſemblance to this Rump Bone than the preſent *Parliament*, that has been ſo many Years dead and rotten under Ground to any Man's thinking, that the Ghoſts of ſome of the Members thereof have tranſmigrated into other *Parliaments*, and ſome into thoſe Parts from whence there is no Redemption, ſhould nevertheleſs at two ſeveral and reſpective Reſurrections ſtart up, like the Dragon's Teeth that were ſown, into living, natural, and carnal Members? And hence it is, I ſuppoſe, that Phyſicians and Anatomiſts call this Bone *Os ſacrum*, or the holy Bone.

The *Ægyptians* in their Hieroglyphics decyphered a Prince by a Bee: now a Bee, you know, does carry not only his Militia or Defence, but his whole politic Intereſt in his Tail; for when he has loſt his Sting he is preſently baniſhed that well order'd Government, as an unprofitable Member and a Drone.

in, as he is there deſcribed, in the utmoſt Fear and Haſte, could have a Mind at Liberty enough to deſcant, in the manner upon the Subject.

The learned Rabbins of the Jews
Write there's a Bone, which they call Luz, &c.
Hud. P. 3. C. 2. V. 1615.

The *Greeks* call Rule or Empire Βασιλεια, as the Etymologiſts tell us, becauſe it is Βασις τε λαε, the Baſe or Fundament of the People: for as the Rump or Bum in the natural Body is called the Fundament, becauſe it is the Foundation on which all the reſt of the Members depend; ſo is the State and Government in the Body politic.

The Philoſophers ſay, that a Man is a Tree inverted, and that his Head is the Root, by which he takes in his Nouriſhment, and his Arms and Legs the Branches—If that be true, it muſt follow that his Rump is the Head.

It is a Cuſtom of the *Eaſtern* Kings to vail their Faces from public View, only to avoid proſtituting the Majeſty of their Perſons to common Eyes; and what is that more than the univerſal Cuſtom of all Nations and Ages hath always carefully obſerved to the Rump? And therefore, when the *Philiſtines* reſolved to put the higheſt indignity upon *David*'s Embaſſadors, they could not think of a way more ignominious than to cut their Garments above their Buttocks, and by that means to render thoſe

reverend Parts cheap and deſpicable in the Eyes of the Rabble.

Some are of Opinion, that Honour is ſeated in that Part only, chiefly at leaſt: for it is obſerved, that a ſmall Kick on that Part does more hurt and wound Honour, than a cut on the Head or Face, or a Stab or Shot of a Piſtol on any other Part of the Body. And hence it is, that in all Combats all the reſt of the Members are ready to expoſe themſelves to any Danger to ſcreen the Breech; as if the whole outward Man were but a Life-Guard to that Part: and he, that by turning his Back, expoſes that to Danger, is ever after branded with the ignominious Name of a Coward.

The ancient Heroes were wont to wear Horſe-Tails in their Helmets, as our young Gallants do Oſtrich Tails in their Hats; from whence we may infer, that it hath been the Conſent of all Ages, that the Head can receive no greater Ornament than that which is conferred on it by the Tail. And in all funeral Pomps and public Shews, he that hath the longeſt Tail to his Robe is underſtood to be the moſt honou-

rable Perſon; and, therefore, when *Oliver Cromwel* was to be inſtalled, his Robe had a Tail of ſix Yards long, which was born up by ſix young Noblemen, merely in Honour to that Part, in Contemplation whereof the Charge was beſtowed; for all the other Parts bore a nearer Proportion to the Body.

Is not the Chair the moſt honourable Part of the Parliament? Then that which ſits in it muſt of neceſſity be the moſt honourable Part of the Speaker. It is an Axiom in Philoſophy. *levia ſurſum, gravia deorſum*, and can any thing imaginable be more *grave* than ſo venerable a Senate? And hence, I ſuppoſe, the Wiſdom of our Anceſtors called it the *lower-Houſe*, in relation to the Place it held in the Government. All Birds in the Air, and Fiſhes in the Sea guide themſelves with their Tails, from the Leviathan to the Sprat; and the moſt famous of our modern Philoſophers hath of late made a Diſcovery, *that Leviathan and Republic are all one.*

The greateſt Honour, that can be given to Man, is either to go before, or ſit above others —In ſitting the whole Honour is conferred on

the Breech; and in going before, the Breech is more immediately waited upon than any other Part, and therefore receives the greater Reſpect —And from all this I doubt not but by this Time it plainly appears, that the *Rump*, as I ſaid before, is not only the moſt honourable, but moſt apt and proper Name, that can be given to thoſe, whoſe only Buſineſs is to ſit.

THE CASE OF KING CHARLES I. TRULY STATED, AGAINST JOHN COOK, MASTER OF GRAY'S INN.

THE PREFACE.

THE Publiſher of this following Diſcourſe, has thought fit to oblige the World with a Piece of Curioſity; it was penned about forty Years ſince, by the ingenious and

This, and the two following Compoſitions are the only Proſe Works of *Butler* already printed, which can, upon any ſufficient Grounds, be aſſerted to be genuine. The former I find in Manuſcript in his own Hand; and of the two latter I meet with ſeveral Fragments, beſides Paſſages in his common-Place Collection, which indubitably confirm their Originality and Genuineſs. There is another Piece entituled, *A ſeaſonable Speech ſpoken by Alderman* Atkins

celebrated Author of *Hudibras*. The Libel, which he anſwers, was the Labour of one *John Cook*, Maſter of Gray's-Inn, a great Pains-taker in the Myſteries of Rebellion. To give you the Original of it, 'twas a ſtudied Invective againſt the Perſon of King *Charles* I. before the high Court of Juſtice (ſo called) of infamous Memory; but upon the Non-pleading of the Royal Martyr, 'twas afterwards metamorphoſed into a Pamphlet, with the ſpecious Title of, *King* Charles's *Caſe*; *or an Appeal to all Rational Men concerning his Tryal.* How rational this Appeal was, may be eaſily diſcovered from thoſe numerous Fallacies, and notorious Falſhoods, which our Author has detected in him, not only as to what concerns plain Matter of Fact, but alſo, in the Pamphleteer's pretended Way of Reaſoning, the falſe Logick, and worſe Law. I ſhall not enter into the Merits of the Cauſe; for, I ſuppoſe, the more rational Part of Mankind is abundantly ſatisfied in the In-

in the Rump-Parliament, printed along with theſe in that Collection falſely called *Butler's Remains*, which, indeed, has much of the Humour and Manner of *Butler*; and, was one at liberty to judge by Taſte only and internal Evidence, might with no great Abſurdity or Injuſtice be imputed to him: But as I have made it a Rule to myſelf to publiſh nothing but what is, upon certain Authority, his, I choſe to omit it.

nocence of that great Man, as to any Thing that was laid to his Charge; and upon that Account, indeed, there would have been little Occaſion, at this Time of Day, to produce ſo great an Advocate for his Memory, but that there is riſen amongſt us a new Race of the old Republican Stamp, who have revived the Quarrel, and copied out the obſolete and almoſt forgotten Scandal of our Libeller, and made it their own. The Author of *Ludlow*'s Letter may be reckoned amongſt the firſt of theſe, one that always ſet up for a Patron of Faction, and a Promoter of the *good old Cauſe*; but ſhewed himſelf moſt in that famous Year, when he was one of the Tribunes of the People. I ſhould not have made ſuch a Digreſſion upon this worthy Patriot, but that I find him to intrude amongſt his Friends, Mr. *Milton* and our Libeller, and ſeems to be the very Copy of their Malice, at leaſt, though not their Wit; and for that Reaſon, I muſt confeſs, he ſeems

It muſt be owned, that the Proſe Part of that ſpurious Volume is writ with more Taſte and Spirit, than the Poetry, which is certainly the vileſt and moſt taſteleſs Ribaldry, that was ever aſcribed to a Man of Genius; and I think one may, without much Danger of being miſtaken, hazard a Conjecture, that Sir *John Birkenhead* had a principal Hand in it. The Character of an *Aſſembly-Man*, which makes one Part of that Work, has been already printed under his Name, and he was a Genius of a Caſt very ſimilar to that

to be the leaſt pointed at by our Anſwerer. I ſhall ſay no more of him at preſent, but paſs him by with the ſame Contempt as the Government has wiſely done; 'tis but unſeaſonable quarrelling with a Man that is armed with ſo much Dirt, you'll be ſure of that, if you have nothing elſe.

I need not trouble the Reader with any Harangue upon our Author, or his Book; I ſuppoſe he is no Stranger to the honeſter and more learned Part of the Kingdom; and as for the reſt, 'twas their beſt Security they were not known by him. I ſhall only add, that it was Mr. *Butler*'s Deſign to print the Diſcourſe himſelf, had not Death prevented him; and ſince it has fell into the Editor's Hands, 'tis but a Piece of Juſtice to his Memory, to let the World make their Advantage of it.

of our Author, tho' much inferior in Depth and Soſidity.

As the Gentleman, who firſt obliged the World with this Anſwer to *Cook* has introduced it with a ſuitable Preface, I think it unneceſſary to add any thing of my own.

The Reader will find Cook's Caſe, at the End of Ludlow's Memoirs, printed in 1751, in Folio.

THE CASE OF KING CHARLES I. TRULY STATED.

Mr. Cook,

HAVING lately ſeen a Book of yours, which you are pleaſed to call, *King* CHARLES's *Caſe, or an Appeal to all Rational Men concerning his Tryal,* I was much invited to read it, by the Ingenuity promiſed in your Title. For having heard you ſtile your ſelf Sollicitor-General for the King's Dread Sovereignty, and your own Honourable Client, the People; I was much taken with your Impartiality, that not only exempts all rational Men from being your Clients in this Caſe, in making them, by your Appeal, your Judges: For no Man, you know, can be Judge in his own

Caſe, but acknowledge your High Court, from which you appeal to all Rational Men to conſiſt of no ſuch: But indeed I had not read many Lines before I found mine own Error, as well as yours, and your Proceedings nothing agreeable to the plain Dealing I expected from you; for you preſently fall to inſult upon the Unhappineſs of your undeſerved Adverſary, and that with ſo little Moderation, as if you ſtrove to make it a Queſtion whether his incomparable Patience, or your own ungoverned Paſſion, ſhould be the greater Wonder of Men, prepoſterouſly concluding him Guilty, before with one Syllable you had proved him ſo: A ſtrange Way of doing Juſtice! Which you endeavour to make good by a ſtrange inſolent Railing, and more inſolent Proceeding to the ſecret Council of Almighty God, from whence you preſume to give Sentence on him; a Boldneſs no leſs impious than unjuſt in you, were it true, ſince we can never know it to be ſo.

But indeed it is hard to ſay, whether you have ſhewn more Malice, or Vanity, in this notable Declaration of yours; for he that conſiders the Affectation and fantaſtic Lightneſs of your Language, (ſuch as *Ireland*, a *Land of Ire*; *Bita-*

Sheep for Biſhops, and other ſuch ingenious Elegancies of Quibble) muſt needs confeſs it an Oratory more becoming a Fool in a Play, or. *Peters* before the Rabble, than the Patrons of his Sovereign's Sovereign, or the Gravity of that Court, which you ſay, right wiſely, ſhall be admired at the Day of Judgment. And therefore you do ill to accuſe him of reading *Johnſon*'s and *Shakeſpear*'s Plays, which, it ſeems, you have more been in your ſelf to much worſe Purpoſe, elſe you had never hit ſo right upon the very Dialect of their railing Advocates, in which (believe me) you have really out-acted all that they could fancy of paſſionate and ridiculous Outrage.

For certainly, Sir, I am ſo charitable to believe it was your Paſſion that impoſed upon your Underſtanding; elſe, as a Gentleman, you could have never deſcended to ſuch Peaſantry of Language, eſpecially againſt ſuch a Perſon, to whom (had he never been your Prince) no Law enjoins (whatſoever his Offences were) the Puniſhment of Ribaldry. And, for the Laws of God, they abſolutely condemn it; of which I wonder you, that pretend ſo

much to be of his Council, ſhould be either ſo ignorant, or forgetful.

Calamity is the Viſitation of God, and (as Preachers tell us) a Favour he does to thoſe he loves; where-ever it falls, it is the Work of his Hand, and ſhould become our Pity, not our Inſolence. This the antient Heathen knew, who, believing Thunder came from the Arm of God, reverenced the very Trees it lighted on.

But your Paſſion hath not only miſled you againſt Civility, and Chriſtian Charity, but common Senſe alſo; elſe you would never have driven your Chariot of Reaſon (as you call it) ſo far out of the Road, that you forgot whether you are going, and run over every Thing that ſtands in your Way; I mean, your unuſual Way of Argument, not only againſt Reaſon, but your ſelf, as you do at the firſt Sally; for after your Fit of Raving is over, you beſtow much Pains to prove it one of the Fundamentals of Law, that the King is not above the Law, but the Law above the King. And this you deraign, as you call it, ſo far, that at length you ſay, the King hath not, by Law,

ſo much Power, as a Juſtice of Peace, to commit any Man to Priſon; which you would never have done, if you had conſidered from whom the Juſtice derives his Power, or in whoſe Name his Warrants run; elſe you may as well ſay, a Man may give that which he hath not; or prove the Moon hath more Light than the Sun, becauſe he cannot ſhine by Night as the Moon doth. But you needed not have ſtrained ſo hard, for this will ſerve you to no Purpoſe, but to prove that which was never denied by the King himſelf; for if you had not a much worſe Memory than Men of your Condition ſhould have, you could not ſo ſoon have forgotten, that immediately after the reading of that Charge, the King demanded of your high Court, by what Law they could ſit to judge him (as offering to ſubmit if they could produce any) but then Silence, or Interruption, were thought the beſt Ways of confeſſing there was no ſuch Thing; and when he undertook to ſhew them both Law and Reaſon too, why they could not do it, the righteous Preſident told him plainly, he muſt have neither Law, nor Reaſon; which was certainly (as you have it very finely) the moſt comprehenſive, impartial, and glorious Piece of Juſtice that ever was

played on the Theatre of *England*; for what could any Court do more than rather condemn itſelf, than injure Truth.

But you had better have left this whole Buſineſs of the Law out of your Appeal to all rational Men, who can make no uſe of it, but againſt yourſelf: For if the Law be above the King, much more is it above the Subject. And if it be ſo heinous a Crime in a King to endeavour to ſet himſelf above Law, it is much more heinous for Subjects to ſet themſelves above King and Law both. Thus, like right Mountebanks, you are fain to wound and poiſon your ſelves to cheat others, who cannot but wonder at the Confidence of your Impoſture, that are not aſhamed to magnify the Power of the Law, while you violate it, and confeſs you ſet your ſelves really above the Law, to condemn the King but for intending it.

And indeed Intentions and Deſigns are the moſt conſiderable Part, both of your Accuſations and Proofs, ſome of which you are fain to fetch a great Way off, as far as his Coronation Oath, which you next ſay, he, or the Archbiſhops, by his Order, emaſculated, and

left out very material Words, (which the People ſhall chuſe.) Which is falſe; for theſe Words were not left out, but rendered with more Senſe, (which the Commonalty have) and, if you conſider what they relate to, (Cuſtoms,) you will find you cannot, without open Injury, interpret. *Elegerit* (in the *Latin* Oath) ſhall chuſe, not hath choſen; for if you will have *Conſuetudines quas vulgus elegerit*, to mean Cuſtoms, which are to be not only Uſe, which muſt be often repeated before it become a Cuſtom, but Choice, which neceſſarily precedes Uſe.

But ſuppoſe it were as you would have it, I cannot ſee with what Reaſon you can preſume it to be a Deſign to ſubvert the Laws, ſince you know he had ſworn to defend them before, in the firſt Article of the Oath, from which I wonder how you can ſuppoſe, that ſo wiſe a Prince (as you acknowledge him to be) could be ſo irrational to believe himſelf abſolute by this Omiſſion. But you are not without farther Contradiction yet, for if he were ſo perfidious a Violater of Oaths, as you would have the World believe, what Reaſon had he to be conſcientious of taking them? Certainly he hath

little Cauſe to be nice what Oaths he takes, that hath no Regard what Oaths he breaks.

Nor can I poſſibly underſtand your other Conſtruction of his Refuſal to take the Oath, as his Predeceſſors had done, which you will have a Deſign to refuſe his Aſſent to ſuch good Laws, rather than bad Ones, as the Parliament ſhould tender; for beſides the abſurd Conceits, that he muſt ſtill like the bad better than the good, if you conſider what you ſay afterwards, the charitable Senſe will appear, by your own Words, to be the trueſt; for you confeſs he gave not his Aſſent to any bad one, elſe you had not been fain, for want of ſuch, to accuſe him of a few good ones, as you do there; which of theſe is moſt probable, let every rational Creature judge.

Your next Argument to prove the King's Deſign to deſtroy the Law, is thus ordered: Thoſe Knights that were by an old Statute to attend at the King's Coronation, being promiſed by his Proclamation (in regard of the Infection then ſpread thro' the Kingdom) a Diſpenſation for the Abſence, were after fined

at the Council Table; no doubt by the Procurement of ſome of your own Tribe, where they pleading the Proclamation for their Indemnity, were anſwered, that the Law of the Land was above any Proclamation: Your Concluſion is therefore, the King had a Deſign to ſubvert the Laws: Sure there is no Man in his Wits, but would conclude the contrary; ſuch Arguments as theſe are much like the Ropes that *Oeneus* twiſted only for Aſſes to devour.

But if this ſhould fail, you know you were provided with another, not leſs ſubſtantial, and that is, his Alteration of the Judges Commiſſions, who heretofore had their Places granted to them during their good Behaviour, but he made them but during Pleaſure. Of this you make a ſad Buſineſs of a very imaginary evil Conſequence; but if you had conſidered before, what you ſay preſently after, that the King, and not the Judges, is to be accountable for the Injuſtice and Oppreſſion of the Government, *&c.* you would have found it very juſt that he ſhould uſe his Pleaſure in their Diſmiſſion, as well as Choice; for Men of your Profeſſion, that have lived long enough to be Judges, are not ſuch Puniés in Cunning, to

play their Feats of Iniquity above-board; and if they, may ſit 'till they can be proved to have miſ-behaved themſelves: The Prince that is to give an Account for all, may ſooner know he is abuſed, than how to help himſelf.

All the Inconveniency which you can fancy poſſibly to enſue it, is only to ſuch bad Judges as buy their Places; of whoſe Condition and Loſs you are very ſenſible, as if they had too hard a Bargain of Injuſtice, believe they may have Reaſon enough to give unjuſt Judgment, rather than loſe their Places and their Money too, if they ſhall receive ſuch Intimation from the King. But you forget yourſelf, when you put this in your Appeal to all rational Men; for they will tell you this was a bold Affront done to your high Court of Juſtice; for if it were potential Tyranny (as you will have it) in the King, to have but a Deſign to indure the Judges to give Sentence againſt the Law, which you ſay brings the People the next Step to Slavery: What is it in thoſe who preſume to give Sentence themſelves, not only contrary to Law, but the declared Opinion of all the Judges, and thoſe of their chuſing too?

And, I beſeech you, whither by your own Doctrine, does this bring the People that ſubmit to it? Certainly, if you that can accuſe the King of this, had been a *Jew* heretofore, you would not only have ſtoned your Fellows, but your Saviour too.

But if all your Arguments ſhould miſcarry, you have a Reſerve left that does (as you ſay) irrefragably prove the Deſign; what's that? He is reſtleſs to deſtroy Parliaments, or make them uſeleſs. Believe me, this is right *Ignotum per Ignotius*, excellent Conſequence to prove his Deſign by his Deſires; you ſhould have proved his Deſires firſt, if you would prove his Thoughts by his Thoughts, for certainly if ever he deſigned it, he deſired it firſt. You had better have concluded plainly he did it, becauſe he deſigned it, for that is all in one Senſe: But if I might be but half ſo bold with your Deſigns, I ſhould, with more Reaſon, gueſs you have one to make us believe your familiar Acquaintance with the ſecret Councels of God; which you ſo often pretend to, elſe certainly he has given the Deſires of Men ſo private a Lodging, that, without his own Diſcovery, which you can give us no Account of, you have no

other Way to know them. You'd do well, and if I may adviſe you, you ſhall give over this unlucky Thing called Reaſon, and betake yourſelf wholly to Revelations.

How theſe Arguments might prevail with your high Court of Juſtice I cannot tell; but, in my Opinion, they had little Reaſon to thank you for this laſt, for while you make the King a Traytor, and prove his meer Deſire to deſtroy the Parliament, or make it uſeleſs, on Purpoſe to ſubvert the Laws, you do but tell them what they are that have already done it; and the People, what a deal of Law they are to expect hereafter. All you can juſtly, in your own Senſe, accuſe the King of, is but Diſcontinuance, or untimely Diſſolution of Parliaments, which I wonder with what Senſe you can interpret a Deſign to deſtroy the Parliaments, ſince all the World knows he parted with his Power to diſſolve the Parliament too. But ſee how doubly unjuſt you are; you accuſe him for not calling Parliaments ſo often as he was bound to do by the Law, once a Year, (as you ſay) or oftner, but never conſider how that is impoſſible to be done without diſſolving

them as often; for doing which, notwithſtanding, with ſo much Clamour, you condemn him. Thus you charge him with Inconſiſtencies, and may with much more Reaſon accuſe him for calling of Parliaments, becauſe if he had not called them, he could never have diſſolved them, which is very like your Way of Argument.

But much better than you commonly uſe; for your next, to remove an Objection out of your Way, is thus managed: The King, and not the Judges and evil Councellors, ought to be accountable for the Male-Adminiſtrations, Injuſtices, and Oppreſſions of the Parliament. Your Reaſons are, becauſe he made ſuch wicked and corrupt Judges: Were they not his own Creatures? And ought not every Man to be accountable for the Work of his own Hands? Believe me, this were ſomething, if you could prove he made them wicked, as well as Judges. But if this Plea hold, you have argued well for your honourable Clients, the People; for if they made the King, as you ſay they did, you have cleared him of all ſuch horrid Crimes, Murders, and Maſſacres, which you take ſo much Pains, to no Purpoſe, to ac-

cuſe him of; and, like a right Man of Law, have undone your Clients, upon whoſe Score you ſet them. Your next Buſineſs will be to prove God guilty of the Sins of wicked Men, for they are his Creatures, and the Work of his own Hands, I take it. But this is your perpetual Method of doing him Right, to make him ſole Author and Owner of all his ill-ordered, or unhappy Actions, and not allow him a Share in any good Deed, or act of Grace.

And theſe are the Fundamentals of the Charge, only Suppoſitions of Intentions and Deſigns, which how far you have proved juſt, or profitable, let any Man but yourſelf judge. The Courſe you take afterwards, is much worſe, in my Opinion, for you make your own Grounds, and either not prove them at all, or, which is worſe, prove them upon their own Bottom, as when you take upon you to ſtate the Ground of your Ways, and prove the King to be the Cauſe of it, you do it thus.

The King (you ſay) ſet up his Standard of War for the Advancement and Upholding of his Perſonal Intereſt, Power and pretended

Prerogative, againſt the public Intereſt of common Right, Peace and Safety. How do you prove this? Becauſe he fought for the Militia, for a Power to call and diſſolve Parliaments, a negative Voice to make Judges, confer Honours, grant Pardons, make Corporations, inhance, or debaſe Money, and avoid his own Grants. Theſe you call his Perſonal Intereſt, Power and Prerogative, which, you ſay, he fought for: Now, put the Poſition and Proof together, and ſee what Senſe it will make; truly none but this: That he made War for his Prerogative, becauſe he fought for his Prerogative: Is not this fine Logick! But ſuppoſe it were Senſe, how do you prove he fought for his Prerogative? To this you have not one Word to ſay; and why then ſhould we rather take your Word than the King's, who proteſted he took Arms in Defence of the Proteſtant Religion, the Liberty of the Subject, the Privileges of Parliament, and Laws of *England?* Certainly there is no Man in his Wits, but would rather believe his Words, than your Arguments, if he does but conſider that the moſt improbable Part of all (he proteſted to fight for the Defence of the Privileges of Parliament) is found, by Experience, to be no.

Paradox: How true the reſt is, Time will inſtruct you. But yet I cannot ſee, why we ſhould not rather believe them, than the Pretences of the Parliament, which were more to fight in Defence of his Perſon, and their own Privileges, which, how they have performed, your ſelf can tell. But all this while you miſtake your own Queſtion, which was not the Right of the Cauſe, but the Cauſe, or, as you have it, the Occaſion of the War; and if you had a Purpoſe to know that Actions had been the only Guide of your Enquiry; for Intentions and Words are uncertain, and if they make no Aſſaults in private Quarrels, I know not why they ſhould in public; and therefore, ſince we can never agree about the Truth of more remote Cauſes, 'tis moſt juſt for us to place the Cauſe of the War, where we find the firſt Breach of the Peace. Now, that the King was cleared of this, all indifferent Men, who had the Unhappineſs to be acquainted with the Method of their own Undoing, can very well teſtify. And if the Parliament ſhould deny it, their own Votes would contradict them, as well as their Actions; for when they firſt raiſed Horſe and Arms, they pretended to do ſo, becauſe it appeared, the King, ſeduced

by wicked Council, intended to make War againſt the Parliament; whereby they confeſs he had not then done it, and they had ſo little Ground to make it appear he ever would, that they were fain to uſurp the Right of his Cauſe, to juſtify their own; and, they ſay, took Arms for the Defence of the King; which, if we grant, it muſt follow, they firſt made War againſt him; for no Body elſe ever did, againſt whom they could poſſibly defend him; nor did their Actions, in offering the firſt Violence, leſs declare who began the War, when having an Army ready to invade him, before he ſet up his Standard, they both followed and ſet upon him, as they did at *Edge-Hill*. Go as far as you can, you will ſtill find the *Scots* (whoſe Quarrel the Parliament took up at the ſecond Hand, as well as they followed their Examples) were the firſt Beginners of all.

This being granted, how the King could afterwards do leſs than he did, I cannot underſtand: *Firſt*, he was by the Law of Nature (which you ſay is Legiſlative, and hath a ſuſpenſive Power over all human Laws) to defend himſelf. *Secondly*, by his Coronation Oath, which he took to keep the Peace. And how

could he do that, but by his raiſing Power to ſuppreſs thoſe who had already broken it? *Thirdly*, By the Laws of the Land, which you ſay, truſted him with the Power of the Sword. And how could he preſerve that Truſt, if he had ſate ſtill, and ſuffered others, not only to take it from him, but to uſe it againſt him?

But it is moſt probable that he never intended it, elſe he was very unwiſe to let them be before hand with him, in ſeizing upon his Caſtles, Magazines, and Ships; for which there can be no Reaſons imagined, but that he was loth to give them any Occaſion (in ſecuring them) to ſuſpect he did but intend a War. And by all this, I doubt not but it appears plain enough to all rational Men, that he was ſo far from being the Cauſe of the War, that he rather fell into it by avoiding it; and that he avoided it ſo long, 'till he was fain to take Arms at ſo great a Diſadvantage, as he had almoſt as good have ſat ſtill and ſuffered. And in this you have uſed the King with the ſame Juſtice the Chriſtians received from *Nero*, who having ſet *Rome* on fire himſelf, a Sacrifice to his own

wicked Genius, laid the Odium of it on the Chriſtians, and put them to Death for it.

But this Way you found too fair and open for your Purpoſe, and therefore declined it; for having proved his Intentions by his Deſires, and his Actions by his Intentions, you attempt a more prepoſterous Way yet to prove both, by what might have been his Intentions: And to this Purpoſe you have the Confidence, in ſpight of Senſe, to make Contingencies the final Cauſe of Things, and impolitic, accidental, poſſible Inconveniencies, which all the Wit of Man can never avoid, the intended Reaſons of State. As when you will have the King fight for the Militia, only to command the Purſe of the People; for a Power to make Judges, only to wreſt the Laws; to grant Pardons, that public-ſpirited Men, as you call them, may be made away, and the Murderers pardoned, *&c.* All which being Creatures of your own Fancy and Malice, and no Part of his Quarrel, you are ſo far from proving what he fought for, that when you have ſtrained your Ability, all you can ſay is but this, in your own Senſe, that he fought for Power to do that which he

never would do when it was in his Power. But if you take this Liberty, I can't but think how you would beſtir your ſelf, if you could but get your God, as you have done your King, before ſuch an impartial high Court of Juſtice as this! How would you charge him with his Miſgovernment in Nature, for which, by the very ſame Logic, you may prove he made us all Slaves, in cauſing the Weaker to hold his Life at the Pleaſure of the Stronger; that he ſet up a Sun to dazzle our Eyes, that we might not ſee, and to kindle Fevers in our Veins; made Fire to burn us, Water to drown us, and Air to poiſon us, and then demand Juſtice againſt him; all which you may eaſily do, now you have the Trick on't, for the very ſame Reaſon will ſerve again, and with much more Probability; for it is eaſier to prove that Men have been burnt, and drowned, and died of the Plague, than to make it appear the King ever uſed your finer Device to remove public-ſpirited Men; or can you, without extreme Injuſtice, ſuppoſe he ever would? For 'tis ſo much as very well known, he highly favoured and advanced his greateſt Oppoſers, for ſuch you mean, I know, whom he found Owners of any eminent Deſert, as he did the Earl of

Strafford, and the Attorney-General *Noy*, and for other honeſt Men, as you will have them, whom Frenzy, or Sedition, ſet againſt him, by your own Confeſſion; he did not ſuffer thoſe black Stars, very ſtrange ones, to ſlit their Noſes, and crop their Ears.

But now I think theſe honeſt public-ſpirited Men, certainly ſome of them have not ſo good an Opinion of the Honeſty of your public Proceedings, but they would willingly venture, not only their Ears again, if they had them, but their Heads too, in Defiance of your moſt comprehenſive Piece of Juſtice, whoſe Cauſe, while you take upon you to plead againſt their Conſent, as you have done your honourable Clients, the People, you deſerve in Reaſon to be thrown over the Bar, by your own Party; for you but confeſs your own Injuſtice, while you acknowledge the public Honeſty of thoſe that moſt oppoſe it.

How ſolid, or pertinent, thoſe Arguments of yours have been, let any Man, that is ſober, judge: But you are reſolved, right or wrong, they ſhall paſs; to let us know how eaſily he that has the Unhappineſs to be judged by his

Enemies is found guilty of any thing they please to lay to his Charge; and therefore ſatisfied with your own Evidence, you proceed to Sentence, and condemn the King with much Formality, by the fundamental Laws of this Kingdom, by the general Law of all Nations, and the unanimous Conſent of all rational Men in the World, for imploying the Power of the Sword to the Deſtruction of the People, with which they intruſted him for their own Protection. How you got the Conſent of rational Men to this Sentence, I cannot imagine; for 'tis moſt certain, by your own Confeſſion, that he never employed the Sword, but againſt thoſe who firſt fought to deprive him of it; and by that very Act declared they did not truſt him, and conſequently abſolved him both from the Obligation that he had to protect them, and the Poſſibility too: For no Man can defend another longer than he defends himſelf; ſo that, if you will have your Sentence to be juſt, you muſt confeſs it to be Nonſenſe; for you muſt not only prove, that thoſe who fought againſt him, were the People that truſted him, not thoſe who fought for him, but the leſſer, or leſs conſiderable Part of the People, the People, as you have the Confidence to call

your honourable Clients, being not the twentieth Part of the very Rabble; which if you can do, you are much wiſer than *Solomon*: For it is eaſier to divide a Child in two Parts, than to make one of thoſe two Parts a whole Child; and if you have the trick on't you ſhall be next allowed to prove, that take four out of ſix, there remains ſix. Nor is there more Juſtice, or Reaſon, in the Sentence, than in the Courſe you take to uphold it; for while you deny the old Maxim or Law, That the King can do no Wrong, you maintain a new one much worſe, that he may ſuffer any; and having limited his Power to act only according to Law, expoſe him to ſuffer, not only without, but againſt Law. Truly it is hard Meaſure, but, rather than fail of your Purpoſe, you will make as bold with Scripture as you have done with Reaſon, if it ſtand in your Way; as you do when you interpret that Place of the Apoſtle, *Where no Law is, there is no Tranſgreſſion*, to mean, where there is neither Law of God, nor Nature, nor poſitive Law: I wonder where that is; certainly you had better undertake to find out a Plantation for *Archimedes* his Engines to move the Earth, than but fancy where that can

be, which you muſt do before you can make this Scripture to be underſtood to your Purpoſe; and I cannot but ſmile, to think how hard a Taſk that will be for ſuch a ſtrong Fancy as yours, that cannot conceive what your ſelf affirm; for when you deny it poſſible to ſuppoſe two ſupreme Powers in one Nation, you forget that you had acknowledged much more before; for you confeſs the King to be Supreme, when you ſay, very elegantly; he made head againſt the Parliament, who acknowledged him to be Head thereof, and yet you ſay the Parliament is the ſupreme Authority of the Nation. Thus you affirm that really to be, which you think is impoſſible to imagine.

But ſuch lucky Contradictions of your ſelf, as well as Senſe, are as familiar with you as Railing; for beſides the many before-mentioned, and your common Incongruities of Speech, as far from Conſtruction as the Purpoſe: There are others which, for your Encouragement, ought not to be omitted, and when you would prove the King the moſt abominable Tyrant that ever People ſuffered under, yet you ſay he was beloved of ſome, and feared abroad;

His Judges you compared to the Saints ſitting in Judgment at the laſt Day; and yet, by your own Doctrine, they are more like Bears and Wolves, in ſitting by a Commiſſion of Force: Their High-Court is a Royal Palace of the Principles of Freedom; and yet, 'till the People voluntarily ſubmit to a Government, which they never did to that, they were but Slaves. The Parliament (you ſay) petitioned the King, as good Subjects; and yet, immediately after, you make them his Lords, and himſelf Servant; ſo they give him the Honour of his own Royal Aſſent, and yet they often petitioned him for it. His Tryal you call moſt impartial, and yet cannot deny all his Judges to be Parties, and his profeſt Enemies. But you hit pretty right, when you ſay he cauſed more Proteſtant Blood to be ſhed than ever was ſpilt either by *Rome*, Heathen, or Antichriſtian; for grant that partly to be true, and confeſs as much Proteſtant Blood as ever was ſpilt by the Heathen *Romans*, unleſs they could kill Proteſtants eight hundred Years before there were any in the World: which eloquent Piece of Nonſenſe we muſt impute to your Ignorance in Chronology, or Confuſion of Notion, which you pleaſe. Nor are thoſe Riddles of Contra-

diction only in your Words, but in the whole Courſe of your Proceedings; for you never do the King any Right, but where you do him the greateſt Wrong; and are there only rational, where you are moſt inhuman; as in your additional Accuſations, ſince his Death. For there you undertake to prove ſomething, and give your Reaſons (ſuch as they are) to make it appear, which were fair Play, if you do not take an Advantage too unreaſonable, to argue with the Dead. But your other Impeachments conſiſt only of Generals, prove nothing, or Intentions, which can never be proved, or your own forced Conſtructions of Actions, or what might have been Actions, but never were; all which you only aggravate with Impertinency and foul Language, but never undertake to prove; and, if we ſhould grant all you would ſay, and ſuppoſe you ſaid it in Senſe, or Order, it would ſerve you to no Purpoſe, unleſs you have, by Proof, or Argument, applied it to him, which you never went about to do.

But if this were the worſt, you might be borne with, as a Thing more becoming the Contempt, than the Anger of Men; but who

can preſerve any Patience, that does but think upon that Prodigy of your Injuſtice, as well as Inhumanity, to accuſe the King after his Death, of what you were aſhamed to charge him with when alive? For what you ſay concerning the death of King *James*, you will become the Scorn of your own Party; for they never uſed it farther than they found it of Advantage to ſome Deſign they had in hand; as when they would move the King to grant their Propoſitions, they made it ſerve for an Argument to him; if he would ſign, he ſhould ſtill be their *Gracious King*, if not, *he killed his Father*. But when they found he would not be convinced with ſuch Logic, they laid it utterly aſide; for (without doubt) they had not loſt an Advantage, ſo uſeful as they might have made it in the Charge, had they not known it would have coſt them more Impudence to maintain, than they ſhould need to uſe in proceeding without it; but let us conſider your Student's Might, with which you firſt ſay you are ſatisfied, and yet after have it as a Riddle. Firſt, he was obſerved to hate the Duke, but inſtantly, upon the Death of King *James*, took him into his ſpecial Grace and Favour, of which you conceive this Art muſt be the Cauſe. Be-

lieve me, your Conjecture is contrary to all Experience, and the common Manner of Princes, who uſe to love the Treaſon, but hate the Traytor; and if he had been ſo politic a Tyrant, as you would deſcribe him, he would never believe his Life ſafe, nor his Kingdom his own, while any Man lived (much leſs his Enemy whom ſuch a King would never truſt) of whoſe Gift and Secrecy he held them both; nor is it likely that he, who would not ſpare the Life of his Father to gain a Kingdom, ſhould ſpare the Life of his Enemy to ſecure it. As for his diſſolving the Parliament, I believe not only all wiſe Men, but all that ever heard of this will acquit him; whether he did it to avoid the Duke's Impeachment, you cannot prove; but if you could, you muſt conſider that, in ſuch Caſes, Princes may as well protect their Favourites from Injury as Juſtice, ſince no Innocence can ſerve them, if they lie as open to the Queſtion, as they do to the Envy of Men.

But for the better Satisfaction of thoſe you appeal to, I ſhall add this: It is moſt certain, that this Humour of Innovation began to ſtir

in the firſt Parliament of this King, and grew to an Itch in the Commons for the Alteration of Government; to which End, they firſt reſolved to pull down the chief Inſtrument thereof, the Duke of *Buckingham*: But having then no *Scotch* Army, nor Act of Continuance, to aſſure their Sitting, all the Wit of Malice could never invent a more politic Courſe, than to impeach him, and put this Article, true or falſe, into this Charge; for thus they were not only ſure of the Affections of the People, who, out of the common Fate of Favourites, generally hated the Duke, and are always pleaſed with the Ruin of their Superiors, but ſecured from the King's Interpoſition, whom they believed, by this Means, bound up from protecting the Duke, tho' he knew his Innocency, leſt the Envy and Fury of all ſhould fall upon himſelf: But the King, who underſtood their Meaning, and knew this was but in order to their farther Attempts, which always begin with ſuch Sacrifices, ſuddenly diſſolved the Parliament, and, by his Wiſdom and Policy, kept that Calamity ſixteen Years after from the People, which the very ſame Courſes and Fate of theſe unhappy Times, have ſince brought upon them. But you have taken more Pains

to prove him Guilty, ſince his Death, of the Rebellion in *Ireland*, altho' with as little Reaſon, or Ingenuity; only you deal fairly in the Beginning, and tell us what to expect from you, when you ſay, as a Ground of all your Proofs, "If you meet a Man running down "Stairs with a bloody Sword in his Hand, and "find a Man ſtabbed in the Chamber, though "you did not ſee this Man run into the Body "by that Man which you met, yet if you were "of the Jury, you durſt not but find him "Guilty of the Murther." I hope not, before you knew whether the Man killed were ſent by the King to fetch the Man you met, for then you may ſay it muſt be in his own Defence. Truly you are a ſubtle Enquirer, but let us hear ſome of the clear Proofs. Firſt, *He durſt never deny it abſolutely*; beſides the notorious Falſhood of that, it is moſt ſenſeleſs to imagine, that he who had Wickedneſs enough to commit ſo horrid an Act, ſhould have the innocent Modeſty not to deny it, when he durſt not own it. He ſent Thanks to *Muſkerry* and *Plunket*, by *Ormond*, which you are confident his Height of Spirit would never have done, if he had not been as guilty as themſelves; and

may not *Ormond* that carried the Thanks, be, by the ſame Reaſon, as well proved guilty as the King! What's next, "If he had not been "guilty, he would have made a thouſand De- "clarations, and have ſent to all Princes in the "World for Aſſiſtance againſt ſuch Hell-Hounds "and Blood-Hounds," *&c.* That was impoſſible to be done, without ſending to the Pope, and then you would have proved it clearly indeed. But the Copy of his Commiſſion to the *Iriſh* Rebels, is in the Hands of the Parliament. 'Tis moſt certain they never believed it themſelves, elſe it had not been omitted in the Charge. But now for an Argument to the Purpoſe. After the *Iriſh* were proclaimed Traytors and Rebels by the King, their General Council made an Oath to bear true and faithful Allegiance to King *Charles*, and by all means to maintain his royal Prerogative, againſt the *Puritans* in the Parliament of *England*; which they would never have done, unleſs he had commanded, or conſented to the Rebellion. But obſerve then what will follow. After the two Houſes at *Weſtminſter* were proclaimed Rebels and Traytors by the King, they made a ſolemn Covenant to defend his Royal Perſon, Rights and Dignities, againſt all Oppoſers whatſoever,

and therefore by the ſame Reaſon he did command or conſent to the War raiſed by the Parliament againſt himſelf. "But did they not "ſay they had his Commiſſion, and call themſelves the King and Queen's Armies? But "then, you forgot who they were that ſaid ſo, "Hell-Hounds, and Blood-Hounds, Fiends, "and Fire-Brands, and Bloody Devils, not to "be named without Fire and Brimſtone; do "you think ſuch are not to be believed (eſpecially when they ſpeak for their own Advantage) rather than the People of God, the faithful of the Land at *Weſtminſter*, who likewiſe, "when they raiſed Forces, ſaid, they did it "for the King and Parliament? Can any Man "in his Wits deny but the King is to be believed before either of theſe?" And yet you cannot be perſuaded, but his Offer to go in Perſon to ſuppreſs the Rebellion, was a Deſign to return at the Head of 20, or 30000 Rebels, to have deſtroyed this Nation. That's very ſtrange! but firſt, how ſhall we believe what you ſay before, to ſhew your Breeding? Never was Bear ſo unwillingly brought to the Stake, as he to declare againſt the Rebels, if he offered to adventure his Perſon to ſuppreſs them. When you have made this agree in Senſe, let

us know how you can ſuppoſe the ſame Perſon, the wiſeſt King in Chriſtendom, and yet ſo fooliſh, to ſtudy his own Deſtruction; for who could ſuffer ſo much in the Ruin of this Nation as himſelf? For his hindering the Earl of *Leiceſter*'s going into *Ireland*, he had much more Reaſon to do ſo than the Parliament had to hinder him; and therefore you may as well conclude them guilty, as him, of the Rebellion.

That they ſold, or exchanged, for Arms and Ammunition, the Cloth and Proviſions ſent by the Parliament to the Proteſtants in *Ireland*, you muſt either accuſe the Parliament, which ſeized upon his Arms firſt, and uſed them againſt him, or prove them above the Law of Nature, which, I believe, you had rather do, that commands every Man to defend himſelf. But the Rebels in *Ireland* gave Letters of Mart for taking the Parliament's Ships, but freed the King's, as their very good Friends. I ſee you are not ſuch a Wizard at Deſigns as you pretend to be; for if this be the deepeſt Reach of your Subtilty, had you been a Senator in *Rome*, when *Hannibal* invaded *Italy*, and burnt all the Country, but that of the *Roman* Dicta-

tor, you would have ſpared no longer to prove him Confederate with the Enemy. But I fear I may ſeem as vain as yourſelf in repeating your Impertinencies. There is one Argument that might have ſerved inſtead of all, to convince you of Wickedneſs and Folly in this Buſineſs, and that is the Silence of the Charge, which, by your own Rule, ought to be taken *pro confeſſo*, there was never any ſuch Thing.

I will not trouble my ſelf nor any Body with your *French* Legend, as being too inconſiderable to deſerve any ſerious Notice, built only upon Relations and Hear-ſays, and proved with your own Conjectures; which, how far we are to credit, from a Man of ſo much Biaſs and Miſtakes, any of thoſe you appeal to ſhall determine; to whom I ſhall ſay but this, that you do but acknowledge the Injuſtice of the Sentence, while you ſtrive to make it good with ſuch Additions; for if you had not believed it very bad, you would never have taken ſo much Pains to mend it: And, I hope, your high Court will puniſh you for it, whoſe Reputation your officious Indiſcretion hath much impaired to no Purpoſe: For tho' we ſhould grant all your Additions to be true, as you would

have it, it does not at all juſtify the King's Death, ſince he did not die in Relation to any Thing there objected; and all you can poſſibly aim at by this pitiful Argument, is but to prove him Guilty, becauſe he was puniſhed; for you can never prove him puniſhed becauſe he was Guilty.

For your Epilogue, I have ſo much Charity to believe it, being of a different Thread of Language, none of your own; but either penned for you by your muſty *Peters*, or elſe you writ Short-Hand very well to copy after the Speech of his Tongue. However you came by it, ſure I am, it could come from no body elſe; and having ſaid ſo, I hope I ſhall need ſay no more; for I ſhall be loath to commit the Sin of repeating any of it. But ſince 'tis but a Frippery of common Places of Pulpit Railing, ill put together, that pretend only to Paſſion, I am content you ſhould uſe them your ſelf, and be allowed to ſay any thing with as little Regard, as if you wore your Privilege: Yet leſt you ſhould grow ſo conceited as to believe your-ſelf, I will take *Solomon*'s Advice, and anſwer you not in your own Way of Railing, or Falſhood, but in doing ſome Right to Truth, and

the Memory of the Dead, which you have equally injured.

That he was a Prince of incomparable Virtues his very Enemies cannot deny, (only they were not for their Purpoſe) and thoſe ſo unblemiſhed with any perſonal Vice, that they were fain to abuſe the Security of his Innocence, both to accuſe and ruin him. His Moderation (which he preſerved equal in the Extremity of both Fortunes) they made a common Diſguiſe for their contrary Impalations, as they had occaſion to miſ-call it, either an Eaſineſs to be miſled by others, or Obſtinacy to rule by his own Will. This Temper of his was ſo admirable, that neither the higheſt of Temptations, Adorations and Flattery, nor the loweſt of Miſery, Injuries, the Inſolence of Fools, could move him. His Conſtancy to his own Virtues was [illegible] mean Cauſe of his Undoing; for if he had not ſtated the Principles of Government upon unalterable Right, but could have ſhifted his Sails to catch the popular Air when it grew high (as his Enemies did) they had never undone him with empty Pretendings to what he really meant. His Wiſdom and Knowledge were of ſo noble a Capacity, that

nothing lay ſo much out of his Reach, as the profound Wickedneſs of his Enemies, which his own Goodneſs would never give him leave to ſuſpect, nor his experienced Power to diſcover; for they managed the whole Courſe of his Ruin, as they did the laſt Act of it, in Diſguiſe; elſe ſo great a Wit as his had never been circumvented by the Treachery and Cheat, rather than Policy, of ignorant Perſons. All he wanted of a King was, he knew not how to diſſemble, unleſs concealing his own Perfections were ſo; in which he only deceived his People, who knew not his great Abilities, 'till their Sins were puniſhed with the Loſs of him. In his Death, he not only out-did the high Reſolution of the antient *Romans*, but the humble Patience of the Primitive Martyrs; ſo far from the Manner of Tyrants, who uſed to wiſh all the World their Funeral Pile, that he employed the Care of his laſt Thoughts about the Safety of his very Enemies, and [illegible]ed not only conſulting, but praying for the Preſervation of thoſe whom he knew reſolved to have none, but what was built upon their own Deſtruction.

All this, and much more, the Juſtice of Poſterity (when Faction and Concernment are

removed) will acknowledge to be more true of him, than any of thoſe Slanders you (or the mad Wickedneſs of his Age) have thrown upon his Memory, which ſhall then, like Dung caſt at the Roots of Trees, but make his Name more flouriſhing and glorious; when all theſe Monuments of Infamy you have raiſed, ſhall become the Trophies of his Virtue, and your own Shame. In the mean Time, as your own Conſcience, or the Expectation of Divine Vengeance, ſhall call upon you, you will ſee what you have done, and find there is no Murther ſo horrid, as that which is committed with the Sword of Juſtice; nor any Injuſtice ſo notorious, as that which takes Advantage, both of the firſt Silence of the Living, and that of the Dead. In this laſt, you have been very ſinful, and, in accuſing the Dead, have not behaved yourſelf ſo like a Saint at the Day of Judgment, as the Devil, whoſe Office is to be Solicitor General in ſuch Caſes. I will not judge you, leſt I ſhould do worſe, imitate you. But certainly you will find it the worſt Kind of Witchcraft, to raiſe the Devil by ſacrificing to your own Malice, eſpecially to ſo bad a Purpoſe as you have done, that you might invade the Judgment-Seat of Chriſt, and uſurp his

Juriſdiction before his Coming, which you have preſumed to do with more Rudeneſs than *Hacket* uſed, and leſs Formality, in not ſending your Fore-runner to proclaim (in a Turnip-Cart) your coming to Judgment. But the worſt of all is, you ſeem to glory in your Sins, and aſſert the Martyrdom of your Wickedneſs; for having ſuppoſed a Poſſibility you may fall by the Hands of Violence, you arm yourſelf with a forced Reſolution, which you may be confident you will never have need of: for you have no Reaſon to think any Man can believe you have deſerved a violent Death; no, you have deſerved rather to live; long, ſo long, 'till you ſee yourſelf become the Controverſy of wild Beaſts, and be fain to prove our Scare-Crow. Unleſs you ſhall think it juſt, that as you have been condemned out of your own Mouth, ſo you ſhould fall by your own Hand. Indeed there was not a Hang-man [illegible] enough for *Judas*, but himſelf; and [illegible] you ſhall think fit to do yourſelf ſo much Right, you ſhall be your own Sooth-ſayer, and fall by the Hand of a *Raviliac*, to whom, with more Likeneſs, compare yourſelf, than to *Henry* IV. for you are no King. What *Raviliac* was is very well known; what you are, I leave to your own Conſcience.

JOHN AUDLAND's LETTER TO WILLIAM PRYNNE, AND WILLIAM PRYNNE's Anſwer.

N. B. The Running-Titles of the two following Letters are by Miſtake wrong printed. Inſtead of *The Quakers againſt the Independents*, and *the Independents againſt the Quakers*, the Titles ſhould have been, *John Audland's Letter to William Prynne*, and *William Prynne's Anſwer*; which the Reader is deſired to excuſe and to correct accordingly.

JOHN AUDLAND's LETTER TO WILLIAM PRYNNE.

WILLIAM PRYNNE,

THOU perpetual Scribe, Phariſee and Hypocrite, born to the Deſtruction of Paper, and moſt unchriſtian Effuſion of Ink; thou *Egyptian* Taſkmaſter of the Preſs, and unmerciful Deſtroyer of Gooſe-Quils, that doſt plunder and ſtrip thy poor Kindred naked to the Skin, to maintain thy ſelf in a tyrannical and arbitrary Way of ſcribbling againſt thy Brethren, even the *Independents* and *Quakers*, over whom thou ſetteſt up thyſelf as an unrighteous Judge; for a righteous Judge hath an Ear for both Parties, and thou haſt none for either. Verily, *William*, thou doſt Evil, and againſt the Light within thee, to accuſe thy Brethren of that, whereof thou art more guilty thy ſelf; for tho' they break an Act of Parlia-

ment, yet thou didſt worſe, when thou wouldſt have made one thy ſelf, after thou hadſt engaged thy Faith unto the Houſe, that thou wouldſt never lift up thy Heel againſt them more: Truly, thou ſheweſt thy ſelf in this, no better than a *Jew*, in throwing the firſt Stone at them, unleſs thou wert innocent thy ſelf; and all thy Fundamental, Municipal, Common, Natural Law, will not ſerve to prove the other, who has been judged by the Laws of the Land, as a Phariſee, to wear a *Philactery* in Public, and haſt had thine Ears bored through, according to the *Moſaical* Law: And I fear thy pretended Converſion to Chriſtianity is but in order to ſomething elſe, even as the *Mahometans* (they ſay) will not admit a *Jew* to turn *Turk*, unleſs he firſt become a *Chriſtian:* And that is the Reaſon why thou art ſo cruel (like a Renegado) to thoſe of thine own Sect; [illegible], even unto thoſe in whoſe Quarrel thou haſt loſt Leather; for as one of thy Ears was cut off for *Preſbytery*, even ſo was the other for *Independency*. But now I ſpeak of thine Ears, give me leave to aſk thee one Queſtion. I have heard, that thoſe who have loſt their Legs do ſometimes nevertheleſs feel Pains in their Toes; and I would fain know, whether toward Change of

Weather, thou doſt not feel a Kind of Itching and Tingling in thoſe defunct-Parings of thine, eſpecially when *Preſbytery* and *Government* are like to peep out again? For what elſe does thy railing againſt the Biſhops (as well as us) hold forth, but that thou art the very ſame *Will. Prynne*, Utter-Barriſter, that didſt heretofore publiſh againſt them ſo many ridiculous Hat-Caſes and Band-boxes, in which thy Works are always bound up, and are to be ſold on the South-ſide of *Paul's* Church-yard, where thy Stationers live? Among thoſe, I have ſeen thy Title-pages paſted, like Mountebanks Bills, in which thou doſt always write *Reformation*, *Law*, *Religion*, and *Fundamental* in Capital Letters, even as thoſe Quacks do *Pox* and *Running of the Reins*, and both to the ſame Purpoſe; namely to deceive the Reader, and vapour of more than thou art able to perform. But O! the Verboſity of thy Writings! *Solomon* ſaith, *in many Words there is Folly*; and thou haſt prov'd it true. For thou writeſt perpetually in the Language of a *Conveyance*, and does not indite, but draw; and when thou ſhalt anſwer for every idle Word, all the Bills and Anſwers in *Chancery* will riſe up in Judgment

againſt thee. For thou uſeſt ſo many impertinent Tautologies, that thy Reader can never underſtand what thou meaneſt, unleſs he ſhould take the Pains to draw Breviats of thy ſenſeleſs Repetitions, which is inſufferable, and not to be endured by a Free-born *Engliſh-man*. And this ſerves thee to the ſame Purpoſe that *Hems* and *Habs* do thy Gifted Ghoſtly Fathers, that is, to loſe Time, and put off thy Commodity, namely, Waſte-Paper, whereof thou endeavoureſt to obtain the *Monopoly*, and thereby undo hundreds of Families that live by writing lewd and prophane Plays: For when thou haſt ingroſſed the whole Commodity of Waſte-Paper into thine own Hands, their Works will be left upon theirs; and in this thou takeſt a more wiſe and rational Courſe, than thou didſt heretofore in writing Indentures againſt them; for thou knoweſt not how to write in any other Strain, and therefore to let thee ſee how eaſily [illegible] attain unto thy Gifts, I will now ſpeak unto thee a few Words in thine own Way. Doſt thou not remember *William Prynne*, when the long Parliament, according to the antient, known, fundamental, eſtabliſhed Cuſtom, Practice, Uſage, Example of all Rebels, Traytors, *Cades*, *Tylers*, *Straws*, ſet open the Priſons, Goals, Dungeons, Cages; and took the Priſoners, Felons, Male-

factors, Jaylbirds, into their Protection, Patronage, Safeguard, Tuition, and, among others, thy ſelf, *William Prynne*, aforeſaid, with thy Brethren, Companions, Copemates, Aſſociates, *Burton*, *Baſtwick*, *Lilborn*, *Poe*, &c. How the Saints, Brethren, godly, well-affected, rode out to meet thee, with the Siſters, Helpers, Damſels, Handmaids, behind them, on the Tail of the Beaſt, ſtuck with Antichriſtian, Superſtitious, Idolatrous *Roſemary* and *Bays*, to celebrate, welcome, and congratulate thy Remitter! How they dawb'd, daſh'd, defiled and polluted thee the ſaid *William Prynne*, with Dirt, Puddle, Greetings, Salutations, that thou didſt look more like unto a Pimp, Pander, Bawd, newly Carted, than an Utter-Barriſter Triumphant; and with how dirty and filthy a Grace, Faſhion and Demeanor thou didſt bow, ſtoop, and lowt to thine Idolaters, the Rabble-Rout Crowding on both Sides of the Street, or Streets, who made an Idol of the *Rings* of thine *Ears*, even as the *Jews* did of their *Earings*. This, verily, *William*, is thy perfect Style, and right Manner of Expreſſion, in which thou art the Freer of thy Windy Stuff, becauſe thou comeſt eaſily by it, for thou doſt but turn over thy Concordances, and the Indexes of thy Books,

and whereſoever thou findeſt any Thing of *Quake*, *Tremble* and *Shake*, from the Motion of the Heavens to the Wagging of a Dog's-Tail, thou applieſt it right, or wrong, unto us; and that it may ſeem to be to ſome Purpoſe, thou doſt always print it in *CAPITAL LETTERS*, becauſe ſuch were heretofore to very good Purpoſe, imprinted on thy Cheeks by the Miniſtration of that Son of *Belial*, the Executioner. But I cannot underſtand how thou, or thy Rabble of Saints, could anſwer the Churches for committing the abominable Sin of *Bays* and *Roſemaryneſs*, which they had before, and have ſince ſo often condemned; for if it be idolatrous and ſuperſtitious (as they have determined) to ſtick thoſe Creatures in the Windows of Steeple-Houſes, much more muſt it be on their own Veſſels. All that they have (in my Opinion) to ſay for themſelves, is, that they ſerved thee up (like a *Weſtphalia* Ham) with *Bays*, as thou art a *Pagan* Poet, according to the prophane Cuſtom of thy Forefathers the

As one Campanella a Popiſh Friar, &c.] The following Verſes from *Butler's* poetical Theſaurus may ſerve as one Proof, out of many others that might be produced, of the Genuineſs of this Letter.

As CAMPANELLA *us'd to ſcrew and wreſt*
His Face like theirs, to whom he then a hireſt;

Heathen; tho' he that has the Patience to read thy vile untunable Ditties, will rather take thee for an *Iriſh* Rat-catcher, that is ſaid to Rhime Vermin to Death, than the *Engliſh Prudentius*, or *Robert Wiſdom*, Junior, as ſome of thine own Tribe ſtyle thee, according to the Fleſh; for thou doſt abuſe Scripture moſt unconſcionably, againſt its own expreſs Command, in caſting holy Things into Doggrel, which is worſe and more abominable than unto Dogs; and this thou performeſt ſo dully, that ſome of the *Virtuoſo*'s have been puzzled to find out the Reaſon of it, 'till they were informed; but when thou writeſt, thou doſt uſe always to ſet a Death's Head on the Deſk before thee, as one *Campanella*, a *Popiſh* Friar, is ſaid to have done the Pictures of thoſe he intended to addreſs his Writings; and found it moſt certain, upon ſeveral Experiments, that the Perſon to the Reſemblance of whoſe Countenance he could neareſt force and ſcrew his own, was always moſt pleaſed with his Writings: And this they

And always found he had the beſt Succeſs,
When beſt he did it, moſt of all to pleaſe:
So famous Writers think their very Looks
Will add a great Advantage to their Books;
And therefore, when they put their Works in Print,
Their Pictures are the firſt Thing hand'd in't.

are confident is the natural Reaſon why thy Compoſitions are ſo flat and dull, that they will hardly hold 'till the Ink is dry; and when they are printed, not one of an Hundred will endure the Stitching, but turn to ſuch homely Uſes as they are moſt fit and proper for. Truly, *William*, if I were your Friend, I ſhould adviſe you to leave this Freak of the Death's Head, leſt the young Gentlemen of the Houſe ſurpriſe you again (as you know they once did at Midnight) and make you drink Health's-Sickneſs in it again, on your bare Marrow-bones. But I wonder in what Part of the World thy Readers live, if there are any ſuch Creatures in Nature! Verily, they ought to have their Shoulders grow above their Heads (like *John Mandevil*'s People in *Africk*) for there is more of Labour and Drudgery than Underſtanding required, and they ought to have a large Meaſure of *Patience*, *Long-ſuffering*, and *Ignorance*, that can endure to read one Page of thine: For as in the *North*, the more dirty and foul the Highways are, the larger Meaſure they allow to their Miles; even ſo doſt thou to thy tedious dull Impertinencies; inſomuch, that ſome are of Opinion, that thy Readers ought to be dieted like Running Nags, before they can be in Breath to read thy long-

winded Periods, which none but ſuch as thyſelf will ſubmit to; for, if few Words do beſt with the Wiſe, none of thoſe will ever endure to have any Thing to do with thee. And yet I have heard, that thou doſt not a little glory, that thy Works have paſt thro' all Sorts of Times, (but only thoſe wherein they were refuted by the Hand of thy old Antagoniſt the Hangman) without Diſpute or Queſtion.

It is very true indeed, they are utterly incapable of Confutation, as ſome Places are rendered impregnable by their barren rocky Situations, or by being fortified with Muddwalls and Ditches. He that ſhould venture to encounter thee at thy own Weapon, might be ſaid to revive the old Way of fighting with Sandbags, the true Types of thy dry disjointed Stuff; and beſides, muſt of Neceſſity cite ſo many Sorts of Wares from *Plumbs* and *Sugar*, to *Mundungus* and *Ratſbane*, with which thy Works are always bound up, that his Writings will be charged with Quotations, as full and dull as thine own: But ſince ſo many *Chandlers* and *Haberdaſhers of ſmall Wares* have undertaken to confute thee, and proceeded ſo far there-

in already, it were an Act of great Imprudence to take the Taſk out of their Hands who are beſt able to go through with it. And therefore I ſhall leave it to them to determine, whether thou haſt ſubſtantially and ſolidly proved the *Quakers* to be Jeſuitical, Romiſh, Capuchin Frogs, with Maſks on their Faces, put on by the Jeſuits, and pulled off by thee, as thou doſt confidently undertake to perform in the Title Page. Truly, *William*, I do confeſs thoſe Jeſuits are dangerous Fellows, thou hadſt beſt look about thee, and have a care, for it is verily believed by many knowing Perſons, that they have always ſet thee on Work no leſs than the *Independents*; and have received a better Return from thy Horſe-like Drudgery, tho' thou haſt no more Wit to perceive than a Fool has to know by what Hand it is ſet on Work. And if they bewitched the *Quakers* (as thou doſt confidently affirm) it is moſt certain they have drawn thee into that Feat too. For if it be true, as ſome carnal Learned Men aver, that Witches fetch the Materials of their Medicines from Gibbets and Pillories, the Parings of thine Ears have been among their Ingredients, and thou art guilty thereof.

But I fear I begin to be like thee, that is, tedious to no Purpoſe, for I do not expect that any Thing can do good upon thee, who haſt been ſo often incorrigible to the Laws; for as the Strength of two Men in their Wits is not ſufficient to hold down and quiet one Madman, even ſo art thou Proof againſt all Reaſon and Light, and therefore I will caſt away no more upon thee, but leaving thee to thine own Darkneſs, with the old Saying, bid thee twice Good-night.

WILLIAM PRYNNE's ANSWER.

JOHN AUDLAND,

THOU Quaking Quack, Jeſuitical Romiſh Franciſcan Frog, ſee my *Quaker unmaſked*, page 1. 13. Thou art the Devil's Dice-Box, which he Shakes, Rattles, Wags, to gull, cheat, delude, and induce the intoxicated giddy-headed *Engliſh Nation.* Thou art ſick of thy Church, and haſt catch'd thy Religion like a Palſy, Epilepſy, Ague, and art taken with Tertian, Quartan, Quotidian cold Fits, at thy ſuperſtitious, idolatrous Jeſuitical Meetings, Aſſemblies, Conventicles. See my *Health's Sickneſs*, p. 150. *The Northern Blaſt*, p. 90. *The Pope croſſing the Cudgels*, p. 297. Where thou ſayeſt I have no Ears, *&c.* therein thou ſheweſt that thou haſt no Light, Reaſon, Underſtanding; for as a Houſe is judged to be a Houſe in Law as long as any Part is ſtanding; and a light Piece of Gold is good and lawful *Engliſh* Coin, current with Allowance, altho' it be clipt, filed,

waſhed, or worn; even ſo are my *Ears* legal, warrantable, and ſufficient *Ears*, and good in Law, however they have been clipt, par'd, cropt, circumcis'd; and I have a better Title to the Remainders than thou haſt to thine, for they have been twice adjudged to me by the Laws of the Land, which thine never were. For thoſe Parcels, Scraps, Shreds, that I was deprived of, did but confirm my Right to thoſe that are (ſee my own Abridgment at large, page 29. *Liſle upon Gerrard*, pag. 26. *The Legality of Treaſon*, in two Parts, *S. G.* upon both, pag. 666.) left for, *exceptio firmat legem in caſibus non exceptis.*

This ſhews that the Light within thee, of which thou doſt vapour, brag, vaunt, and extol thy ſelf ſo much, is but a kind of duſky Owl-light, a trembling twinkling, ſtinking Snuff, which thou carrieſt in thy Paunch, Guts, Bowels, as an Ox, Bull, or Cow, doth Tallow to make Candles of, or the Cattle of *Lincolnſhire* do the Fewel of the Country; and thou knoweſt who it was that looked over *Lincoln*, and cried, *All's mine*, as he will in time do over ye *Quakers*, Frogs, Vipers. See my *Hidden Works of Darkneſs*, pag. 400. *A Looking*

Glaſs for a Blind Guide, pag. 79. *Fryers a Fry of Frogs*, pag. 220, *&c.*

Whereas thou ſayeſt, urgeſt and objecteſt, that I would have made an *Act of Parliament*, therein thou art miſtaken, deceived and deluded, for I would rather have marred, ſpoiled and perverted one, according to the Senſe, Judgment, and Opinion of the Houſe, (and *ejus eſt interpretari cujus eſt condere*; ſee *Bracton*) by putting in, adding and inſerting ſome Thing, or Things, of my own Invention, Wit, Contrivance, that had not paſſed their Votes; and putting out, eraſing, and expunging other Things, which had, which cannot be ſaid, held, or judged to be a Breach of Law, becauſe it was before it was made one; and if it had been ſo, yet it would have proved no great Crime, Fault, Offence, for *Exchange* (thou knoweſt) *is no Robbery*. See *The Foot out of the Snare*, pag. 53. *Prynne's Principles*, pag. 200, which is more than you can ſay, produce, or allege for yourſelves, who are a Generation, Spawn, Litter of Vipers, Frogs, Serpents; ſo obſtinate, peremptory, incorrigible, that you break the Act of Parliament, at the ſame Time that it is put in Execution againſt you, like

unto a Cut-purſe that picks a Pocket when he is going to be hanged; for you croud, thruſt and intrude yourſelves into Priſons, by Shoals, that you may, in Defiance of Law, Government, Authority, meet more than five together, although it be in the Goal. See my *Sword of Chriſtian Magiſtracy ſuppreſſed*, pag. 550. *The Sectary diſſected*, pag. 82.

Whereas thou ſayeſt, I write in the Style, Form, Language of a *Conveyance*, therein I do according to my Profeſſion, Calling, Vocation, and if thou hadſt done ſo too, thou hadſt been but a Mechanic ſtill, and hadſt not ordained thyſelf a Hedge Sir *John*, of an orderleſs Order and unruly Rule, the Original, Riſe, or Beginning whereof, is as uncertain as the Head, or Heads, of *Nile*, or the hatching of Woodcocks; for no body can tell from whence it came. (See *Truth triumphing*, pag. 79. *The Jeſuit a Jebuſite*, pag. 904.) a Church, or rather Chapel, indeed, that is built upon a *Quaking Bog*, (mark that) or flat Quickſand, without Superior, or Inferior, in it, like the Knights of King *Arthur*'s (See the *Seven Champions of Chriſtendom)* round Table, or the Serpent *Am-*

phiſbæna (of which ſee *Pliny*) that has a Head at both Ends.

Mahomet, the falſe Prophet of the *Turks*, was the firſt Prophet, Patriarch, Founder of the *Quakers:* For he had Trembling Trances, and frantic Fits of the *Falling-ſickneſs*, in which he had Revelations, Dreams, Viſions, whiſpered into his Ear by a Dove, Pidgeon, or Widgeon, that he had inſtructed and taught, uſed to pick Seeds out of his Ear, or Ears; which Seeds are the Seeds of your Church as well as his, for they produce the very ſame Fruits, Effects, Workings in both, and both equally hope to be ſaved by him. And hence it is, that all your Wiſhes, Longings, Deſires, are in the *Turks* over-running of Chriſtendom; for as both they and you account Fools, Ideots, Madmen, Saints; you do not doubt but to paſs eaſily for ſuch with them, for your great Abilities in thoſe Gifts. And therefore as your Brethren, the aforeſaid *Turkiſh Mahometan Fanatics*, devote, deſtine, damn themſelves to Deſtruction, meerly to tire, weary, make Work for, and put a ſtop to the Chriſtians in their Wars; and fill up Ditches, Grafts, Trenches with their Bodies, Carcaſes, outward Men, for their Fellow Muſ-

ſel-men to march over, even ye alſo think to weary out the Officers of Juſtice, with your numberleſs Numbers, and render yourſelves as hard to be caſt out as *Legion* the Devil incorporate did, of whom ye are a Type. See *The Stationers Beacon fired*, pag. 1200. *The Sectary in Sippets*, pag. 202.

By all which it appears, that ye have a *Turk*, as well as a *Pope*, in your Bellies, and that ye delight in Perſecution, in Affliction, Tribulation, as ſome old extravagant fantaſtic Fornicators find a Pleaſure in being whipped; and out of theſe Sores ingender one another, by equivocal Generation, as Flies blow Maggots, which afterwards become Flies, and blow others. See my *Rome's Maſter-Piece*, pag. 808. *Settle brain for a Sectary*, pag. 9. *A Syringe for a ſore Sinner*, pag. 78.

That you are Jeſuitical, Romiſh, Franciſcan Frogs, Witches, Sorcerers, appears in that ye meet to quake, tremble, quiver, and converſe with your Spirits, Imps, Familiars, and that ye came from *Rome* out of the *North*, from whence Evil and Deſtruction cometh, as I have proved,

cleared, demonſtrated, and evinced in my *Quaker Unmaſk'd*, p. 84. *Light's Darkneſs*, p. 26. For as the Needle in the Mariner's Compaſs *Trembles*, (mark that) and points to the *North*, even ſo do ye, ye trembling, quivering, ſhivering *Quakers*. And as Witches are moſt frequent in the *North*, and the colder the Climate is, the apter are the Inhabitants thereof (ſee my *firſt Anſwer to thy ſelf)* to quake, *&c.* it follows, that *Quakers* and *Witches* are of the Growth of the ſame Place, and both of the ſame Nature, Quality, and Condition: For as *Witches* ſwim upon the Water, like light Scum, even ſo are *Quakers* the Scum of the Earth, that ſhake themſelves like Water Dogs when they come out of a Pond. See my *Popiſh Royal Favourite*, p. 800. *Sweet Sips of Soul-ſavingneſs*, p. 53. Laſtly, as *Witches* liquor their Staves and fly through the Air, even ſo do *Quakers* liquor their Throats with inchanted Potion, and gape to ſuck in the Air that it may fly through them, and blow the Light within them. (See *Emmot and Gilpin*, p. 7. *Aldermanbury Bottle opened*, p. 10.) at their Exorciſms rather than Exerciſes of Devotion.

Whereas thou ſayeſt I was branded, burnt, or ſtigmatized in the Cheek, 'tis true, I was ſo, nor am I at all aſhamed of, or ſorry for, or abaſed thereat, but rather ſet a greater Value on my ſelf therefore, as I believe I have very good Cauſe, Conſideration to do, for I was only uſed like a ſealed Meaſure, burnt, branded for being true. See my Verſes written on this Occaſion in the Tower of *London*, *in hæc Verba.*

Of this Opinion William Prynne *was the Sixth Day of* March, *ſix Hundred thirty three.*

Now was it improper, unfit, or unbecoming a Man of my Profeſſion, Cloth, Vocation, that is to meaſure equal Law, Right, Juſtice between Man and Man. See *Truth Triumphing*, p. 10. *The Pricking Provender of Prelacy*, p. 907.

As for the Jeſuits, who thou ſayeſt made uſe of the Scraps of my Ears, to bewitch the *Quakers*, *&c.* If they did ſo, it was no Fault of mine, nor am I bound to anſwer for it; for

when the aforeſaid Parings, Scraps, Shreds, were ſevered from my Freehold, they were no longer mine, nor am I to be accountable for the evil Adminiſtration of them, when they were out of my Power, Charge, Tuition. But if they had been in my own Poſſeſſion, and the Jeſuits had ſtolen them to bewitch the *Quakers* to liſten to their Enchantments, it is not juſt that I ſhould anſwer for their Ears and my own too. See *Speculum Inſect.* p. 95. *The Frantick Franciſcan*, p. 700. *A hole picked in the Pope's Coat*, p. 30. Whereas thou ſayeſt the *Brethren*, *Godly*, &c. *rode out with the Siſters*, *Helpers*, &c. I do confeſs, thank, acknowledge their Loving-kindneſs therein; and if they did Evil in ſticking *Roſemary* and *Bays* upon their Veſſels, Bodies, outward Folks, as thou ſayeſt, againſt the Doctrine and Diſcipline of the *Preſbyterian* Church, it is no more than the Members, Tools, Limbs of the Devil and thy Synagogue did to the Patriarch Patron, and Founder of them, *James Naylor*, whom they exalted above his Brethren upon an Aſs, and ran bare before both, againſt the fundamental, known, eſtabliſhed Rule, Canon, Conſtitution, of their diſorderly Order. See *The Buckle of*

the Canonical Girdle turned, p. 63. *The Quaker Quaſh'd*, p. 4.

Whereas thou ſayeſt my Works are bound up in Hat-caſes, *&c.* If thou would'ſt but buy one of thoſe, and put thy Hat therein, it would operate upon, and inſtill in thy Noddle, ſconce Logger-head, more Senſe, Reaſon, Underſtanding, and teach thee better Manners than to keep it on before a Court of Juſtice; by which thou doſt but ſhew, declare, demonſtrate, that thou haſt a Crack, Flaw, ſoft Place in thy Skull; and in that reſpect art very careful to keep it warm, leſt thy ſickly Brains (if thou haſt any) ſhould take cold: And as for thoſe Chandlers and Haberdaſhers of ſmall Wares, *&c.* which thou ſayeſt have undertaken to oppoſe, anſwer, confute me; verily, they will find it a harder Taſk than they are aware of, for I have already written, printed, publiſhed 100 odd Works, Books, Labours; and before they have done with thoſe, do not doubt to have as many more in a Readineſs, and to find Employment, Work, Buſineſs enough for them all; as long as Church and State can furniſh, ſtore, ſupply me with Subject-Matter:

Provided I may have Proceſs enough to carry on the Work, and can but procure, induce, engage our *Preſbyterian* Brethren, the *Nonconformiſts*, to help, aid and aſſiſt me, which (it being ſo much for their own Advantage, Intereſt, Concernment, and they having, at preſent, nothing elſe to do) I do not doubt to obtain.

REFLECTIONS UPON REASON.

REASON is a Faculty of the Mind, whereby ſhe puts the Notions and Images of Things, with their Operations, Effects, and Circumſtances, that are confuſed in the Underſtanding, into the ſame Order and Condition, in which they are really diſpoſed by Nature, or Event. The right Performance of this is called Truth, to which Reaſon naturally tends in a direct Line, altho' ſhe ſometime miſcarry and fail by the Subtlety of the Object, or

Theſe Thoughts upon a Topic ſo curious and intereſting will give the World a Specimen of *Butler*'s Abilities in the argumentative and philoſophical Way; and ſhew, that he had a Capacity of excelling in the cool and ſober Province of *Judgment*, which is to ſeparate and compare Ideas, as much as he has done in the gayer one of *Wit*, which is humorouſly to aſſociate and aſſimilate them.

This Piece is tranſcribed by him extremely fair, and with greater Regard both to Accuracy of Stile and Punctuation than he uſually obſerves; and the Reader will, I think, find nothing to blame or regret, but that he did not further extend his Speculations upon a Subject, of which he appears to be ſo much the Maſter.

her own Imperfections; and that we call Error or Falſhood. Between this and Truth lies the proper Sphere of Wit, which, tho' it ſeem to incline to Falſhood, does it only to give Intelligence to Truth: for as there is a Trick in Arithmetic, by giving out a falſe Number to find a true one; ſo Wit by a certain Slight of the Mind delivers Things otherwiſe than they are in Nature, by rendring them greater or leſs than they really are, which is called Hyperbole; or by putting them into ſome other Condition than Nature ever did, as when the Performances of ſenſible and rational Beings are applied to ſenſeleſs and inanimate Things, with which the Writings of Poets abound. But when it employs thoſe Things, which it borrows of Falſhood, to the Benefit and Advantage of Truth, as in Allegories, Fables, and Apologues, it is of excellent Uſe, as making a deeper Impreſſion into the Minds of Men than if the ſame Truths were plainly delivered. So likewiſe it becomes as pernicious, when it takes that from Truth, which it uſes in the Service of Error and Falſhood; as when it wreſts Things from their right Meaning to a Senſe that was never intended.

Reaſon is the only Helm of the Underſtanding; the Imagination is but the Sail, apt to receive, and be carried away with every Wind of Vanity, unleſs it be ſteered by the former. And altho', like the Loadſtone, it have ſome Variations, it is the only Compaſs Man has to ſail by; nor is it to be contemned, becauſe it ſometimes leads him upon a Rock—That is but accidental, and he is more apt to hit upon thoſe without it. For all the Variations of Reaſon, that do not proceed from the Diſproportion of Men's Wits, which can never be reduced to a Standard, are rather impoſed by Paſſion, Concernment, Melancholy, Cuſtom, and Education, which very few can ever redeem themſelves from, than intended by Nature. And as for the Cheats and Impoſtures that are wrought by it, they are no other than the greateſt Bleſſings, which *God* and *Nature* have beſtowed upon Mankind, are uſually made ſerviceable to: And if we will diſclaim Reaſon for being no better dealt with, I do not know how we can excuſe the Goſpel, Phyſic, Wealth, Liberty, Wine, and Love, which were deſtined to the happineſs and well-being of Men, but moſt commonly become the fatal Cauſes of his Ruin and Deſtruction.

The Original of Reaſon proceeds from the divine Wiſdom, by which the Order and Diſpoſition of the Univerſe was immediately contrived, every Part of which has ſo rational a Relation to every other in particular, and the whole in general, that, though it conſiſts of innumerable Pieces and Joints, there is not the leaſt Flaw imaginable in the whole. Hence it follows, that the Order of Nature is but a Copy which the divine Wiſdom has drawn of it ſelf, and committed to the Cuſtody of Nature, of which ſhe is ſo conſtant and faithful an Obſerver, that her very Deviations and Miſcarriages are Arguments of her Loyalty to it. For in thoſe ſhe is as rationally obedient to her Inſtructions, as in her regular Operations; and by preſerving the Religion of Cauſes, whereſoever they meet, inviolate, though with the Miſcarriage of the intended Effect (as if ſhe killed the Child to ſave the Mother) does but tell us, that ſhe had rather fail of her own Purpoſes, and make Monſters, or deſtroy Mankind, than digreſs the leaſt Minute from thoſe Rules, which the divine Wiſdom has preſcribed her. This Book of Nature, Man only of all mortal Creatures has the Honour and Privilege to read, which leads him immediately to God;

and is the greateſt Demonſtration he hath given of himſelf to Nature, and the neareſt viſible Acceſs to his divine Preſence Humanity is capable of. For in the firſt Characters and ſingle Elements of the Creation we cannot ſo perfectly read God, as we can, where thoſe Letters are joined together, and become Words and Senſe, as they do in the rational Diſtribution of all the Parts of Nature. This order is the univerſal Apoſtle of the whole World, that perpetually preaches God to Mankind, and to Mankind only, every where; and has hardly found any Nation ſo barbarous, where ſome have not become Proſelites; and as for others, nothing but this can encounter with them upon their own Grounds. This is the Foundation of all Religion; for no Man, that is not certain there is a God, can poſſibly believe, or put his Truſt in him.

Faith can determine nothing of Reaſon, but Reaſon can of Faith and therefore if Faith be above Reaſon, as ſome will have it, it muſt be Reaſon only that can make it appear to be ſo; for Faith can never do it. So that Faith is beholden to Reaſon for this Prerogative; and ſure it cannot be much above that, from which

it receives its Credit. Faith cannot define Reaſon, but Reaſon can Faith; and therefore it ſhould ſeem to be the larger, as the comprehending muſt be greater than that it comprehends. But, howſoever we ſhould grant it to be above Reaſon, certainly the leſs it is above it, it is juſtly eſteemed the better; elſe Divines and Schoolmen of all Ages would never have taken ſo much Pains as they have, to bring it as near to Reaſon as they can, if it had been better at a Diſtance. The very Being of Faith depends upon Reaſon, for no irrational Creature is capable of it; and if we will not allow this, we muſt of Neceſſity acknowledge, that it depends upon Ignorance, which is worſe; for no Man can believe any Thing, but becauſe he does not know it. But Faith always differs from it ſelf according as it falls upon Perſons: for that, which is one Man's Faith, may be another Man's Knowledge; ſo that the leſs any Man knows, the more he hath to believe.

There is nothing that can pretend to judge of Reaſon but only it ſelf; and therefore they, that ſuppoſe they can ſay moſt againſt it, are forc'd (like Jewellers, who are wont to

beat true Diamond to Powder to cut and poliſh falſe ones with their Duſt) to make uſe of it againſt it ſelf, if they will ever ſay any Thing againſt it, that can pretend to be to any Purpoſe. But in this they cheat themſelves, as well as others; for if they, that can ſay moſt againſt Reaſon, do it without Reaſon, they deſerve to be neglected; and if they do it with Reaſon (as they can never do it with any Thing elſe) they diſprove themſelves; for they uſe it while they diſclaim it, and with as much Inconſiſtence and Contradiction, as if a Man ſhould tell me, he cannot ſpeak.

There is a great deal of difference between thoſe Actions, that Reaſon performs freely and of her own Accord, and thoſe, wherein ſhe is preſcribed to and forced; the former being commonly clear and open, and the other obſcure and intricate: as the Stream of a River differs from the Pipes of an Aqueduct: For when Opinion, that ſhould wait upon Reaſon, does govern and dictate to it, the Diſorder is ſo prepoſterous, and the Reſtraint ſo ingrateful to Reaſon (that, like a Conjurer, muſt not ſtir out of a Circle) that commonly her beſt Performances are but canting and Impoſture.

When the Imagination is broken looſe from the Obedience of Reaſon, it becomes the moſt diſordered and ungoverned Thing in the World; it cheats the Senſes, and raiſes the Paſſions to that prodigious Height, that the Strength of the Body (as if it gained what the Mind loſes) becomes more than treble to what it was before: it tranſports a Man beyond himſelf, and does Things ſo far beſide the ordinary Courſe of Nature, and the Underſtanding of the wiſeſt, that, as if they had loſt their Wits too by Contagion, it often paſſes for Poſſeſſions of the Devil.

They that laid the firſt Foundations of the civil Life did very well conſider, that the Reaſon of Mankind was generally ſo ſlight and feeble, that it would not ſerve for a Rein to hold them in from the Ruin of one another; and therefore they judged it beſt to make uſe of their Paſſions, which have always a greater Power over them; and by impoſing neceſſary Cheats on their Hopes and Fears keep them within thoſe Limits, which no Principles of Reaſon or Nature could do.

Men without Reaſon are much worſe than Beaſts, becauſe they want the End of their

Creation, and fall ſhort of that, which gives them their Being, which Beaſts do not; but are relieved from that Defect by another Way of Inſtinct, which is nothing but a kind of implicit Reaſon, that, without underſtanding why, directs them to do, or forbear thoſe Things, that are agreeable, or hurtful to their particular Natures—While a Fool is but half Man and half Beaſt, is deprived of the Advantages of both, and has the Benefit of neither.

There is nothing more neceſſary and uſeful to reaſon than diſtinguiſhing, and therefore the Word *Diſcretion* ſignifies nothing elſe; and yet there is nothing, that is rendered ſo much the Cauſe of Ignorance, Error, and Nonſenſe as School-Diſtinctions.

Thoſe who employ their Studies only upon Fancy and Words do commonly abate as much in their Reaſon and Judgment, as they improve the other Way: for unleſs they make Truth and Obſervation the Ground and Foundation, or rather the End of their Studies, and uſe Fancy and Stile only as inſtrumental, to

expreſs their Conceptions the more eaſily and naturally, they are no wiſer than an Artificer, that miſtakes his Tools for what they only ſerve to work upon. For thoſe, who propoſe Wit and Fancy for their End, and take in Senſe and Reaſon only as circumſtantial and on the Bye, judge as extravagantly as thoſe who believe themſelves rich, becauſe they can caſt up ever ſo great Sums of Money, but have not one Peny. And that is one Reaſon, why ſuch Men are commonly the moſt unapt in Things, that require Judgment and Reaſon. For thoſe, who miſtake their Ends, do but ſhoot Powder that makes a Noiſe, but aims at nothing, *ſequitur corvos teſtaque lutoque.*

Reaſon and Underſtanding can only preſerve a Man from being impoſed upon by the various Cheats of the World, but will not cure him when he is ſick; nor protect him againſt Misfortunes; nor enrich him when he is in Want, and out of Employment.

If Reaſon be the only Note of Diſtinction between the Immortality and Mortality of the Souls of Men and Beaſts, it is ſtrange that this Reaſon ſhould be of no Uſe to Men in the

Concernments of their eternal Being, but that all ſhould be managed by the Imagination, with which Beaſts are not unfurniſhed, and therefore may ſeem capable of Immortality, ſince they only want that, which Man has no Advantage by, Reaſon.

AN OCCASIONAL REFLECTION ON Dr. CHARLTON's feeling a Dog's Pulſe at Greſham-College. By R. B. Eſq.

TO LYNDAMORE.

DO you obſerve, *Lyndamore*, that domeſtic Animal, the Vaſſal and menial Servant of Man, on whom he waits like a Lacquey by Day, and watches like a Conſtable by Night,

It is ſcarcely neceſſary to inform the Reader, that by R. B. Eſq; is meant *Robert Boyle* Eſq; and that this little Sally of Wit was intended by *Butler* for a ſatirical ſneering Imitation of that Gentleman's Manner of Writing, and a Banter upon the *Royal Society* and Dr. *Charlton*.

The Title — *An occaſional Reflection*, is the ſame that [illegible] has given to a little Rhapſody of his printed with his *Seraphic Love*; and the Name *Lyndamore*, to which this is addreſſed, is the ſame that is made uſe of in that Book, which begins — *My dearest Lyndamore*.

It is great Pity but Mr. *Boyle's* Merit, which, it muſt be owned, was very great both in his learned and moral Capacity, had pleaded his Excuſe for any little Defects in his manner of Writing; but, as my Lord *Orrery* juſtly obſerves, *the Sword of Wit has the Scythe of Time cuts down Friend and Foe, and attacks every Object that accidentally lies in its Way.*—However, in Juſtice to the Wit of [illegible] we muſt acknowledge, that he has hit upon the weak Side

how quiet and unconcerned it ſtands whilſt the induſtrious and accurate *Dr. Charlton* with his judicious Finger examines the arterial Pulſation of its left Foreleg; a civil Office, wherein both Doctor and Dog, Phyſician and Patient with equal Induſtry conteſt, who ſhall contribute moſt to the experimental Improvement of this learned and illuſtrious Society—Little doth the innocent Creature know, and as little ſeems to care to know, whether the ingenious Dr. doth it out of a ſedulous Regard of his Patient's Health, or his own proper Emolument; 'tis enough to him that he does his Duty; and in that may teach us, to reſign ourſelves wholly to advance the Intereſts and Utility of this renowned and royal Aſſembly.

Boyle's Character as an Authour, ſince his greateſt Admirers muſt confeſs, that his Stile is rather too copious, diffuſive, and circumſtantial; and that his Reaſoning and Reflections are ſometimes too puerile and trifling. Whoever will take the Pains to examine his Writings with this View, will find that *Butler* has very archly imitated him both in the flimſy longwinded turn of the Sentences, and in the too pompous Manner of moralizing upon every Occaſion that offers.

It is ſomething very ſingular, that Dean *Swift* ſhould have attempted the ſame Thing, and in the very ſame Manner too, in his *Meditations upon a Broom-Stick*. *Butler* and *Swift* were, indeed, Geniuſes pretty much of the ſame Turn, and might poſſibly be led by that into the ſame Vein of thinking and writing; but I think it is more probable, that *Swift* took the hint from having either ſeen, or heard of this Performance of our Authour's. What led

Do you obſerve how generouſly he exhibits his Leg; and though a Dog's Leg, in the Language of the Vulgar, ſignifies a thing worth nothing; yet even that may teach us, that there's nothing ſo contemptible, but may, if rightly applied to, contribute ſomething to the public Good of Mankind, and Commonwealth of Learning.

But if a Dog be a Logician, as the learned hold, and in his ſagacious Perſuits does uſe to make Syllogiſms, we could not have made a better Choice than of this Animal, to *perſue* and *chaſe* this experiment through all its Operations, till we have *run* it down to Demonſtration.

Nor is the diligent and ſolert Dr. leſs proper for this Adminiſtration, as having ſo natural

me into this Conjecture is the certain Information I have received, that theſe Manuſcripts were communicated to Biſhop *Atterbury*, whoſe well known Intimacy with *Swift*, would give him Opportunities of mentioning the Nature and Subjects of them.

Dr. *Charlton* Phyſician in Ordinary to K. *Charles* II. and well known to the learned World by his many Writings, both in natural and moral Philoſophy, was a great Admirer of the Method of philoſophiſing which then began to be in Faſhion, and was admitted a Member of the *Royal Society* upon its firſt Inſtitution, where, no doubt, he made the Experiment which our Satyriſt alludes to. What furniſhed *Butler* with this Opportunity of ridiculing *Boyle*, &c. was a philoſophical Fancy, which prevailed at that Time, for trying the Force and Operation of Poiſons, &c.

a Propenſity to this Kind of venenous Operations, that it is not long ſince (as you well remember) when the King of *Macaſſar*'s Poiſon was ſent hither, the Dr. was ſo impatient to try the Experiment ſolitary, that, rather than attend the Pleaſure of the *Royal-Society*, he adventured (though at the Price of their Diſpleaſure) to invade it by Surreption and Involation, and ſecretly deprived the *Hint-Keeper* of it; for which he received, I will not ſay whether condign Puniſhment, or ſevere Caſtigation, from the learned and honourable *Preſident*, in a grave and weighty Oration pronounced by his Lordſhip before this celebrious and renowned Aſſembly.

Truly, *Lyndamore*, I am of Opinion, that a Dog is much more proper for this Experi-

that called the King of *Macaſſer*'s, upon Dogs, Cats, and other Animals. See *Philoſophical Tranſactions*, and *Sprat*'s Hiſtory of the *Royal Society*.

But if a Dog be a Logician.] This alludes to the common Argument introduced into the Schools to prove that Brutes think, by the Inſtance of a Dog, who in tracing out his Maſter, when he comes to three Roads meeting together, tries two by his Noſe, and not meeting with the Scent, immediately perſues the third by a ſort of logical Concluſion.

Truly, Lyndamore.] This Repetition of the Name is exactly in the Manner of *Boyle*. See his *Seraphic Love* and his *Phyſiological Eſſays* addreſſed in the ſame Way to *Pyrophilus*.

ment, than that vigorous and vivid Animal commonly called a Cat: For a Cat, you know, is ſaid to have nine Lives, that is eight in Reverſion and one in Poſſeſſion; and it is a Matter of no mean Difficulty exactly to trace and obſerve, how many of theſe the lethal Force of this deſtructive Medicament will reach; and therefore you may have taken Notice, that when we laſt tryed this very Experiment on a Creature of that Species, although but a weak and feeble Kitten, the venemous Quality proved ſo innocuous, that the ſecure little Beaſt laid it ſelf down to ſleep in the hollow Concave of that Emblem of our Juriſdiction over the Lives and Limbs of Dogs and Cats, the Mace; and in that Poſture, as if it had triumphed over its mortal Enemy, and all our Hoſtilities, was born before the moſt excellent and accompliſhed *Lord Preſident*.

You may alſo, *Lyndamore*, obſerve the Strength of Judgment, and Ingenuity of the acute and

You may remember Lyndamore, &c.] The Perſon of whom *Sorbiere* ſays this was Sir *Robert Murray*, and the Paſſage alluded to, is as follows "It was a wonderful, or rather a very edifying Thing, "to find a Perſon imployed in Matters of State, and of ſuch ex- "cellent Merit, and one who had been engaged a great Part of "his Life in Warlike Commands, and the Affairs of the Cabinet,

profound Dr. in the topical Application of the mortiferous Unguent to that Part of the Dog's Neck, that is ſituate neareſt to his Brain and conſequently to leſion, and furtheſt out of the Reach of that natural Chirurgery, as I may call it, of his Tongue; that nothing may obſtruct the free Paſſage of this pernicious Compoſition, but give it full Scope to exert its Efficacy in the ſeveral and reſpective Organs of the paſſive Animal.

You may remember, *Lyndamore*, what the ſubtle and judicious *Sorbier* ſays of a worthy Member of this Society—That 'tis a Work of Admiration to behold a Perſon bred up in Courts and Camps, and at this preſent employed in the moſt weighty Affairs of the State, to appear in Mechanical Querpo in *St. James's* Park, and managing the *Sidrophelian* Tube, to muſter the Life-guard of *Jupiter*, and to take an Account of the Spots in his Belt: So we may ſay, it is no leſs wonderful to behold

" apply himſelf in making Machines in St. *James's* Park, and ad-
" juſting Teleſcopes. All this we have ſeen him do with great
" Application, and undoubtedly to the Confuſion of moſt of the
" Courtiers, who never mind the Stars, and think it a Diſhonour
" to concern themſelves with any Thing, but inventing of new
" Faſhions." See *Sorbiere's* Journey to *England*, Page. 30.

this exquiſite and ſolert Dr. whoſe Province lies in the Cabinet of fair Ladies, and whoſe daily Employments are to ſollicit the tender Arteries of their Ivory Wriſts; that he ſhould lay, ſhould nevertheleſs condeſcend to animadvert the languiſhing Diaſtole of an expiring Mungrel.

From this, *Lyndamore*, we may learn, that as in general Nature there is neither higher nor lower, but *Zenith* and *Nadir* are equally on a Plane, as well as the *Poles*; ſo we may receive Matter of Inſtruction from Objects of the meaneſt and moſt contemptible Quality, as well as from Things of higher and more ſublime Condition; even as the moſt induſtrious and elegant *Mr. Hook*, in his Microſcopical Obſervations, has moſt ingeniouſly and wittily made it appear, that there is no difference, in point of Deſign and Project, between the moſt ambitious and aſpiring Politician of the World, and of our Times eſpecially, and that moſt importune and vexatious Inſect, commonly called a Louſe.

BENEFICIAL REFLECTIONS

UPON

MILFORD-HAVEN.

THE Security of *England* conſiſting moſt particularly in the Circumvallation of her Ocean-Walls, it muſt needs be dangerous

The Writer of *Butler*'s Life, prefixed to his *Hudibras*, informs us— "that, after the Reſtoration of King *Charles* II. he became "Secretary to *Richard* Earl of *Carbery*, Lord Preſident of the "Principality of *Wales*, who made him Steward of *Ludlow*-"Caſtle."—And agreeable to this I find among his Papers a Protection of him, under that Character, againſt all Arreſts, Moleſtations, &c. ſigned CARBERY, and dated the laſt Day of *September* 1667.

It is highly probable, that during his Reſidence in that Part of the Kingdom, he drew up theſe Reflections; as the nearneſs of the Place would give him Opportunity, and the Leiſure, he might then be ſuppoſed to have, Time to turn his Thoughts that Way.

As the Nature of the Subject does not admit that Method of reaſoning, and thoſe Peculiarities of Wit and Humour, which ſo remarkably diſtinguiſh *Butler* from all other Writers, I ſhould not have thought of printing theſe Obſervations, if the preſent Attention of the Public to the Utility and Neceſſity of fortifying *Milford*-Haven, and the Legiſlature's thinking it a Matter of Importance enough to merit their Care and Conſideration, had not given me reaſon to believe, that they would, at this Time, be received as a valuable Curioſity.

to leave a Gap open for a Navy of a thouſand Sail to enter at, without ſo much as a Parapet or a Battery furniſhed with Artillery, to oppoſe the landing of an Enemy. If it was held neceſſary by our former Princes of *England* to employ their Care in fortifying the *Cinque-Ports*, it is not leſs needful to put the famous Haven of *Milford* in the county of *Pembroke* in *Wales*, in an equal Poſture of Defence with the reſt. Such is the Situation thereof, that being directly oppoſite to *Ireland*, and within ſix or ſeven Hours Sail of it, that Enemy, that would invade it, and were wind-driven on the *Britiſh* Coaſt, would find ſafe Harbourage in *Milford*, without Danger or Oppoſition, until the Wind ſerved for his Deſign.

Should an Attempt be made upon *England* by that Port, the Attempter, by landing there, would receive theſe enſuing Benefits—Firſt, a ſafe Harbour from the Violence of all Winds, as being ſecured from the Cliffs; Secondly, a Conveniency for diſembarking, being no conſiderable Forces could be ſuddenly aſſembled to diſpute it; Thirdly, a Country abundant in Proviſion, to ſupply the Wants of an Army; Fourthly, the Diſtance of two hundred Miles

it is from the City of *London*, and fourſcore from *England*, would afford an Enemy Liberty, either to fortify it for his own Uſe, or ſufficient Time in his March to encreaſe his Army with the Natives, which Benefits the moſt prudent King *Henry* the ſeventh made perfect uſe of, to his Exaltation to the Crown.

To fruſtrate an Enemy of theſe Advantages, *Nature* hath afforded us Inſtruction, by her Bounty with human Art to perfectionate the reſt. At the very Mouth of the Haven there is a Peninſula, extending it ſelf a pretty Way into it. This hath Ground ſufficient to erect a Fort upon; and will require but ſmall Fortification, to make it ſtrong. The Neck of it landward being narrow, it may with no great Charge be cut, and ſo ſeparated from the main Land. The one Side inward is a Precipice, and inacceſſible; ſeaward it is ſomewhat oblique, but by Labour of a few Hands may be made as inacceſſible, as the other. The Point encroaching upon the Mouth of the Haven hath as much even Ground, level with High-Water Mark, as will ſerve to make a large Battery. Within this Peninſula is an Iſlet at

a convenient Diſtance, at whoſe Foot, on both Sides, Batteries may be erected, to the Offence of Intruders. At a proportionable Diſtance from this lies another Iſland, about the ſame Magnitude, correſponding with the oppoſite Shore, where Batteries alſo may be made to the like Advantage. The Peninſula, or Promontory, and the two Iſlands lye in a triangular Figure, and that Diſtance the one from the other, and from the oppoſite Shore, that no Ship can paſs by them into the River, but muſt inevitably be ſubject to the Shot, either of the Shores, or the Iſlands.

The Iſlands need no Fortification, *Nature* having made them impregnable through their Precipices. All the Charge neceſſary for their Completion will be only the Erection of Batteries, and a ſmall Lodging, with a *Corps de Gard*, for a few Soldiers and Gunners. The greateſt Coſt and Labour will be the making of two Demi-baſtions or a Hornwork, for the Defence of the Peninſula toward the Land Side. On the oppoſite Shore may be built a ſmall Redoubt, as the Conveniency of the Place will afford.

Before the late Troubles three Pirates entered into this Haven, landed two Pieces of Artillery upon the Shore; under whoſe Protection and that of two of their Ships, the third took the Benefit to be careen'd, and continued there for fifteen Days, in ſpite of all the Strength and Endeavour, the whole County could make to expel them. Having finiſhed their Work at their Leiſure, they quitted the River, and landed in ſome of the adjacent Iſlands, where they furniſhed themſelves with as many Muttons and other Proviſions as ſerved their Turn, and ſailed away without the leaſt Prejudice received.

If ſo few Ships were able to commit ſo evident Inſolences without Controul, let us conſider, what might be acted by a whole Navy landing there to the Detriment of the Country, which by fortifying of the Haven might undoubtedly be prevented; otherwiſe an hoſtile Fleet entering there, may eaſily ſeize the Haven and fortify it, plunder and burn all the Towns and Villages in the Country, and retire at their Pleaſure, before any Shipping could be ſent from the *Thames* or the *Downes* to encounter them, three ſeveral Winds being requiſite

to ſail with into thoſe Parts from the caſt of *England*.

A deplorable Inconvenience through the Defect of Fortification to this Haven happened in the time of the late Troubles. His Majeſty's Forces being ſuperior in the Field in that Country, the adverſe Strength confined within the Walls of *Pembroke*, one *Swanley* Captain of the *Swallow-Frigate*, in the Enemy's Service, entered the Haven, who joining his marine Forces to thoſe of *Pembroke*, they unitedly took the Field; and finding the *Royaliſts* careleſs, as contemning their weak Number, fought them in the plain Field, and routed them; through which Misfortune the *Royaliſts* were beaten quite out of the Country, and ſhortly after out of all *Wales*, through the Benefit of that Victory; when, had the contrary happened, *Wales* had continued a firm footing for his Majeſties Army, and an advantageous Retreat, upon all ſiniſter Events.

Now we have diſcovered the Inconveniences *Milford* Haven is ſubject to, for the want of ſmall Fortification, we ſhall manifeſt the Advantages the Town and Haven of *Tenby* and the Iſland of *Caldee* afford. The Town, ſtand-

ing upon a Plot of high Land, with a ſmall Caſtle at the Extremity of it towards the Sea, may be made as impregnable to the Landſide, as it is inacceſſible on the Seaſide, being a very high Rock and a moſt formidable Precipice, if at the narrow Juncture of it toward the Land (it being there not an hundred Paces broad) it were ſeparated from it. That Side, which flanks on the Sea and Haven, needs no Art to fortify it, *Nature* having ſupplied that with the Inacceſſibility of the Precipice. The oppoſite Side landward is oblique, and, with no great Coſt or Labour, might be made as inſcalable as the other. The Kay, though but little, is capable to receive Ships of great Burthen, and ſecure from all Winds, except that of the north-eaſt. Thoſe Ships, which cannot arrive thither to receive Shelter upon Occaſion of Diſtreſs, ſhall receive it between *Caldee* and the Land, where there is good Anchorage, and Security from all Winds. This Place lies ſo conveniently for the Diſcovery of all Ships, that ſhall ſail between it and the Lands End of *England* into the River of *Severne*, that no Ship in the Day time, can paſs unken'd; and thoſe, that harbour there,

can eaſily interrupt all the Commerce of foreign Parts with *Briſtol*, *Glocester*, *Chester*, and all the reſt of the Towns within the *Severne*; ſo that the Conſequence of this Place will not be inconſiderable, did the Realm (which *God* forbid) fall again into a Relapſe of Diſobedience.

OBSERVATIONS

UPON THE

LONG PARLIAMENT

OF

CHARLES the Firſt.

AFTER the *King* in the *long Parliament* had paſt the Act of Continuance, he was forced in a few Months to prorogue and diſſolve himſelf from them, who never left, until they had adjourned him to another World. For the Members of the Houſe of Commons were but a kind of Botchers and Members of decaying Governments, which they ſometimes dreſs and turn; but have nothing to do with thoſe that are firm and ſubſtantial. They meet to reform the Miſcarriages of others; but are

commonly prorogued and diſſolved for their own, when the Remedies grow worſe than the Diſeaſes. For Moderation among ſo many Men where no one has more Power than another, was never heard of in the World; and therefore, as they know no Mean, they naturally run into all Manner of Extremities. They meet like a Conſultation of Phyſicians, where every Man's Buſineſs is to apply to his own Advantages, and not to conſider the preſent Condition of the miſerable Patient: and therefore let the Countries chooſe whom they pleaſe, they admit of none, but ſuch as they find moſt fit for their own Purpoſes. And although this be practiſed every Day, it is incredible, what great Sums of Money ſome will lay down, only to be but half returned, and admitted to ſtand to the Favour, rather than the Juſtice of the Houſe; where commonly thoſe who have been at the greateſt Charges, loſe all for want of inſuring their Adventures, and rightly placing ſome more Money amongſt the moſt powerful of their Judges. Hence it is, that Elections are now become Purchaſes; and the more infirm the Government grows, the higher the Rates riſe, quite contrary to the Actions, as they call them, of *Holland*, that every Day

advance with the Recovery of the State, and fall again with the Relapſes of it. By this means; although the only End and Purpoſe of their firſt Inſtitution was to preſerve the Liberties of the People, yet they take the Freedom of their Voices, in which their Liberty chiefly conſiſts, from them; and are not ſatisfied with making Money of that Power with which they intruſted them, and impoſing a Belief upon them that they have it ſtill, when they have ſold it and forced them to pay for it, but will undertake to chooſe for them, or rather againſt them, whom they pleaſe; that if a new Member ſhould be demanded, what Country or Corporation he ſerves for, he can make no true Anſwer, but that he ſerves for the Houſe — That in time every particular Member, that ſhall hereafter ſit, can repreſent no leſs than the whole Nation, and conſequently become Maſters of it, and ſerve for the King alſo.

They are furniſhed with all the Tricks, that have grown up with the Practice of the Law for ſo many hundred Years; and whoſoever is but qualified with Impudence enough to back his Ignorance, and enable him to become

a ſmall Orator, he preſently expects his retaining or retiring Fee, and, till he has received, is implacable; but as ſoon as he has it, like a regenerate Man, his Eyes are opened preſently, and he puts off the old Man, and has new Thoughts and Opinions, and Judgments, as if he had lived before in Error and Darkneſs all his Life time. Of theſe there are not more at a time than a Dozen, or twenty at the moſt; who govern all the reſt of the Houſe by combining together, and ſeconding one another, and ſtudying every Man his Part. By which Arts they can eaſily prevail upon the greater Number of the Houſe, who only come as Spectators, not to act, but look on, and cry up, or down all that they ſee others do, whom they have choſen for their Proxies. And as theſe Grandees, as they call them, are taken off with Bribes or Preferment, others ſtart up in their Rooms, and keep the Party on foot; who, if there was nothing to be gotten by it, would give it over of themſelves. But when this kind of Juggling is rendered the readieſt Way to Advancement, and that nothing is more common than to ſee thoſe, who have done their Exerciſes beſt in thoſe liberal Arts in the Houſe of Commons, to be always promoted to

that of the Lords, there will never want Pro-
[illegible]ients, and thoſe of the worſt Men; while
[illegible]inces reward thoſe beſt who ſerve them
worſt, and truſt none with the greateſt Charges
[illegible] the Nation, but only ſuch as have forced
their Way by oppoſing the Intereſt of both
King and People; that can give no Security for
their Faith and Integrity, but the Perfidiouſneſs
of thoſe Courſes which they took before to put
themſelves into a Capacity of Preferment.—
And this, indeed, has for ſome Years been re-
puted the Teſt of Men's Parts and Abilities,
by which they only can deſerve to be either
truſted or employed, as if Treachery were like
the Small-Pox, which every Man is to expect
one time or other, and thoſe who have had
it are free for ever after.

All they get by retrenching the King's Pre-
rogative commonly laſts no longer than the
Seſſions; and only proves an Advantage to the
Judges and great Officers in the Law, who for
Preferment reſtore it back again to the right
Owner. They abominate to pay the King's
Debts, leſt it ſhould prove a leading Caſe to the
Payment of their own; which they cannot en-
dure to think upon, and therefore dread no-

thing (next a diſſolution) ſo much as a Proro-gation of three Terms, the only Way the King has to reduce them with *Judgment*, *Outlawries*, and *Executions*. For many of them ſerve only not to redreſs, but continue the Grievances of their Creditors, or thoſe of others who will pay them for the Loan of their Protections, and give their pretended Maſters Wages to ſerve them, and follow their Buſineſs, againſt all *Mayors*, *Sheriffs*, *Bailifs*, &c. for forty Days before, and forty after, which are worſe than two Lents to their hungry Creditors. They are ſo greedy of Power and Authority, that they are never ſatisfied with cutting out of new Work for themſelves; but cannot abide to finiſh any Thing, leſt they ſhould chance to want ſomething to do, that is, to ſit and ſhew their Parts upon, until the Bugbear Prorogation comes; and then all they have done is undone, and themſelves alſo.

When any of them dies, he who is able to produce moſt Ale and bad Wine is in the faireſt Way to ſucceed him; out of the Dregs of which the new Member (like Aquavitæ and Brandy) is commonly extracted. He is made, like an Inſect, by equivocal Generation, and produced

out of Dung and the Flyblows of the Rabble, whoſe Votes, right or wrong, are ſufficient to enable him to vote in the ſame Way, with as little Underſtanding and Judgment, as they uſed in the Choice of him, though he be a Senator *infra Ætatem*.

The Lawyers among them are a People they have no Kindneſs for; and although they have for many Years endeavoured to redreſs the Grievances of their Trade, yet they could never bring it to paſs without making greater, as they have always perſuaded them; and by that means ſtill keep their Ground, and ſpoil all they do by wilful Miſwording of their Acts, which they afterwards diſcover, and render all they do, how well ſoever intended, unuſeful to the Purpoſes it was deſigned for, without a new Act of Explanation.

The longer they ſit, they are inevitably the worſe; and all the Experience they get never tends to any other Purpoſe. For their caballing is the ſame Thing exactly with packing of Cards; by which means they can deal and play into one another's Hands, and cheat the more plain and dull Part of the Houſe, who want

Wit and Skill to perceive their Tricks—And of theſe there be many Sorts; ſome for deſigning and ſome for acting only according to Inſtructions; in which they obſerve the Method of Bowlers, of whom ſome are beſt at leading, ſome at ſeconding, and ſome at laying a Bowl in the Way, and ſome at ſtriking away the Jack. Theſe Cabals are commonly prepared at Taverns, where they meet as Players do at a Rehearſal, to find how perfect every Man is at his Part. In theſe Meetings they are always ſupplied with abundance of Lyes for all their Occaſions, but when they come to Tryal, are always found (like the Virtuoſo's Experiments) to fall ſhort in the Proof, and do moſt Hurt to their Undertakers; for as they are founded upon Hearſays (the Baſtards and Sons of the People) they never light upon the true Fathers, who commonly diſown them, and lay them upon others, when they come to be queſtioned for them. By this means they ſeldom do any great Hurt to thoſe, with whom they are moſt angry: for as ſoon as the Delinquent knows who are his greateſt Perſecutors or moſt dangerous Enemies, nothing is more vendible than thoſe Animoſities, as perhaps undertaken for no other Purpoſe. For they

do not believe themſelves obliged to that Strict-
neſs of Juſtice as other inferior Courts do, who
are more tyed up with Oaths, and Rules in
their Proceedings, and fear of Puniſhment by
loſs of their Places, if they ſhould be diſco-
vered. For though Conſcience be ſaid to be
a thouſand Witneſſes, they are all *Knights of
the Poſt*, when they are to teſtify on their own
Side, I mean in this World, in which they are
not ſo competent Witneſſes as in the next.

The King ſends for them to adviſe with him
about the hard Affairs of the Nation, that is,
how to raiſe Money; and they adviſe him to
let it alone, till they are in the Humour, and
in the mean time by letting them do what they
pleaſe, endeavour to bring them to that good
Humour, and ſuffer them to redreſs him in
the likelieſt Way, until he is forced to relieve
them by letting looſe the Laws upon them, a
much the better Way. They give the King
Money juſt as the Bankers uſed to lend it him,
and make him pay ſo much in the hundred for
it, the more his Occaſions require it, to ſtrain
Prerogative down upon the Nail: and make
him ſtay long enough for it, as all thoſe are
wont, who pay for any Thing before it

have it. They preſerve and improve their own Intereſts moſt by complaining of that, which makes moſt for it, that is, the extravagant Expences of the Crown, which conſequently reduce it to Wants; and the ſupplying of those is the only Thing that renders them conſiderable, though the Crown is forced to pawn all its own Jewels to them for mere Brokage and Forbearance: For they are but a kind of Scriveners that put out the Nations Money, of which they have the diſpoſing; for all Sorts of their own Advantages, but nothing leſs than that of the Public. They ſeek all Occaſions (as if they had not too many offered them) to pick Quarrels with the Government, as Hectors do with Chowſes, until the Buſineſs is compounded, and then they are made Friends and reconciled for ever after, and are well paid for doing that, which in all good and wiſe Governments they would be puniſhed and hanged for. This is one of the moſt barbarous Knaveries in the World, though but a juſt judgment upon thoſe unhappy Princes, who bring themſelves into a Condition to be ſo ſhamefully baffled by their Subjects, to be forced to pay Fines to them for their Miſcarriages and the ill Management of their own

Affairs; and ſue out their Pardons of thoſe very Perſons, whom the Laws of the Land deny all Pardon to, and afterwards truſt and employ them; as if Sale Faith were not, like all Things elſe that are made for Sale, ſlight and adulterate.

They are never uſeful but to the beſt Princes, who beſt know how to manage them; nor neceſſary to the People, but in the Government of the weakeſt. For when all Things are brought into Diſorder, they uſually reſtore them with greater, as Agues are cured by being turned into Fevers: for no Phyſic will work upon the Body Politic, but only ſuch as is fit for Beaſts to take, and Mountebanks or Farriers to give. And yet for all this they are ſo neceſſary an Evil, that the Nation does as little know how to ſubſiſt without them; as to endure the Inconveniencies, which they ſuffer by them.

END OF VOL. I.

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